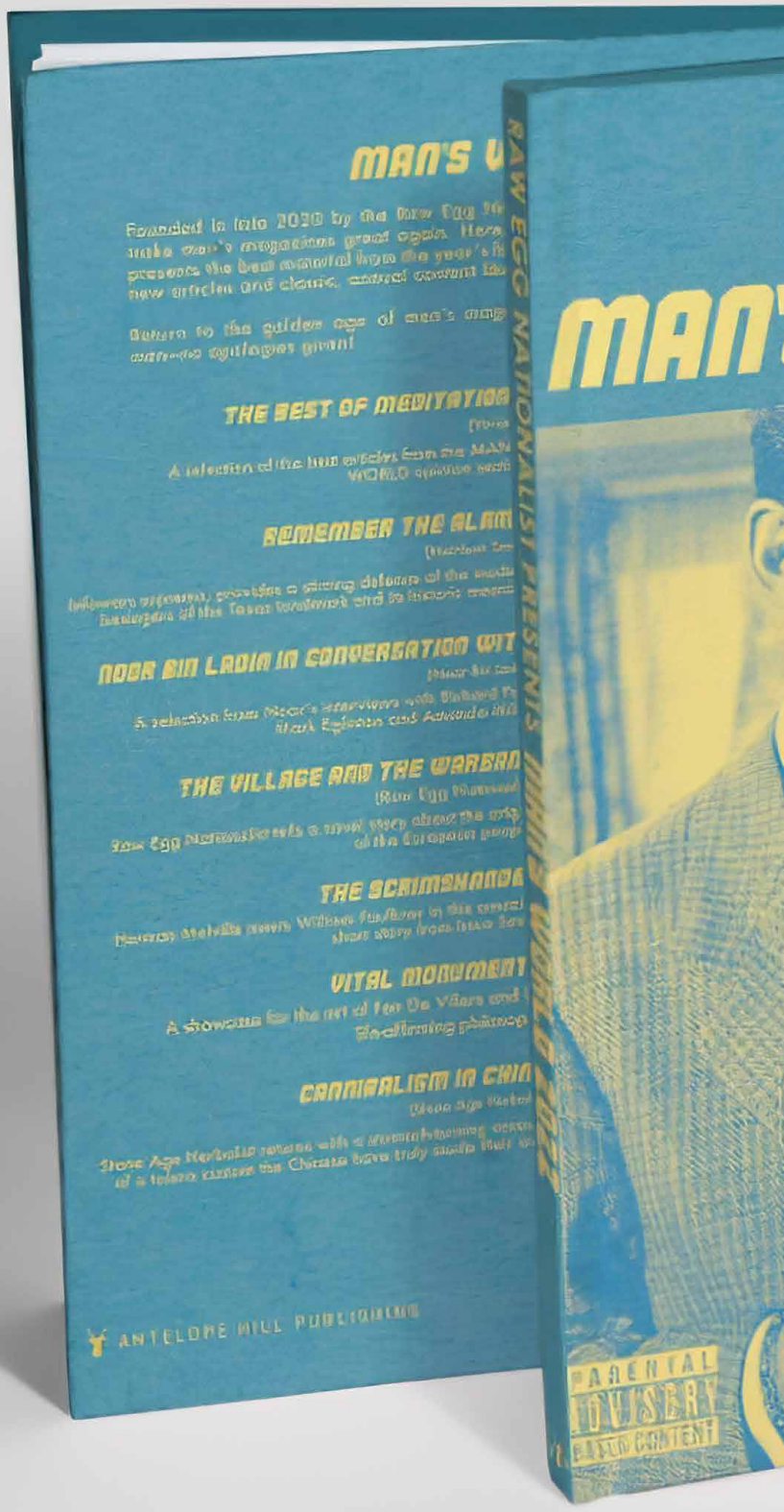
MW9


MAN'S
THE BEST OF MEDITATION
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THE VILLAGE AND THE WARRAN
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# BRONZE AGE PERVERT

# CARIBBEAN RHYTHMS

## B R O A D C A S T

BRONZEAGEPERVERT

RAW EGG NATIONALIST *Your editor*

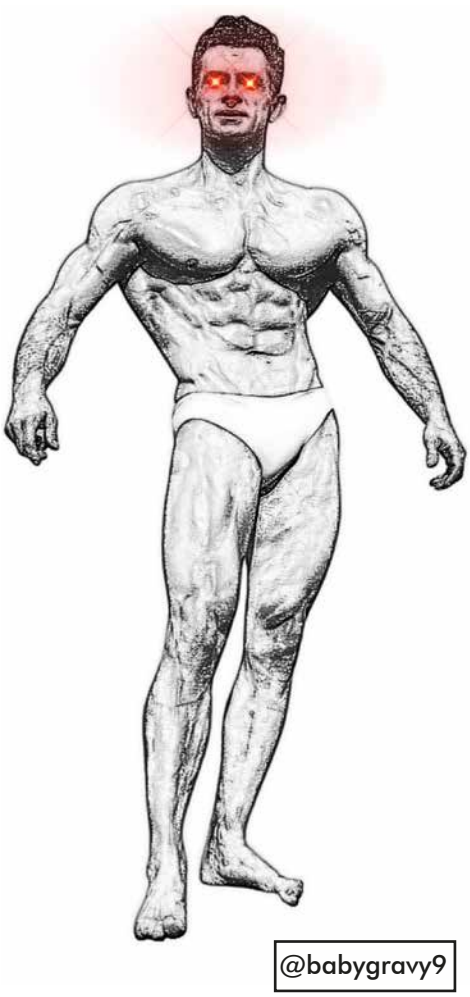
# "Welcome to year three of the revolution"

Welcome back, my friends — back to MAN'S WORLD! I hope you had a peaceful Christmas, among family and friends, and feel restored and ready for another powerful blast of masculine content.

In what is now the third year of the MAN'S WORLD supremacy, the magazine goes from strength to strength. We now have simultaneous physical releases, with the MAN'S WORLD Digest, issue two of which is available on Amazog now. Each issue contains a hand-curated selection of ten features from the main magazine, in a 7"x10" paperback format, with distinctive retro styling — for the very reasonable price of $12. All proceeds go towards ensuring the wonderful editors and staff (see page right) can continue producing this magazine and, of course, continue consuming vast quantities of eggs on a daily basis. So please do the needful and get yourself a copy.

We also have an amazing website (mansworldmag.org) including a shop with exclusive merchandise. In the future, the website will be a hub to cater for all your masculine needs, but for now you can use it to browse the magazine, find out more about our partners and friends and buy a based t-shirt or three.

The second MAN'S WORLD Annual, containing the very best of the last triumphant year of content, from Issues Five to Eight, is also available (from antelopehillpublishing.com). What can I say about the Annual that hasn't already been said? It's simply the best thing this corner of Twitter has produced in physical form. There's nothing like it.



@babygravy9

**"I hope you had a peaceful Christmas, among family and friends, and feel restored and ready for another powerful blast of masculine content"**

So what can you expect within the following 300+ pages? One thing you can expect is surprises, not least of all a wonderful essay — I've called it a "provocation", since it certainly is that — by the "philosopher of comedy" B.G. KUMBI. Yes, the young lad who trolled Fox by pretending to be an Antifa squadron leader and claiming a police horse was racist.

We have an array of essays on contemporary themes and issues, from the Meditations section, to longer essays and the new counterblast essay showpiece, which this issue was written by my good friend JOHN MAC GHLIONN. This being MAN'S WORLD, there are a number of art showcases — four, in fact — featuring SKINLESS FRANK, who did the wonderful cover, GIO PENNACCHIETTI, ALEXANDER ADAMS, and HELVETIAN ALPINE CLUB. Once again, MAN'S WORLD is at the forefront of the blossoming nouveau-droit arts scene.

Space is running out and I've barely scratched the surface of this monumental issue. Welcome to the third year, and the ninth issue, of the MAN'S WORLD revolution!

## WANT TO WRITE FOR MAN'S WORLD?

Here at Man's World, we're always looking for new contributors to dazzle, inform and amuse our readership, which now stands in the hundreds of thousands.
If you have an idea for an article, of any kind, or even a new section or regular feature, don't hesitate to get in contact either by tweeting @babygravy9 or sending an email to mansworldmagazine@protonmail.com.

Generally, the word limit for articles is 3,000; although we will accept longer and (much) shorter articles where warranted. Take a look at the sections in this issue for guidance and inspiration.

# MAN'S WORLD

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*editor-in-chief*

---

**RAW EGG NATIONALIST**

*editorial director*

**RAW EGG NATIONALIST**

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NINE / JAN 2023


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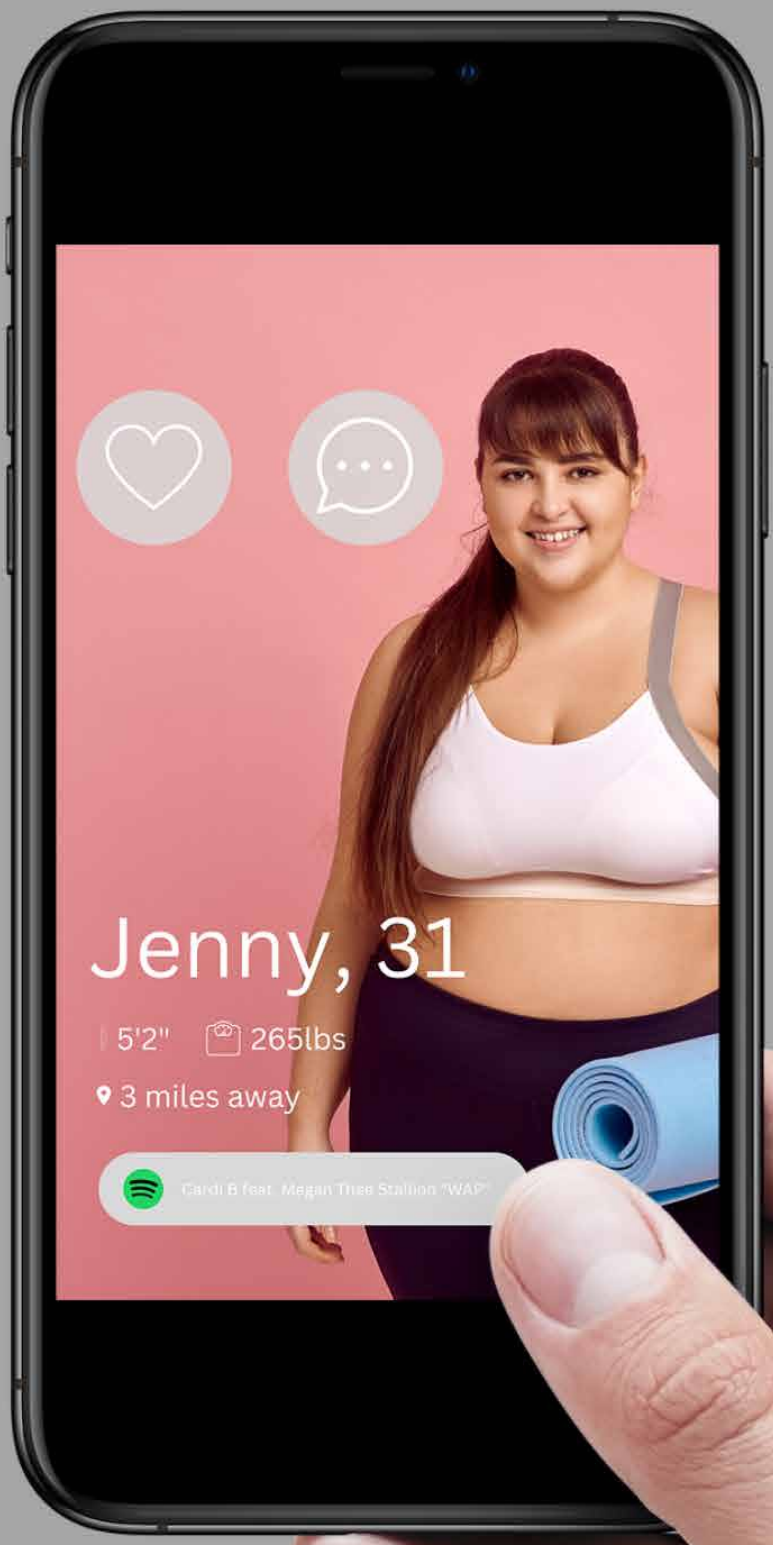
## Meet conservative women near you!

We know how frustrating it can be trying to connect with people who don't hold traditional values.

That's why we came up with Right Time, a new dating app that cuts to the chase and puts you in contact with women who want the same things as you do.




Right Time

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On the 4th July 1879 the Zulu Empire was crushed at the Battle of Ulundi with thousands of Cetshwayo's soldiers lying dead or wounded on the field of battle after being subjected to overwhelming British rifle and artillery fire; hundreds more would be thrown to the wind by a cavalry charge led by 17th Lancers that scoured the Mahlabantini plain for any fleeing Zulu. After a triumphal entrance into Ulundi, the Royal Kraal was torched, avenging Isandlwana. But British prestige and hegemony over Southern Africa was still yet to be restored, and over the coming years there would be several native rebellions that would drive the colonial Cape government to the brink of collapse.
BASUTOLAND
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**...AND MUCH, MUCH MORE**

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MAN *of the* YEAR

# MW

2022

Gigachad

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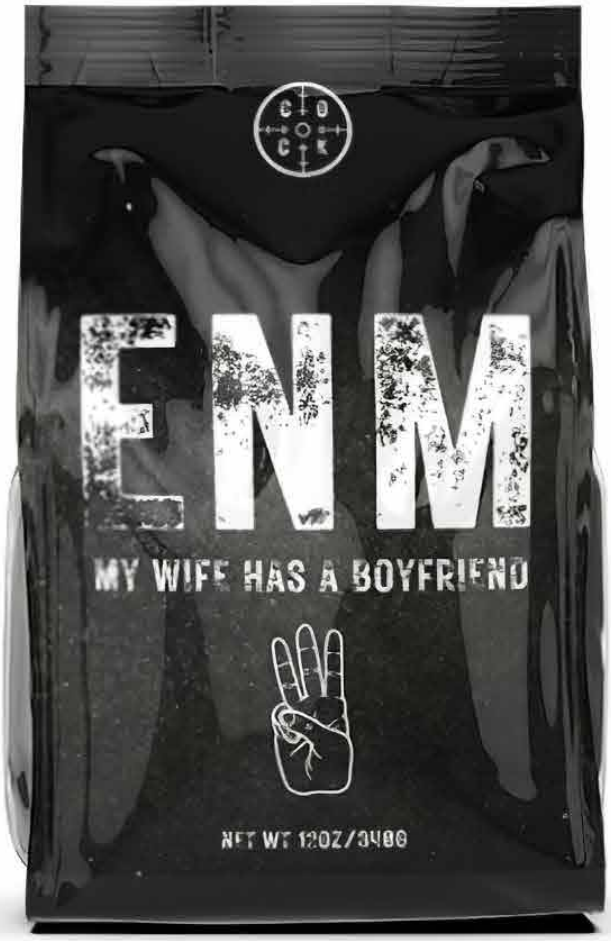
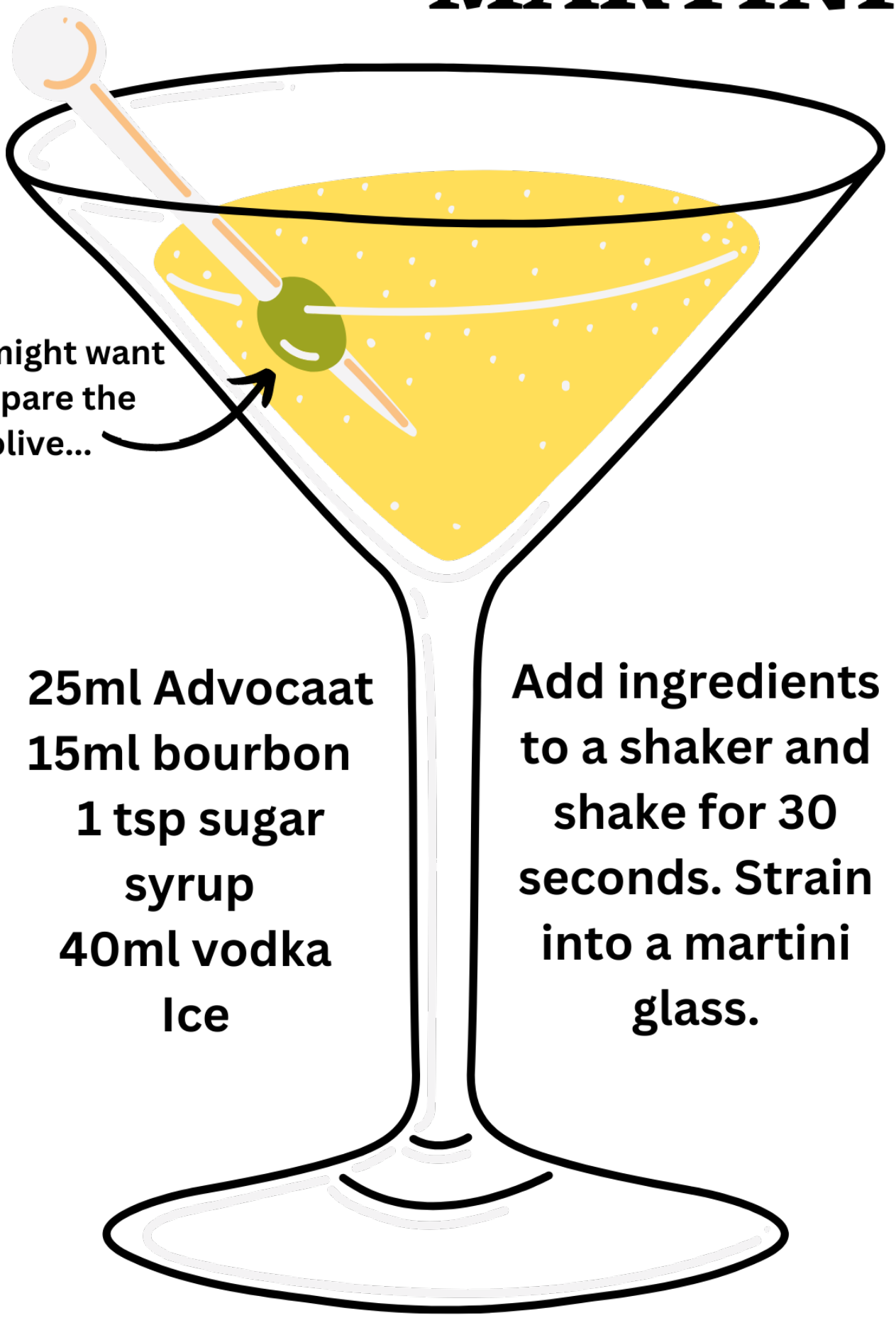
# COFFEE KOMPANY




# NEW ENM BLEND. MAKE THAT COFFEE FOR THREE.

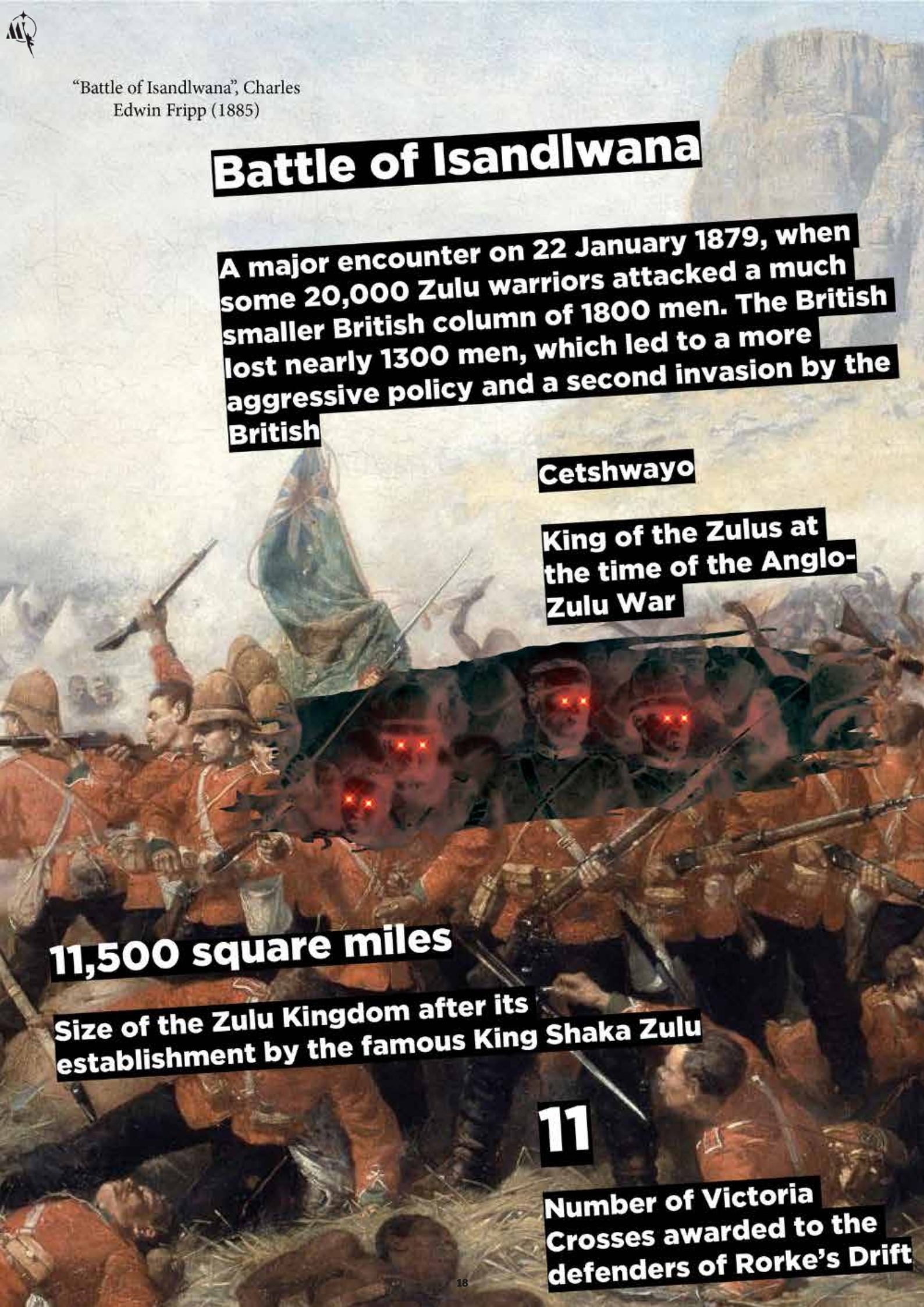
# EGG-CUSTARD MARTINI




25ml Advocaat
15ml bourbon
1 tsp sugar syrup
40ml vodka
Ice

Add ingredients to a shaker and shake for 30 seconds. Strain into a martini glass.

DID YOU KNOW?
Vlad the Impaler only started impaling people in his 30s.
Don't ever say it's too late to change.



"Battle of Isandlwana", Charles Edwin Fripp (1885)

# Battle of Isandlwana

**A major encounter on 22 January 1879, when some 20,000 Zulu warriors attacked a much smaller British column of 1800 men. The British lost nearly 1300 men, which led to a more aggressive policy and a second invasion by the British**

**Cetshwayo**

**King of the Zulus at the time of the Anglo-Zulu War**

**11,500 square miles**

**Size of the Zulu Kingdom after its establishment by the famous King Shaka Zulu**

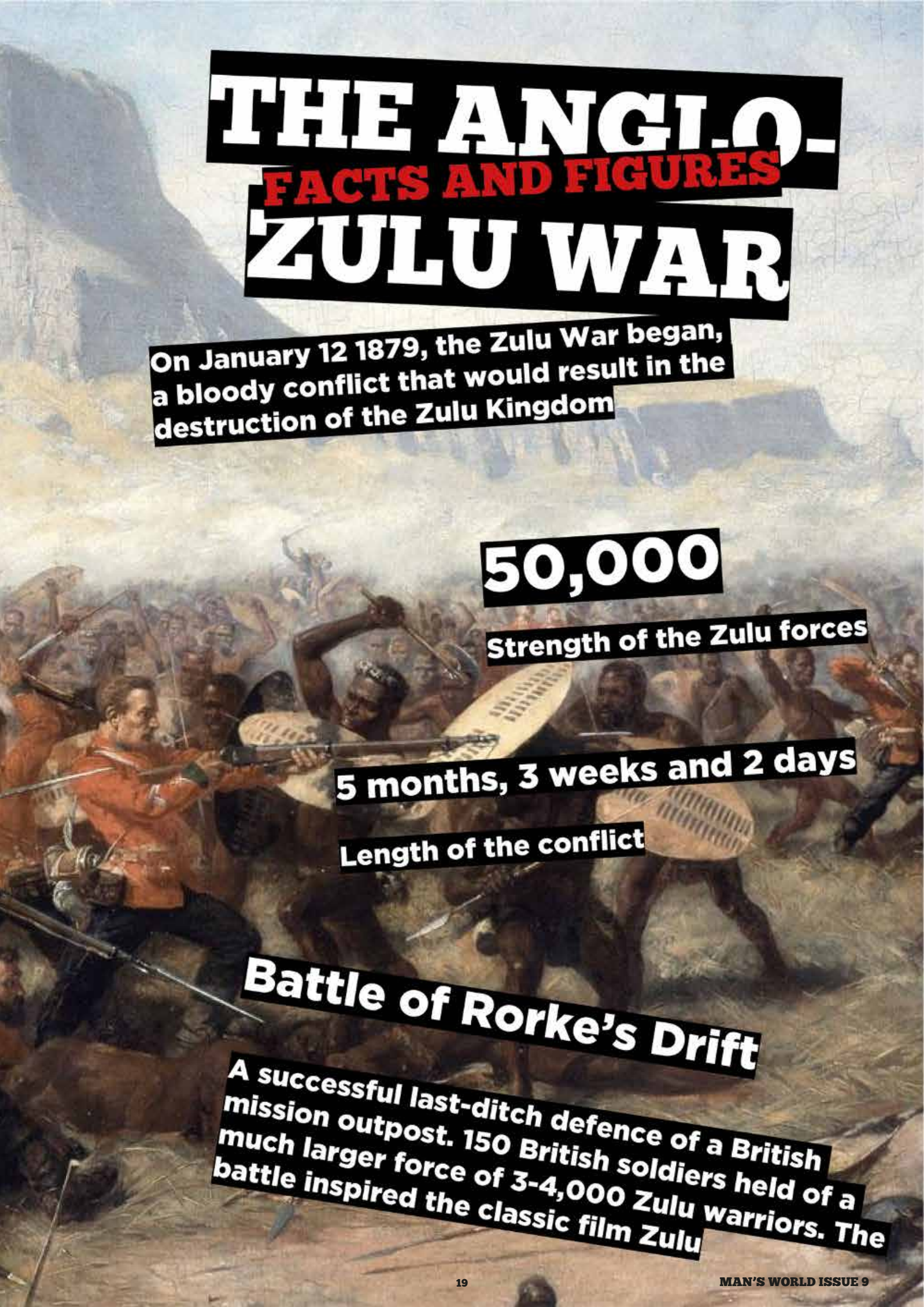
**11**

**Number of Victoria Crosses awarded to the defenders of Rorke's Drift**

# THE ANGLO-ZULU WAR

## FACTS AND FIGURES

**On January 12 1879, the Zulu War began, a bloody conflict that would result in the destruction of the Zulu Kingdom**



**50,000**

Strength of the Zulu forces

**5 months, 3 weeks and 2 days**

Length of the conflict

## Battle of Rorke's Drift

**A successful last-ditch defence of a British mission outpost. 150 British soldiers held of a much larger force of 3-4,000 Zulu warriors. The battle inspired the classic film Zulu**

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# /POL/

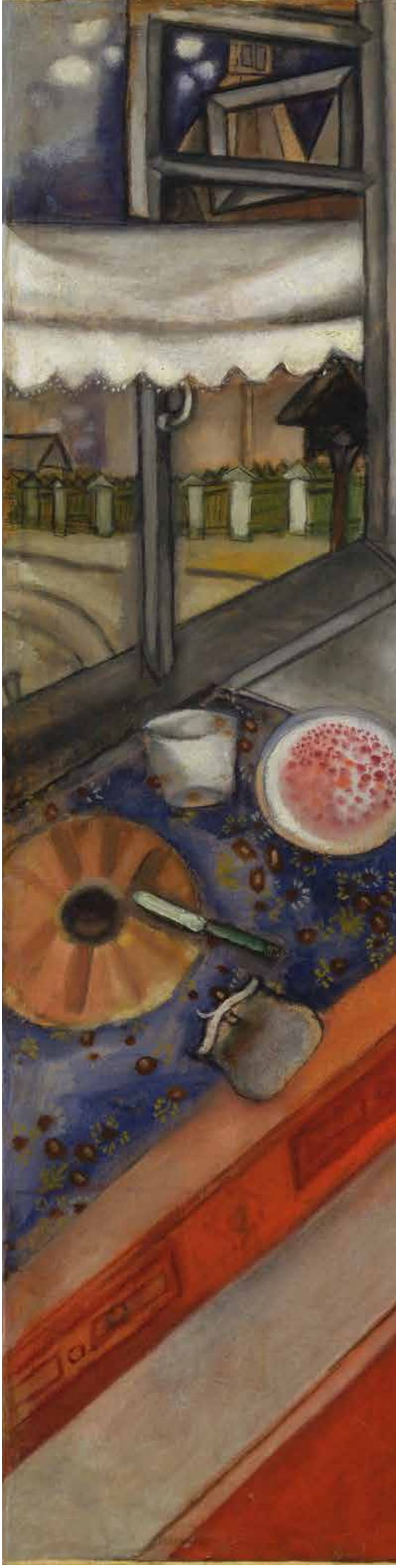
BY FOUR CHAN

*Le nouveau parfum pour l'homme*

# THE HISTORY OF WESTERN ART

## with RIVELINO
## THE ARTIST

"The Birthday", Mark Chagall, 1915
Oil on cardboard
Museum of Modern Art, New York

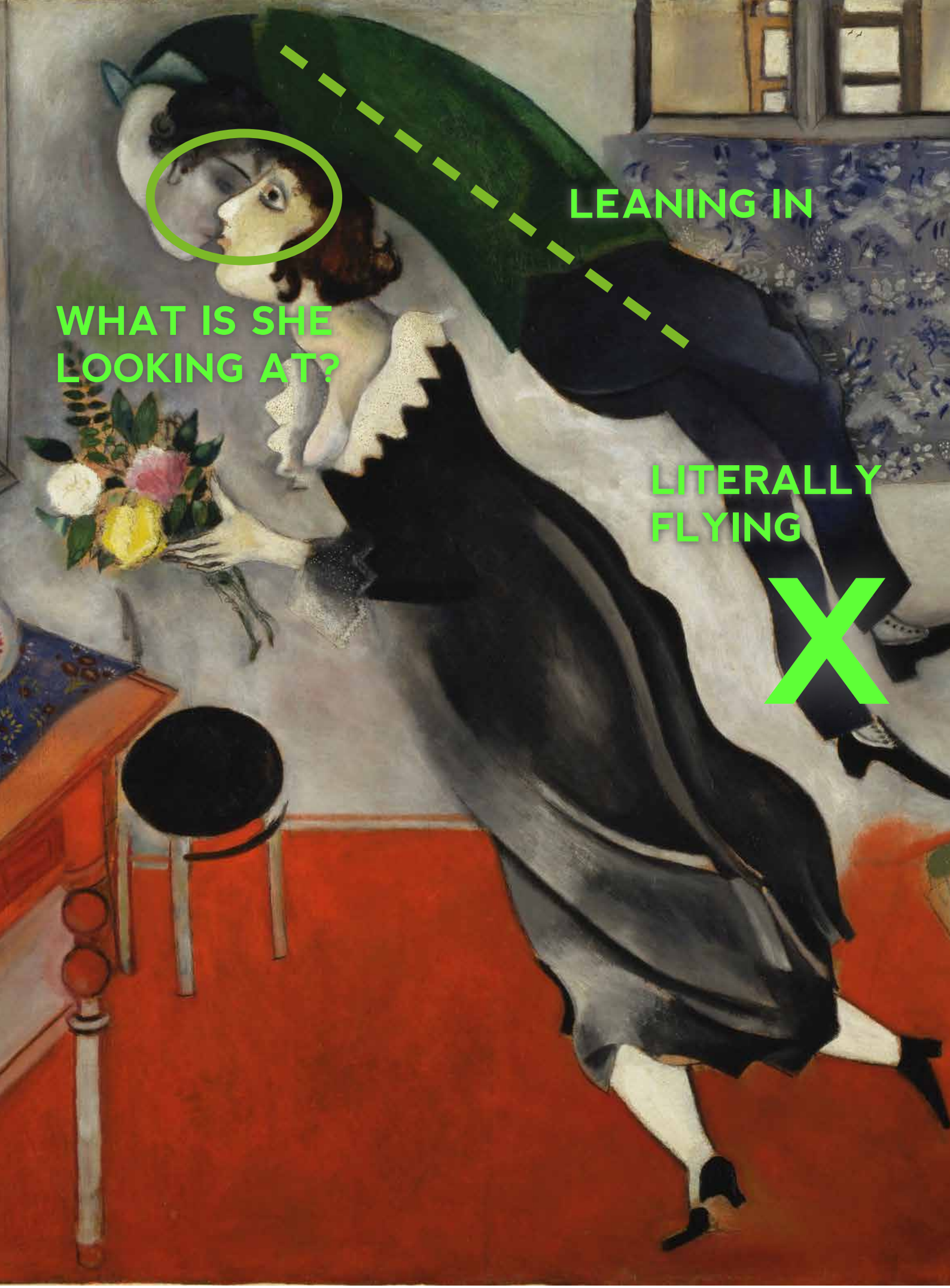


*"Love lifts them up so their feet scarcely touch the ground. Sweeping down like a comet, or an angel, he bends over backwards to kiss her. Chagall will soon be married to the teenage Bella, his beloved muse, and so the gravity-defying strength of their partnership begins. This is a vision of wild and sensual love, but also of transcendent adoration. The shawl-draped room is a kind of shrine."*

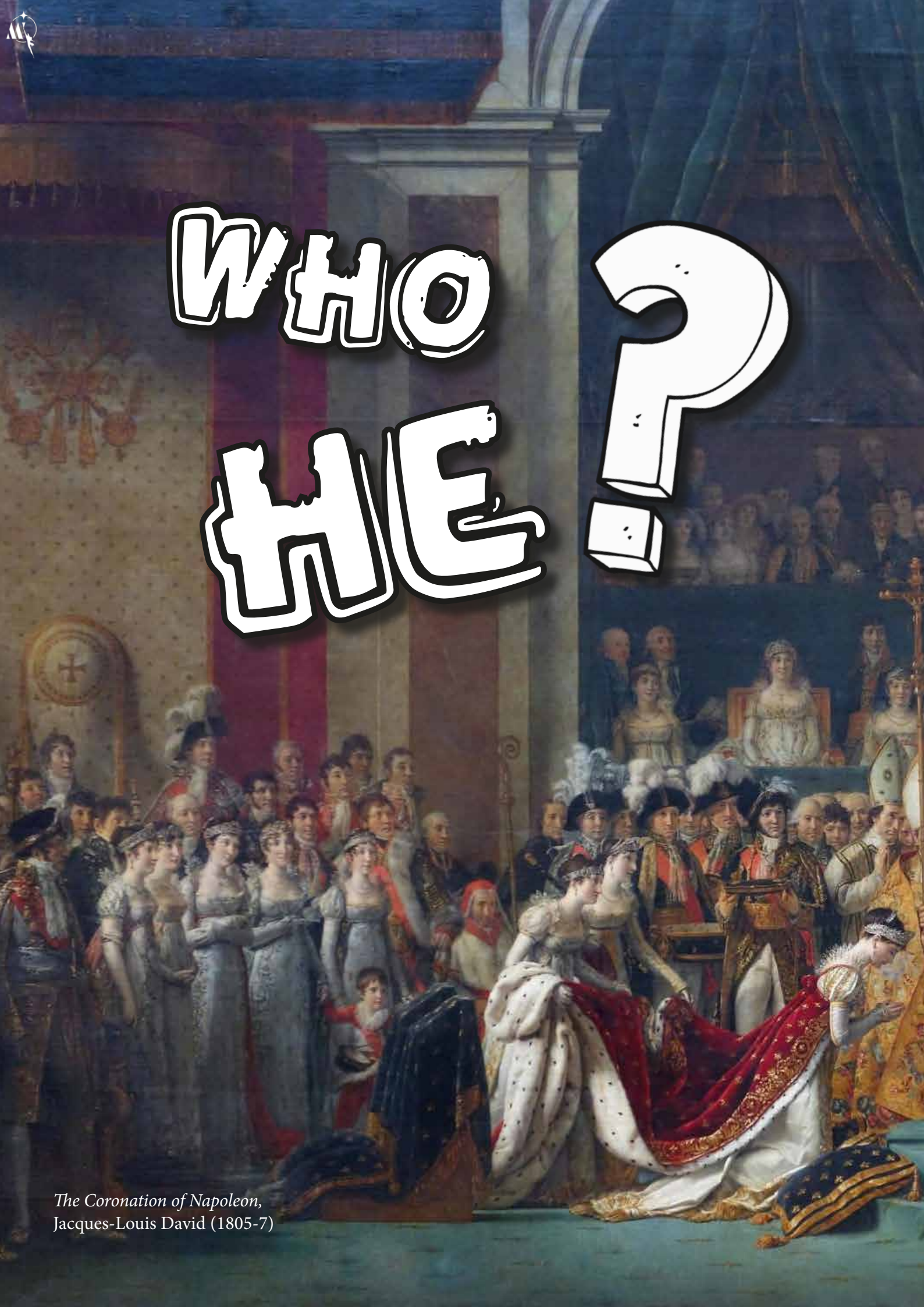
This is how Laura Cumming, one of the Guardian's art critics, describes this famous painting of "love". What rubbish! All I can say is that this is possibly the worst example of "leaning in" I've ever seen in art, modern or otherwise. Notice the difference in their eyes, too. While the male lover's eyes are closed, suggesting total engrossment in the object of his desire, her eyes are wide open. In fact, she almost seems to be looking beyond him and out of the window, as if she'd rather be with another man who doesn't contort himself to such an obscene extent on her behalf. Who'd have thought?

Diagnosis: the modern art of simpery.

*Rivelino will be back next issue!*


LEANING IN
WHAT IS SHE LOOKING AT?
LITERALLY FLYING
X

A podcast for the lost arts,
reclaiming the literary Holy Land
from the heathen
NewWrite

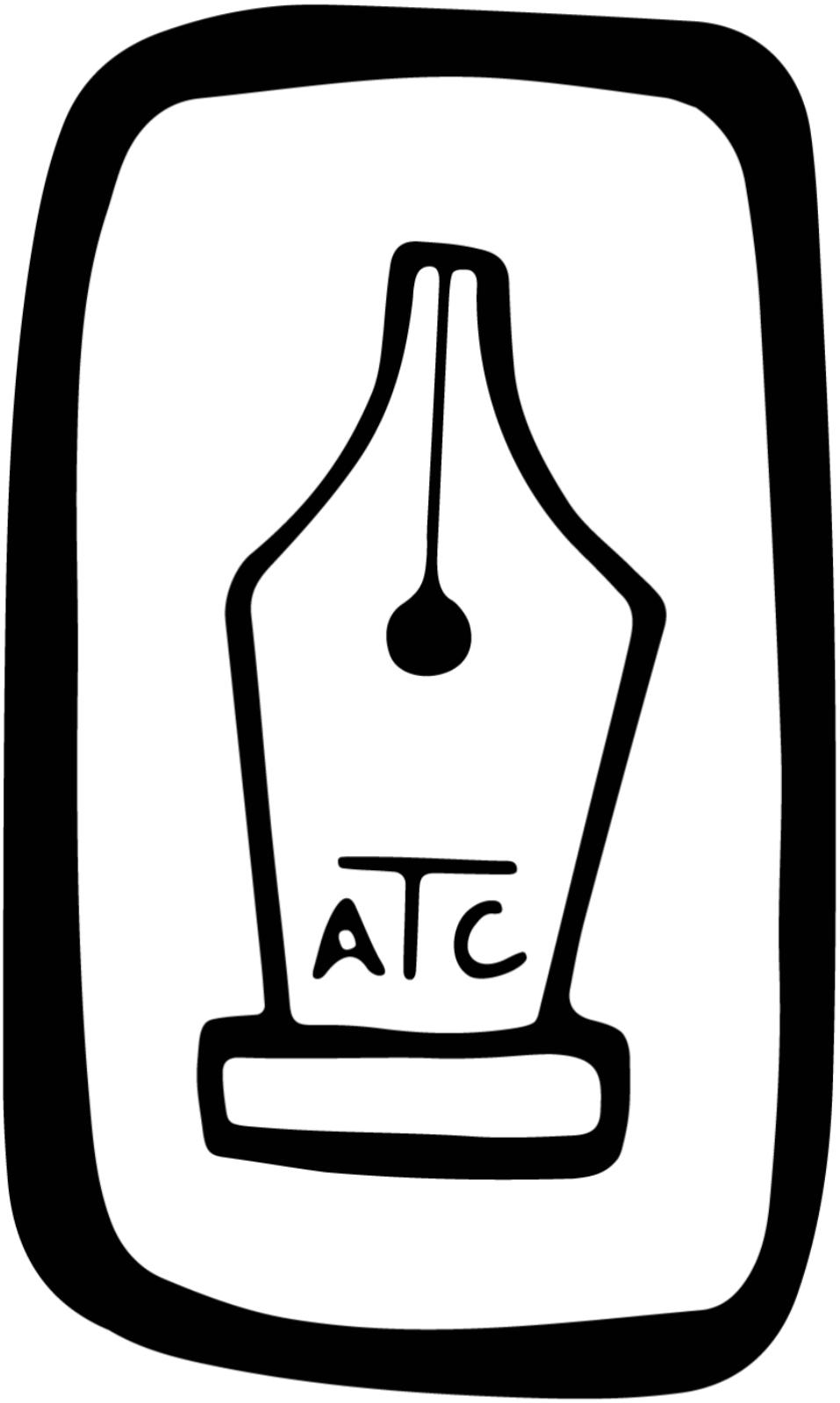



*The Coronation of Napoleon,*
Jacques-Louis David (1805-7)

# NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

Words: LEO IETHRONIS
@leo_caesaris

# New occidental poetry

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Although Napoleon Bonaparte was born in mountainous Corsica, mystery surrounded his origins. Of lower nobility which had long fallen into obscurity, his family could be traced back to the Ligurian coast of Italy with certainty. He was himself aware of a supposed Near Eastern origin, and his grandfather was nicknamed "Il Moro" ("the Moor"). In Egypt, he would declare to any who would listen that Napoleon meant "Lion of the Desert." Whatever the case, he was of a stock much older than the French society and era which he found himself in. Indeed, the Corsican dictator Paoli even declared to him that there was "nothing modern about you, you are straight out of Plutarch!" This was an accusation he wore with great pride. Perhaps that was the reason he was able to overpower the petty Parisian bourgeoisie with ease and acquire the mastery of his world. It did not matter that his accent made him a target of hazing at the military school of Brienne, or that he even spoke Corsican to his brothers during his coronation. He made his own way.

Suspicious of his rise and his growing popularity, the post-revolutionary Directory scrambled to lay a trap for the successful general. Not keen on being eliminated, but realizing his predicament, he gladly accepted the idea of being sent away to Egypt. Napoleon immediately requested a copy of Herodotus' Histories, specifically the book on Egypt. An avid student of history, he understood and relished the potential of conquering the East. General Bonaparte filled his ships with scholars, archaeologists and other technicians, just like a Roman proconsul. Once he had landed in Egypt, he overpowered and completely upended the reigning Mamelukes and became master in that country. Overlooking the Pyramids, the general declared to his troops: "Soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you." Napoleon thought himself Alexander reborn and required acts of divine significance. The clergy recognized him as Muslim, and he adopted the name Ali, calling himself "the Son of the Prophet" and a friend to God.

To ensure order and good administration, he even forbade his soldiers from interfering with the Ashurah mourning rites of the Prophet's grandson Hussein. But soon enough, his plans were again thwarted by a message from France. Foreign Minister Talleyrand informed him that war had broken out again and that he would receive no reinforcements or supplies. Napoleon was stuck in unknown lands with thousands of men. The British held a blockade on the sea and Ottoman forces were on their way from the East.

He would not lay idle while the threat loomed.

He mustered his troops, and moved for the Levant. He thought that if he could no longer reach France perhaps he would carve out a Sultanate for himself in the Orient. Perhaps he would found a new religion, march for Constantinople, and topple the Ottomans. Yes, that is how he would return to France, through Anatolia.

Although fate had other plans for the young Corsican, we must not forget the glorious battlefield of Mount Tabor. A few thousand Frenchmen overpowered 35,000 Ottomans, sustaining barely any losses.

While many today are eager to call the Egypt campaign a fiasco, Napoleon overcame the local rulers and left behind a well-ordered province. But more importantly, he left us the field of Egyptology and the renewal of ancient Egyptian culture. Simply perusing Herodotus, he was responsible for the rediscovery of the canal which would the Suez Cana;. Hearing of the fragile political situation in France, he knew it was his time to return and seize power. Leaving Egypt in the capable hands of his subordinate Kléber, he returned to France and was acclaimed by crowds as their saviour.

The rest, as they say is history. Napoleon brought back order to a country ravaged by revolution and political strife. He created the institutions which have defined modern France, and much of the rest of the world. Not falling for the Protestant wave, he knew that the French heart could only truly hold dear the sound of bells and the beauty of cathedrals. He reconciled the Catholic Church and its eldest daughter through his Concordat. Napoleon could have restored the Bourbons, and was petitioned to do so, but he knew that the Revolution had happened for a reason. The past was dead, and it was time to rebuild. Not just to restore, but to start anew: to be the founder of a people and establish a new aristocracy through his marshals and his Legion of Honour.

He dreamed of a European order where he would be the neutral guarantor of the sovereignty of peoples. He would treat with the monarchs of Europe as equals, and his glory would be defined by his justice. But even after making peace with his enemies, they would not cease their attempts to topple him. Having to fight wars he did not want, he carved names now set in the stone of Parisian monuments. Names such as Austerlitz, Jena, Auerstedt, Marengo.

On the night before the battle of Austerlitz (2 December 1805), which forever shook European history, he was personally touring the French camps. A soldier realized that it was exactly a year since the coronation. He lit a torch and shouted "Long live the Emperor!" 70,000 men joined him in unison. Amidst these glorious fires, Napoleon confessed it was the finest night of his life.

Although no man could defeat him, he had not reckoned on the wrath of nature. His Russian campaign of 1812 is a byword for military disaster, and forewarned the failure of the German Barbarossa campaign, 129 years later. At first, Napoleon had thought of finding refuge in Corsica among its mountainous villages, and to make his stand there. But, to spare the nation further calamities, he accepted exile to the island of Elba. And yet his enemies had already violated their treaties by sending his family away to Austria, and they would later deny him the stipend they had promised.

His first exile did not last long. As the news kept coming of the mismanagement of the administration he had left behind, Napoleon's urges grew. As the sovereign of the island, he required only his own men to sail back to France and take back his destiny. On the morning of March 7th 1815, Napoleon arrived at Mure. He had been travelling for a week now since his landing at Golfe-Juan. The seventh regiment of infantry was dispatched with General Marchand to stop him outside Grenoble. At noon, the Emperor arrived in front of the 5th battalion. From the vanguard, he could see the effect the sight of his grey greatcoat had produced on those men. He sent one of his own to ask for a meeting with Marchand, to announce that he had come to take back his throne and to drive out of France the princes which the enemy had elevated. Marchand's aide-de-camp replied that he was barred from communicating. As soon as Napoleon heard it, he galloped alone until he was at earshot and declared: "Soldiers of the Fifth, kill your Emperor, if you dare!"

The soldiers lifted their rifles in the air and shouted back "Long live the Emperor!" They demanded to be placed in the vanguard to march on Grenoble. Recognizing at the head of the battalion a man named Lessard, who had been a member of his Guard, Napoleon graciously offered him retirement in Grenoble if his feelings had changed. Lessard protested and reiterated his loyalty to the Emperor, and demanded to be placed at the head of the vanguard. These are the sentiments which Napoleon elicited from his men.

Much is said of the ill-fated Battle of Waterloo. But how much do we owe to Napoleon for bringing back the spirit of times long suffocated! When we read from those men who saw that day, we hear of a "terrific day". The English Captain Churchill wrote to this father: "By God! those fellows deserve Bonaparte, they fight so nobly for him. I had rather fallen that day as a British infantry-man, or as a French cuirassier, than die ten years hence in my bed. I did my best to be killed, but Fortune protected me…"

The great man was sent away where he could no longer challenge the great powers of Europe. To Saint Helena, separated from Europe by an entire ocean. But he did not despair, he set out to write his memoirs, which he dedicated to that small circle of future readers who would give him his historical due. While his request for 80,000 books for that purpose was denied by his captors, his admirers – even in England – sent him what he required. Napoleon was keenly aware that he had earned his spot in the annals, and that he would be a rallying cry for the future. He even said to his companions: "Even when I am gone, I shall remain in people's minds the star of their rights, my name will be the war cry of their efforts, the motto of their hopes."

And it did not take long. In 1840, the restored King Louis-Philippe sent for his body. He thought it would gain him the sympathy of the many Bonapartists who remained. When the golden carriage carrying the Emperor's remains passed under the Arch of Triumph before the Champs-Elysées, the crowd erupted before that ghost of past glories. Instead of having the desired effect, it made the King look minuscule by comparison.

Goethe wrote that Napoleon's life was "the stride of a demigod", that his destiny was "more brilliant than any the world had seen before him." Spengler confirmed that yes, Napoleon was right: he was the modern reincarnation of Alexander. If there should again be a day of grand politics, there will be an incalculable debt owed to him. A man who appeared suddenly in an age where he did not belong, transformed it forever with great energy, and disappeared when he had spent it all. Long live the Emperor!

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KNOW THE WORK RULES
APPROPRIATE
...and I've given up deodorant and toothpaste. I also refuse to remove my blue-light glasses, even when I'm having sex.
Oh wow!!! I'd love for you to show me some time.
INAPPROPRIATE
I've started going to the gym recently -
HELLO, HUMAN RESOURCES!?
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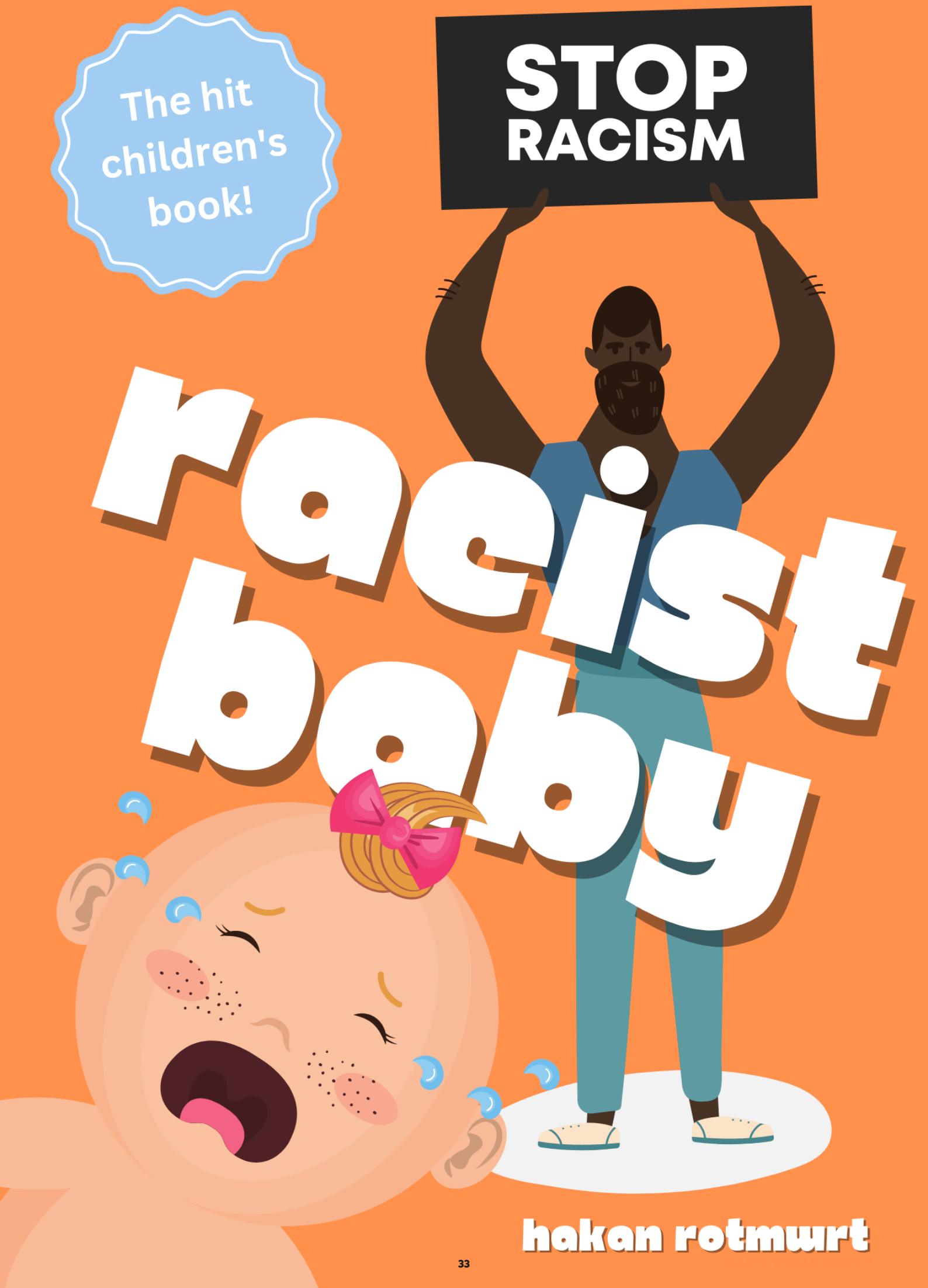
The hit children's book!




# racist baby

hakan rotmurt

# THE SCULPTOR'S ART

with FEN DE VILLIERS

Visionary. That is the word that comes to mind when I see the work of Rudolf Belling. A visionary is someone who is capable of outsider-thinking and dreaming anew, someone who projects his imagination forward. Belling's unique compositions and radical approach made him a true leader in the cultural arena of his time, unafraid to confront the future with gusto and determination.

More than a century later, Belling's sculptures are still shining brightly as cultural beacons. "Organic Forms", made in 1921, shows a figure in motion, reflective like liquid metal. The energy of Futurism is pulsating through its confident composition. This interdimensional being has anatomical aspects but isn't confined by them, they are simply used as an armature on which Belling masterfully plays with curved and angled forms. Spherical masses define the figure's head and shoulders while parallel projections suggest a ribcage. This was a true avant-gardist work and still to this day stands as a radically unique sculpture, well ahead of the curve.

For culture to remain fresh and exhilarating, we need people who are on the edge, a small contingent of dreamers casting their imaginations forward to continue to light a path. Every leap or acceleration into fresh cultural ground has been the direct result of a visionary thinking outside of the norm and stepping bravely into the unknown. If we can find our visionaries of today, we have a chance to get our dynamism back.

*Visit fendevilliers.com. Fen tweets @fendevilliers*

Rudolf Belling
"Organic
Forms"

1921
Bronze
21.5x8x7 inches

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Just meat. No grift.

# IT'S BIOLENINISM, STUPID!

## Everywhere we look, political parties are playing the same revolting game, says RAW EGG NATIONALIST

A spectre is haunting Europe – the spectre of bioleninism…

Actually, bioleninism is haunting the entire Western world, not just Europe but also, and especially, the US. As each new day brings fresh rainbow-coloured bursts of insanity, so it also brings fresh confirmation that bioleninism is the main strategy our enemies, and even our supposed allies, are using to win at politics today.

Just what kind of things am I talking about? Here are a few examples.

The LGBTQ+ wing of the British Conservative party handing out badges with the slogan "Tories Cum" on them – a cunning play on the popular "Tory scum" jibe – at the party's annual conference. Yes, that's bioleninism. For sure.

What about the Somali takeover of the American Midwest, and the strange blend of progressivism and Third World tribalism we see embodied in figures like Ilhan Omar? Yes, that's bioleninism too. 100%.

Or what about the increasingly visible attempts to rebrand paedophiles as "minor-attracted persons" and, not only that, to represent their "rights" politically and even legalise their evil behaviour? You know what I'm going to say, don't you? (No, I wasn't going to say *that* – at least not out loud…). Yes: bioleninism again.

As disparate as these phenomena might seem at first glance, they all share an underlying logic, a political modus operandi, that unites them. Anon supremo Spandrell first laid bare those inner workings in three concise, but extremely incisive, posts on his blog in 2017, which were later packaged together as an ebook (available from archive.org, for instance). I can't recommend them enough.

The theory has stood the test of time and continues to provide a compelling explanation for why politics in the West, and especially the US, is now the way it is. By which I mean, why politics is a hideous demoralising shitshow if you're a half-competent man of European descent. More importantly, it explains why things are continuing, and will continue, to get worse.

Here's a question we'd all like to know the answer to: Why does the right keep losing, even when it wins elections? While the mainstream right will happily take each momentary success as a meaningful victory, seen in a broader span the general trend is so obviously down and away from anything that, say, Edmund Burke or a genuine traditionalist would recognise as worth defending or striving towards. The oft-made quip that in ten years' time conservatives will just be defending the shit progressives are pushing today, is all-too true: the progressive front line will be a conservative redoubt, a "principled" stand, by the end of the decade. And so nothing is preserved, nothing is protected, nothing conserved.

And why is that? It's quite simple: because bioleninism is the name of the game now. Bioleninism is the only way to guarantee political success – or at least it's widely acknowledged as the most effective way to do so. Which means we have "conservative" parties importing record numbers of foreign migrants, waving the rainbow flag at every opportunity and happily aiding and abetting the destruction of the past, one monument after another.

Like many, if not all, of the best theories of political behaviour, the bioleninism thesis is simple, but has explanatory power well beyond the sum of its parts. All it takes is a very basic model of behaviour at both the plebian and the elite level, informed by an historical account of Leninism's fortunes inside and outside the Soviet Union.

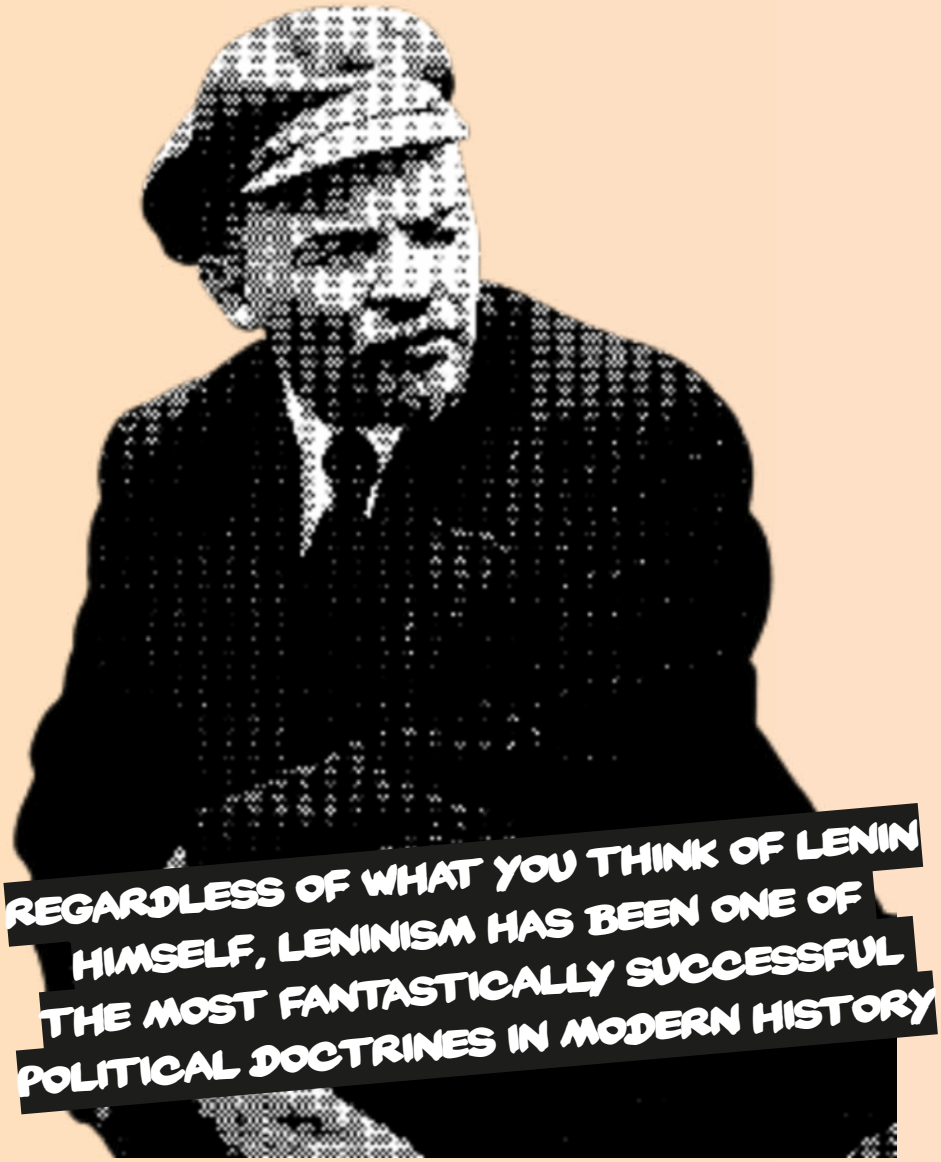
It's worth saying that, regardless of what you think of Lenin himself, Leninism has been one of the most fantastically successful political doctrines in modern history. It works, basically, because it appeals to the status-seeking

module we all have in our brains, which motivates our behaviour to a greater or lesser extent. And Leninism works *so* well, because it promises status to a very particular demographic: those who have little or none. These are precisely the people who will fight most ruthlessly to gain status, especially if it comes at the expense of hated groups ("the bourgeoisie", the aristocracy). By promising status in such a way, the revolutionary vanguard secures deep loyalty from a mass of low-status groups who would, in a very real sense, be lost without them.

Leninism consolidates political power, then, through the creation of a "coalition of the fringes" – a motley crew of the downtrodden, the dispossessed, and, of course, the deviant and the diseased. Modern societies generally produce such people in large numbers, and pre-Revolutionary Russia was certainly no exception. Note that such people are not simply "workers", as the romanticisers of the Revolution would have it. In fact, they're much more likely to be shirkers than workers. If you don't know or believe that quite literally some of the worst people in the world – and I don't mean Lenin, Trotsky, Dzerzhinsky or Stalin – were responsible for turning Russia red, I'd suggest you read Always with Honor, the memoir of White general Pyotr Wrangel, and learn how the prisons and the asylums were emptied by the communists to provide troops for the cause. And not just any troops, as I say, but warped, hateful fanatics who would do the dirty work of revolution with a twinkle in their eye and a spring in their step. Oswald Spengler (*The Hour of Decision*) also provides useful commentary on this "quality" of the real revolutionaries of 1917.

In the West, however, class war very quickly ceased to have any of the motive force it held in Tsarist Russia. The unheralded prosperity of the 1950s and 1960s forced the left to find a different basis upon which to promise increased status and thus consolidate power. Eventually, biology – the given natural facts that separate people regardless of prosperity – became that new basis. And what a basis! Thus followed the "liberation" of women; then gay "liberation" and "liberation" of ethnic minorities; and now, in 2022, the bioleninists are promising more of the same to pedophiles, practitioners of bestiality, grown men who choose to wear diapers, and Twitch streamers.

The bioleninism thesis works for another reason, too. It doesn't posit that we ended up with Leninism on steroids – perhaps "Leninism on puberty blockers and Zoloft" might be a better epithet – through some grand conspiracy. This wasn't all planned down to the last detail. Well, some parts of it were. Gramsci's Long March through the Institutions, by means of which the West's cultural


REGARDLESS OF WHAT YOU THINK OF LENIN HIMSELF, LENINISM HAS BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FANTASTICALLY SUCCESSFUL POLITICAL DOCTRINES IN MODERN HISTORY

POZITOPOLITAN
Jan. 2023

# THIS IS HEALTHY!

**11 women tell us why being an actual fatberg is totally fine!**

and political institutions would be infiltrated and subverted from the inside, was definitely planned, and it's worked catastrophically well in giving progressives a near-impregnable series of bases from which to sally forth and piss, vomit and shit over everything in sight. But the pivot to a biological basis for Leninism was, nevertheless, a largely organic response to the failure of traditional Marxism to achieve revolution in the West in the manner Marx had predicted.

A large part of it is also just the nature of mass participatory democracy. As Spandrell says, the tendency of democracy is always to the left, precisely because the way to keep winning the democratic game is to appeal to ever-broader demographics. This fatal tendency of democratic rule was, of course, known to the ancients, and it's why prudent men of the past, including the American Founding Fathers, established all sorts of checks and balances against the rule of sheer quantity. It's no surprise, then, that the electoral college is now seen as an impediment to "real" democracy that must be done away with – since it really is an impediment and was always intended to be such.

If indeed there is a kind of Leninism baked into the system, this of course begs the question whether we must rid ourselves of the system if we want to be rid of bioleninism once and for all. Spandrell doesn't shy away from this question or others about the future of politics in the West. But I'm not here just to explain the theory, I also want to expand it myself.

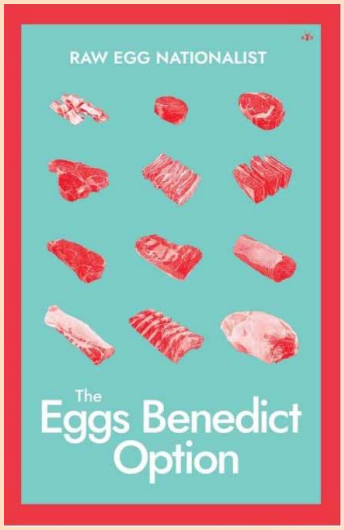
For one thing, it's clear that the physical and spiritual crisis of masculinity in the West – falling testosterone levels, rising infertility, depression and a general lack of purpose for men – is an essential prop of the bioleninist regime today.

Spandrell notes that, if bioleninism is anything, it's a revolt against male competency, and to the extent that the regime can actively discredit and demoralise young men, especially young men of European descent, it does. There can be no doubt that a powerful aid to this evil aim is the increasingly toxic environment we inhabit, which is feminising men in alarming ways and with alarming speed. This was one of the principal focuses of the Tucker Carlson documentary *The End of Men*, which was broadcast in October and which I and some of my Twitter friends featured in heavily.

We might even call this the regime's secret weapon, a kind of dirty war. Whether deliberately cultivated or not, this chemical warfare serves to reinforce, in the most-wide ranging manner, the regime's attempts to marginalise young men. And one thing that's abundantly clear from the reaction to the Tucker documentary – from the refusal of commentators to entertain the idea that certain chemicals have endocrine-disrupting effects, or that there's even a crisis of masculinity in the first place – is that actually this is something the regime is totally fine with. "The crisis of masculinity isn't happening, and here's why it's a good thing that it is."

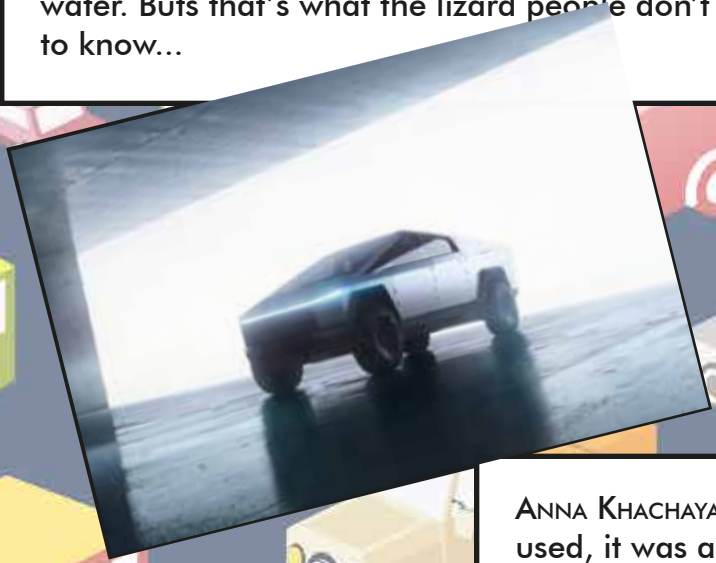
Since the release of *The End of Men*, and my subsequent appearance on *Tonight with Tucker Carlson*, I've come in for criticism from certain segments of the online right for diverting attention towards "trivial" or "non-core" issues (i.e. health and fitness, aesthetics). Some of this is undoubtedly sour grapes; some of it, unfamiliarity with my work; and some, just plain ol' retardation (filter your water, people!). The truth, as I've tried to make explicit here, is that the health of young men is not a distraction from the real issues of our day. A mass movement focusing on health and fitness will not just make the right wing attractive again, which it has no excuse not to be and indeed must be if it is ever to succeed; such a movement will also strike at the heart of the bioleninist regime that is drawing the West deeper and deeper into the widening gyre.

*Raw Egg Nationalist's latest book,* The Eggs Benedict Option, *is available now from Antelope Hill Publishing. Customers in the US will get the best deal buying directly from the publisher (antelopehillpublishing.com). Otherwise, the book is available from Amazon, Barnes and Noble, Blackwell's and other third-party retailers.*

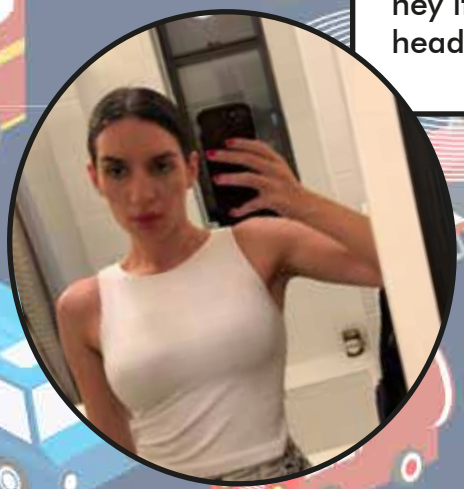


Dasha Nekrasova as a Fiat convertible. Whether it's Cinque Terra or the Jersey Shore, this fun weekend driver is great for a quick getaway. Reeks of stale cigarettes and peppermint schnapps but the nostalgia for the days of lost youth make it enjoyable. The feminine leather-bound stick shift gives it a little something extra.

Alex Jones as a Tesla Cybertruck. When you pull into the Trader Joe's with a "Keep Austin Weird" bumper sticker on this bad boy, straight out of the Gigafactory , jaws are gonna drop. Quirky and built like a tank, and doesn't run on a battery as advertised, but instead solely powered by water. Buts that's what the lizard people don't want you to know...



Anna Khachayan as a 914 Porsche. You bought into it used, it was a little past its prime but this exotic European model can still turns heads. Half of your friends think it's hideous and the other half want to take it for a drive. But hey it's thin and hot and has classic if slightly asymmetric headlights.



# CELEBRITIES... AS CARS!

## with FAISAL MARZIPAN

Jack Posobiec is a Toyota Tacoma. The market leader in insurgent vehicles for thirty years running. With a rear mounted antiaircraft gun and a CB radio for communicating with hundreds of your buddies, you can coordinate to take out a corrupt administration. Time for a change: regime change!

Elizabeth Bruenig is a busted 1992 Ford Festiva. Dad handed it down to you when you started college, you've held onto it even though it cost a small fortune to fix the grill and replace the headlights. Keeps changing hands between owners and the hoses are constantly leaking fluids.

Anderson Cooper is a Mexican Chevy S-10. If you have enough tie downs, chico, he can tow it. Seeming never to bottom out, this little guy is surprisingly resilient. He can handle wide loads, oversized loads, just load after load – this guy can't get enough! Suspension never needs replacement!

# FREE MEN AND SLAVES

## We would do well to remember that slavery is a mindset as much as a physical state, says SCOTT LOCKLIN

It's little remarked upon, but the vast majority of people alive today are descended from slaves and peasants. Most of these people remain emotional slaves and peasants.

Nietzsche was the last prominent scholar to make such statements, though most misunderstood him. Nietzsche was what I like to describe as a sort of modern Ancient Greek philosopher. He was a philologist; a classicist. His actual philosophy is something like what I'd imagine a pre-Socratic such as Heraclitus might be if he were a Polish Lutheran with poor digestion, writing in Wilhelmine German. The pre-Socratics were the philosophy of the Hellenes at their peak. Socrates was a sort of Jonathan Rawls. The Hellenes even well past their prime were mostly concerned with what we now call moral philosophy rather than analytic philosophy: how to live.

Nietzsche's admonition of slave morality is precisely the type of thing an Ancient Greek philosopher would say, and should be taken in a similar spirit. Recognizing that most of the people around you are spiritual and mental slaves, descended from spiritual and mental and ultimately actual slaves is important in understanding the condition of The Current Year.

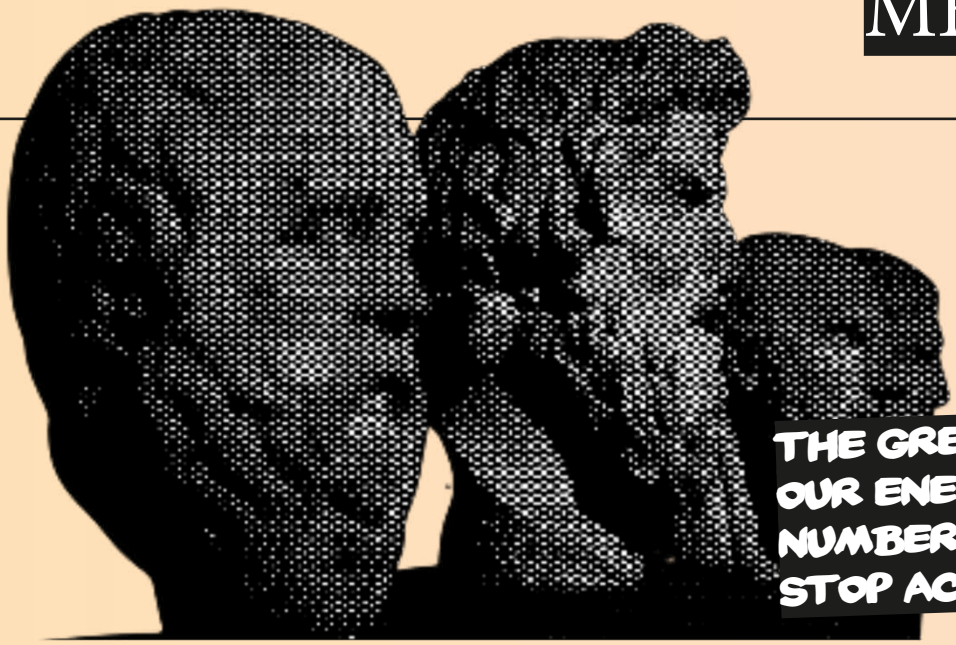
The peasant/slave reaction to saying this, is of course, cattle-like fear and loathing. Most people think slavery consists in some sort of S&M accoutrements, like in the TV shows. The reality is, slaves through most of human history didn't require shackles to keep them fixed in place, and they slept in beds and performed work which was normal for their times. Slavery was, and is, very much a state of mind.

Some of the slaves of ancient times were that way because they were born to it. Others became slaves through conquest or debt. The actual conditions of slavery were not generally distinguishable from the life of a free man: slaves worked in agriculture, but also as artificers, clerks, engineers, bankers, even high viziers in some government roles. Slaves were allowed to hold some forms of property, had religious liberty within the household cult, and while they were allowed families, they were not allowed a lineage: they had no family name. Much like most men living today, they have a last name, but generally have no idea as to their lineage past their grandparents.

Some of the Greeks thought certain people were made by nature to be slaves: people who had no capacity for foresight or self-discipline. Aristotle said that unlike animals or very young children, the slave could understand reasoning; he just couldn't do it himself. Essentially, Aristotle was describing the current year NPC, which is probably why the meme stings them so greatly. As he put it in book one of *Politics*, "For the slave has no deliberative faculty at all."

Classical-era slaves were forbidden many things available to free men: for example, they were forbidden gymnastics, weightlifting and wrestling in Athens. These sorts of exercises make the slave more dangerous as they build thumos ("spiritedness", roughly) and character. Even gladiators were fed a diet consisting of legumes, breads and porridge – the kind of slop the sinister docker-pants-wearing goons in WEF meetings would like the whole world to eat along with cockroach tapenade.

Xenophon in his *Education of Cyrus* describes how Cyrus kept the conquered peoples in bondage after conquest. Quite simply, he made them into sybaritic degenerates: the pleasures of the slave. Have fun, don't exercise. Here: have some more wine. Don't experience too much hardship: that would be unpleasant. Slaves were portrayed in the arts as timid, dumb and cowardly. More or less like suburban office dwellers, the types of people who publicly and immediately forgive the killers of their children.



## THE GREATEST FEAR OF OUR ENEMIES IS THAT LARGE NUMBERS OF FREE MEN WILL STOP ACTING LIKE SLAVES

Tyrants and tyrannies love slaves and slavish subjects. Nero famously gave slaves the right to take their masters to court. This wasn't some prototypical love of human dignity or "civil rights" – through perhaps it was done for similar reasons. It was explicitly done to reduce the status of free men. They were all slaves to a tyrant such as Nero. Aristotle knew:

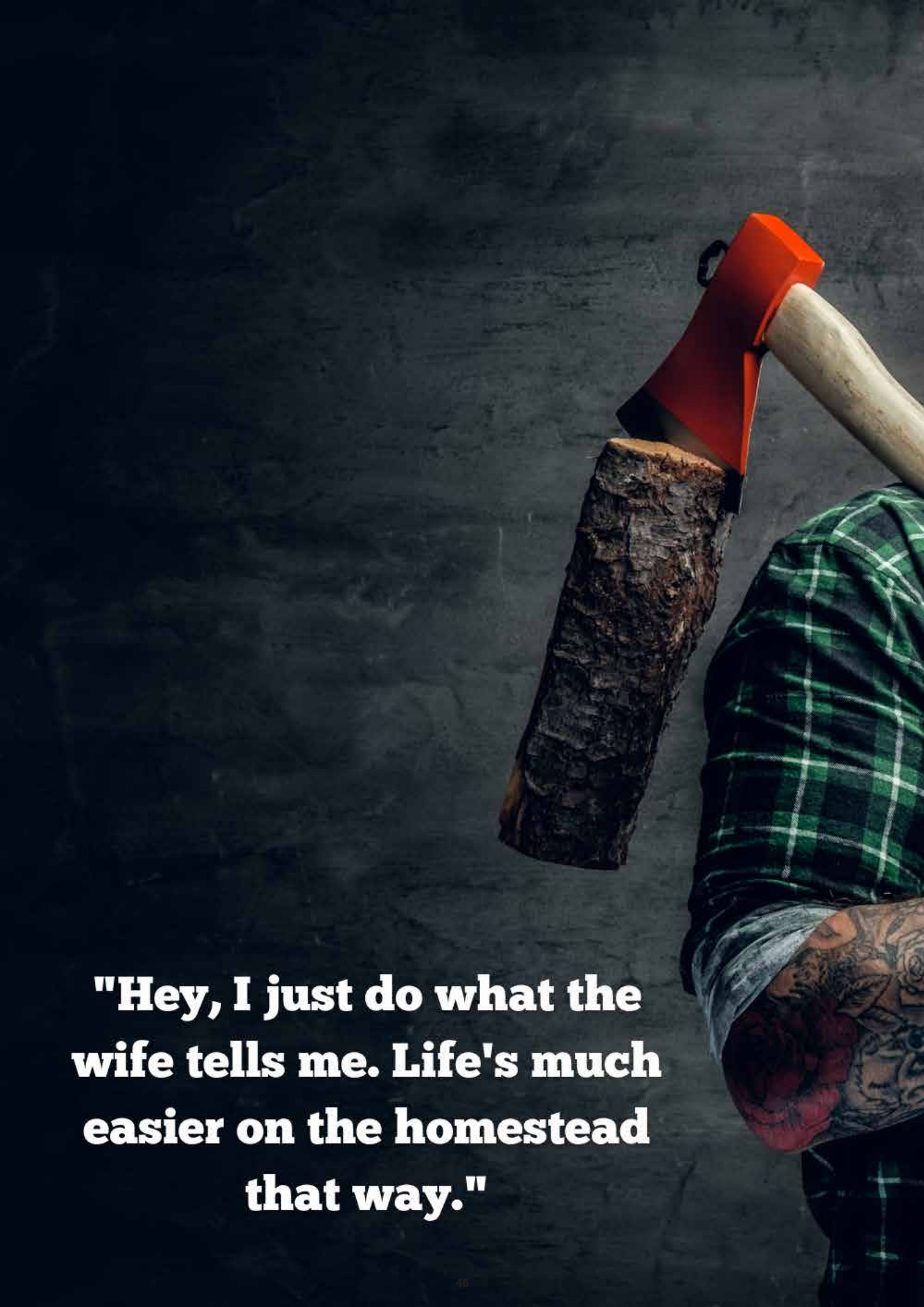
"Again, the evil practices of the last and worst form of democracy are all found in tyrannies. Such are the power given to women in their families in the hope that they will inform against their husbands, and the license which is allowed to slaves in order that they may betray their masters; for slaves and women do not conspire against tyrants; and they are of course friendly to tyrannies and also to democracies, since under them they have a good time. "

The history of modernity is to a certain extent is the mobilization of historical peasant and slave classes for other tasks. Past mobilization was done for warfare and industrial production. The dipshits in power (mostly clerks and slaves themselves, all stupid) now think automation is so well developed, the mass should be back to overt slavery and peonage.

The greatest fear of our enemies is that large numbers of free men will stop acting like slaves. Hence their shrill terror of men with the relatively trivial self-discipline to exercise with weights, stop masturbating, tan their balls or declare they won't eat the bugs. The spirit of not being a slave: to die rather than submit – the virtues of yesteryear crush the life out of the flabby eunuch class.

I'll let Aristotle have the last word:

"…the tyrant should lop off those who are too high; he must put to death men of spirit; he must not allow common meals, clubs, education, and the like; he must be upon his guard against anything which is likely to inspire either courage or confidence among his subjects; he must prohibit literary assemblies or other meetings for discussion, and he must take every means to prevent people from knowing one another (for acquaintance begets mutual confidence)... In short, he should practice these and the like Persian and barbaric arts, which all havethe same object. A tyrant should also endeavor to know what each of his subjects says or does, and should employ spies, like the 'female detectives' at Syracuse, and the eavesdroppers whom Hiero was in the habit of sending to any place of resort or meeting; for the fear of informers prevents people from speaking their minds, and if they do, they are more easily found out. Another art of the tyrant is to sow quarrels among the citizens; friends should be embroiled with friends, the people with the notables, and the rich with one another. Also he should impoverish his subjects; he thus provides against the maintenance of a guard by the citizen and the people, having to keep hard at work, are prevented from conspiring. ... Another practice of tyrants is to multiply taxes, after the manner of Dionysius at Syracuse, who contrived that within five years his subjects should bring into the treasury their whole property. The tyrant is also fond of making war in order that his subjects may have something to do and be always in want of a leader."


"Hey, I just do what the wife tells me. Life's much easier on the homestead that way."

# KILLED BY THE SOFTNESS

## We need to recapture the Ancient Greek love of challenge and hardship if we are to reverse our decline, says LYCURGUS

At the beginning of the COVID-19 pandemic I took a renewed interest in the German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche. I had recently gotten married and was working in Los Angeles. When the lockdowns began and the psychosis spread, I became a Great Despiser.

Eventually we managed an escape to Hawaii. For several weeks, I surfed, explored the islands, and read *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. It was a real breath of fresh air, and I returned home in great health. From then on, my perspective on things started to change.

My wife and I no longer wanted to live in a failed state, so we moved across the country. I looked in the mirror and saw I was a bit slender, so I put on some mass. I stopped eating poisonous foods. I found some good company on frog Twitter, and I was encouraged to start writing again. Some of the smaller changes were the most noticeable: like how I started seeing new ideas in books I had not read since high school and college.

With Greek history, I never really cared that much about Herodotus. In school I remembered covering his descriptions of the famous battles, but I always wanted to skip over to Thucydides. Herodotus was just the pious mystic who went on obscure tangents. Thucydides was the realist that all the "serious" people gathered around. Even Nietzsche had many nice things to say about Thucydides, like how he was an antidote to the Socratic influence that he believed poisoned the Greek spirit and pretty much perverted the development of all subsequent Western philosophy. If Thucydides was the antidote to the supposed ills of Socratism, I soon discovered that Herodotus was something more like a steroid. Thucydides may be able to help restore our vision, but it is Herodotus who enables us once more to really breathe.

I had no intention of writing anything about Herodotus and was only looking for something to read while enjoying morning espresso. At the time, I was trying to focus on some political articles, but once I started reading Herodotus again, the book just came to life for me. It felt like I was finding all sorts of secret and interesting insights – I couldn't put it down. In this new reading of Herodotus, I could feel within myself what Nietzsche describes in *The Gay Science* as:

"The frolicking of returning energy, of newly awakened belief in a tomorrow and after-tomorrow; of sudden sentience and prescience of a future, of near adventures, of seas open once more, and aims once more permitted and believed in."

My new book *Herodotean Fire* is the collection of my commentary on over ninety passages spanning all nine books of the Histories. Herodotus' stories are raw, fantastical, and expansive — going beyond the Hellenes and giving considerable attention to the habits and customs of other ancient peoples like the Egyptians, Persians, Thracians, and Scythians. But most importantly, Herodotus features the Greeks at their best, from their idyllic archaic age up through their illustrious victories in the Persian Wars.

My aim was not to attempt a normal academic commentary. Instead, I wanted to explore questions like, how did the ancient Scythians deal with fake news? What can the Egyptian pharaohs and their dual role as architects teach us about executive power? Was the leading Alkmeonid clan of Athenian nobles just a bunch of frauds? What is the difference between Cyrus the Great and Hillary Clinton? Why did Xerxes mutilate the corpse of King Leonidas after the battle of Thermopylae? And what explains the excellence of the Greeks and that of the Spartans in particular?

I had a lot of fun putting this together, so some commentary is short and reflects my immediate

reaction to reading the passage, while other entries have more structure to them. While the themes are many and the style oscillates frequently between light observations and more heavy analysis, there is one idea that overshadows the rest: a man cannot read the ancients without feeling contempt for the world he inhabits today. Naturally, Herodotus will force you into a comparative study between ancient and modern.

Perhaps Dr. Paul Rahe of Hillsdale College described it best: for the ancient Greeks, their way of life was a preparation for battle. They aimed for victory in war, conquest, and everlasting glory. The Greeks were defined by their great striving as brothers in arms, not the pursuit of domestic ease as suburban libertarians. It was their constant "taking up of the spear of mankind", in the words of Bronze Age Pervert, and launching it through the air that constituted their way of life and united them together as a people.

For us moderns, our way of life is diseased. We prepare ourselves only for slavery and death. We have these universalist ideals hung above our heads that are supposed to inspire and unite us together as one great people, yet our interests are so numerous, and we love many different things. It is as if the spear of mankind has been misplaced in a cluttered garage. Even if we could find it, who knows if we would even be interested in dusting it off and launching it once again. Our way of life is leading Western civilization into a mass grave. Our leaders simply want us to fade away.

In contrast to the cold grey backdrop of hegemonic liberalism, the Greeks provide a flash of colour, a vision of a completely different kind of life. Here we see a total rebuke of the dilapidated losers dominating the present and witness a people that were overflowing with heroic vitality; stories of men that were as wise as they were warlike; regimes that strove to cultivate a spirit of nobility and excellence in their citizens instead of reducing mankind to a dead inert mass. The hard pursuit of the good life was always championed over the low desire for mere life. The focus of existence was more than mere economics or consumption; and valuations were made based on simple humble truths, not the deranged ideologies of modern weaklings.

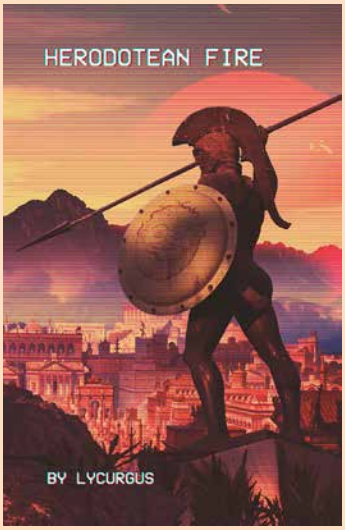
In these ways, and still in so many more, the ancient Greeks really knew how to live! Unfortunately, most of today's aversion to what the ancients offered comes from our perspective being soured by postmodern cynicism. I know many who laugh at the idea of pursing "everlasting glory" or "uniting with others around some sense of profound moral purpose." Many people today have a bad conscience about anything great and heroic, and they mock anyone who is caught longing for distant shores.

That point aside, most people simply lose interest after realizing the heavy price paid by the Greeks for their way of life. We hear modern people say, "All of that looks a bit harsh and uncomfortable." But do they ever dare think that some degree of harshness and discomfort might be necessary? Ironically, I don't think these people have ever stopped to realize the price they pay to continue on living as they do. To them, modern virtue towers over whatever the ancient Greeks may have valued. These people lack all self-awareness.

So while the destiny of an individual in the modern regime is their degeneration into Nietzsche's Last Man, the question is not how we might return to the ancient Greeks (for such a return is impossible) but how to integrate certain aspects of their way of life into a vision for a future not yet even imagined. If modern man is soft, how do we become hard? If the modern citizen is weak and degenerate, how do we make him strong and noble? If the rulers of the modern regime are corrupt and hostile, how do we position better men to rule? In the end, the comparative study of the ancients and us, their descendants today, does not leave me with a sense that there is a "choice" between the two.

Become hard – or perish: this is the immortal lesson of Herodotus.

Herodotean Fire *is available now from Amazon. Lycurgus tweets @gc_strategos.*

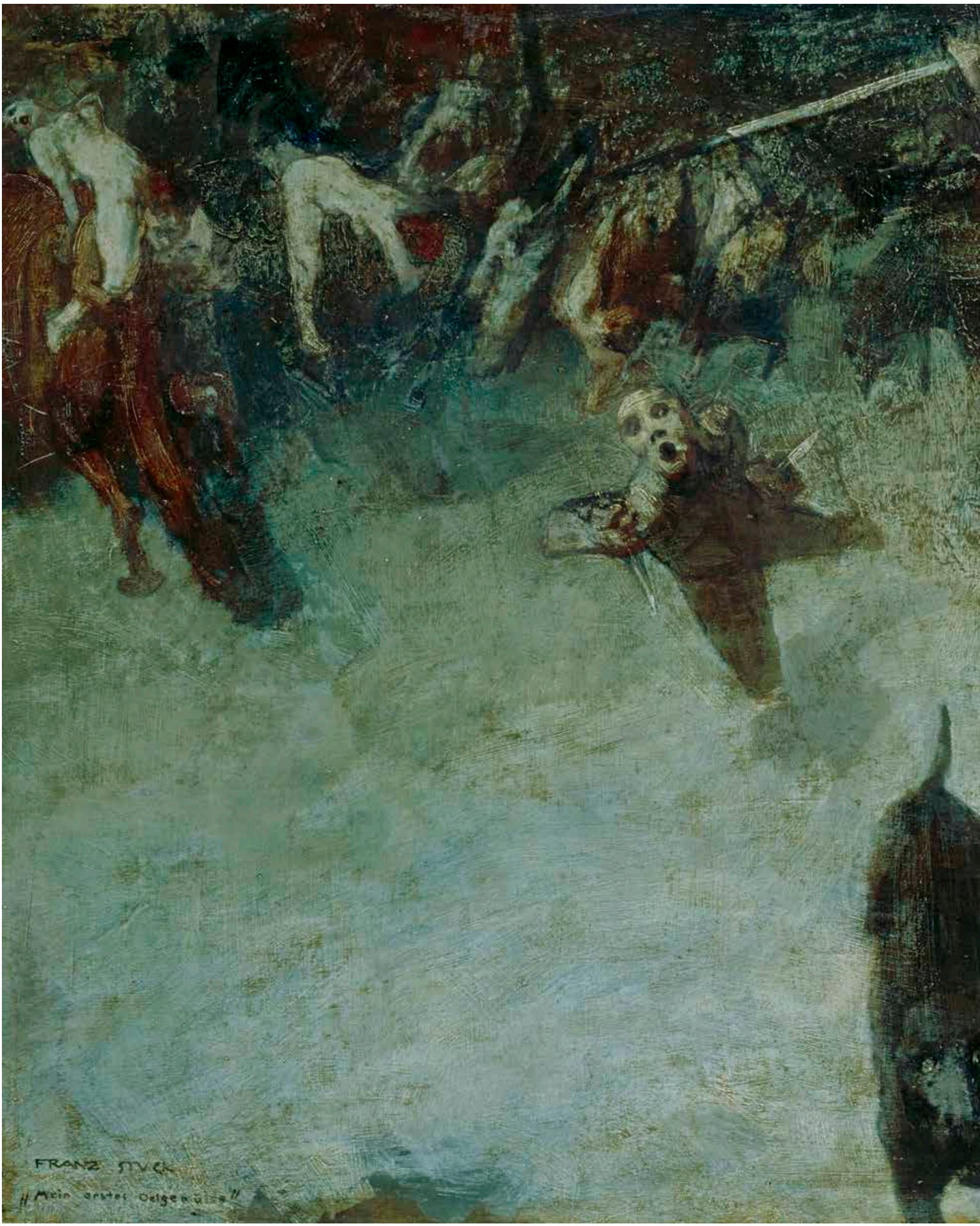


Make sure to give up
when things get hard.

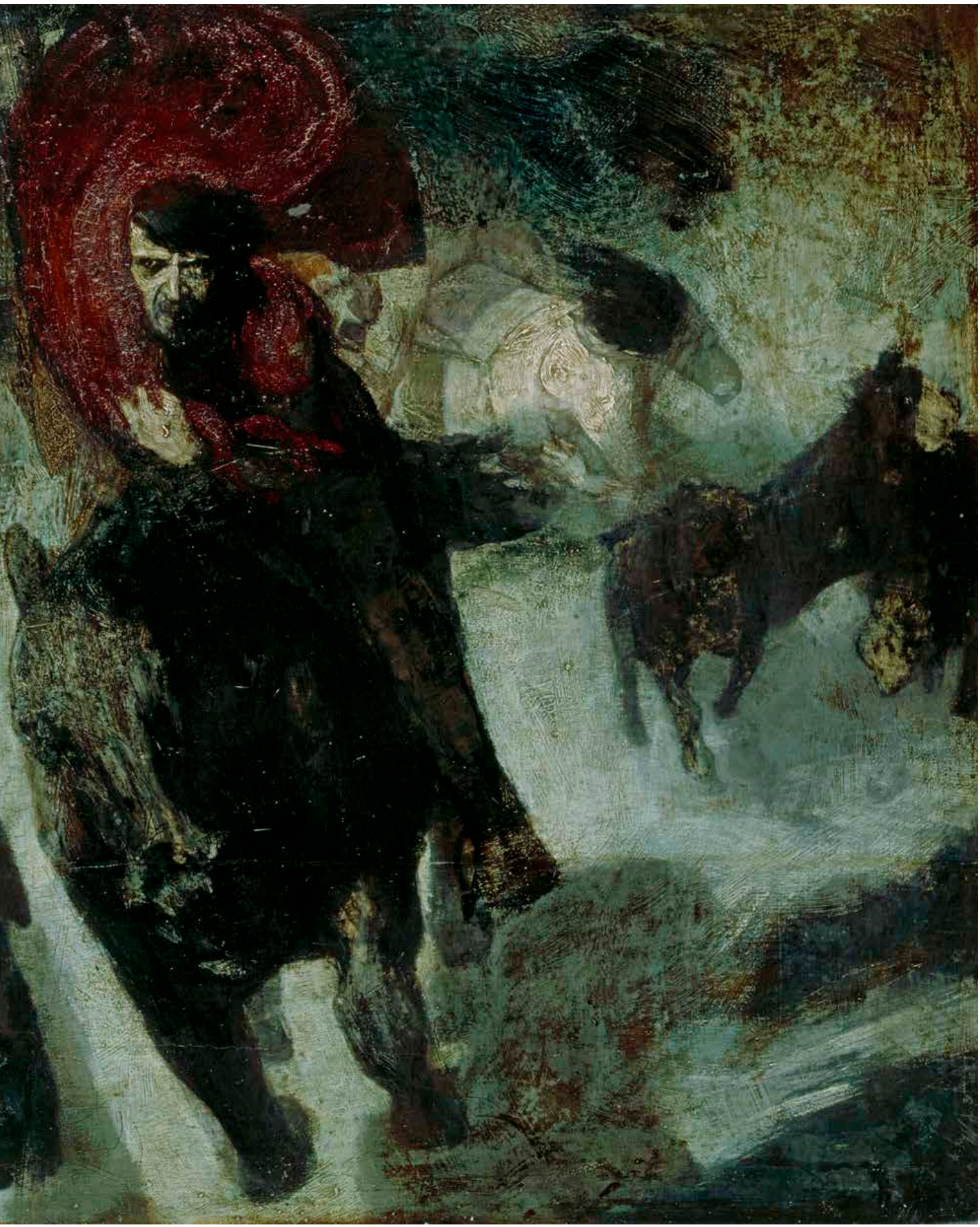
# THE ABSOLUTE STATE OF BLUECHECK TWITTER

CARTOONS BY ENDING BIGLY PROMOTIONAL ACCOUNT (@endingbigly)

"ALL I DID WAS FUCK AROUND. WHY, OH WHY, DID I DESERVE TO FIND OUT!?"


FRANZ STUCK

# "The Wild Hunt"
## Franz Stuck, c.1889



Oil on canvas
Städtische Galerie im Lenbachhaus und Kunstbau, Munich

# RITES OF PASSAGE

## Re-engage with your masculinity by undertaking a new rite of passage, says JAD

Being a reader of this article indicates you have interest in yourself as a man. This is an important subject to explore because the definition of man has become too mutable in our culture. Challenging this mutability is not my interest. I seek definition, and you are that which is to be defined. The second point is what is *awareness*? An aware man is one who knows where he is located, knows his environment and knows his position in it.

Things are very foggy in the world around manhood, and in my opinion the fog is intentionally created. The creators of the fog have agendas I do not support. I will not take on this fog but I will offer a bright light that can cut through it. The light I offer is called *passage*. A passage is a transition of state of being, like wood becoming flame in the fire.

As a human you are called upon to constantly adapt and accept transition, otherwise you stop functioning optimally and stop growing. This is the definition of death. Passage requires a reactivation of context, action and destination. All this needs a place to happen, a container. Your man container has been stripped from you by an aberrant society. You stand lost and naked in the fog wondering what to do. Here is what you do. You create rights of passage in order to create a new container for your manhood.

Why would you wish to do this? You would do this to define yourself. Why would you define yourself? To reclaim you power and move on from the deadened life embedded in you by an aberrant culture. You do this to awaken the power in yourself that is needed to heal this aberrant culture and redirect it to more useful human purposes than the ones it now expresses. Isn't this what a healthy man does in the world? I think so, but what I think isn't important — what you think is. Let's sort what you think so you can get on with whatever it is you are destined to do in the world.

There you stand naked and lost in the fog. You have been strip-searched by a society that hates anything that has testosterone in it. Testosterone is the hormone secreted by your gonads; I prefer the word balls. Balls aren't much in fashion these days. Maybe in the movies you will see some anti-hero working out his rejection to the demand he give up his balls. Those movies sell well and that should tell you something. Men want their balls back, and I speculate that women also want men to get their balls back. You are told as a man you are too dangerous and therefore you should have your balls put in a cage. You are then told you must give the key to the cage to knowing hands with more awareness. There are no knowing hands of awareness to be seen anywhere out there. Yes men are dangerous when unaware, but when they are aware they are the ones that keep the danger at bay. What do we do here? Presently, the fog is your container and because of that reality you are fucked and will remain so until you create your own container.

A container is a boundary that separates from the outside and holds something. A national border is a boundary. Boundaries are one-sided these days. The ones who manipulate boundaries set them according to their agendas and you sit in their cage and they take the key. These manipulators come in many forms but they are not the issue, the issue is you. Disengage yourself from their dominating boundaries and undertake that task of creating you own container. Once you have done that, you can address the false boundaries and you can stop being an emasculated barking dog. The manipulators want you to bark rather than becoming aware. Your awareness terrifies them. Don't take the bait. Stop barking and get out of the cage.

You already have a container: your biology. It is the model you

came with. It needs malware removed but otherwise it is fine. Your brain is working or you wouldn't be reading this, so I will skip that part. Let's get back to the malware. You've had some real shit shoved down your throat and backed up with a threat that if you didn't accept it you would be defined as a killer. Some really are killers but you are not. You have reached the stage of evolution where you understand that is not the solution. Don't believe this lie.

Containers have two elements, boundaries and content. You are responsible for both. Owning your gender is the first step in setting your boundaries, malware removal is the second. Malware makes you a commodity to be manipulated. Men with balls don't commoditize. Because of this malware you have been programmed to make you more compliant. You need solutions. Where do you get them?

First you must look to the past. In the past, you had defined rights of passage as a man. You left the women for the men at puberty. You took on responsibilities that were necessary for your survival and for the survival of your fellow men, women and children. You learned to live in cooperation with your natural environment so it could provide sustenance over the long term, and you lived with respect for yourself because you were in balance with your life. You defined things.

A brutal question: How are you doing with all this? You probably don't like the answer. Don't self-recriminate. You had almost no healthy mentoring or support to create your own container. Most of that information was erased a long time ago. It is now officially forbidden. Your most important tasks are to work out healthy answers for these questions, create a personal container and start sharing this container with your bros and the young boys that are still coming up.

I have only mentioned women briefly. Women need help. They are as oppressed as you but for different reasons. They are as manipulated as you are and have their own wounds from this cultural shit show. Clean up your business, this is how you can help them. They have been taught you are dangerous and not to be trusted; you have been taught they hate your gender. I don't believe either of these manufactured fantasies is true.

I give you one practical rite of passage. It is all we can address here. Reconnect with your body. This does not mean watch porn, it means watch yourself. Watch when you are disconnected from your biology and then register how that affects you. Each man is different in the way he interfaces with his biology so I can't give you one fit-all way: your interpretation will be different than mine. I don't wish to force my view upon you. When you feel you are off with your biology, trust your assessment is correct and sense what you need to change. Work with what you sense and use it to bring yourself into balance in yourself. Just keep doing that.

This way forward may seem basic but it is potent. There is an integration required between your male emotions and your body. This communication has been purposely interrupted and this needs rectifying. Your body naturally registers your emotional responses to the environment — *unless* there has been programming put in your mind that is strong enough to shut the real emotions and direct you to fake mentally generated emotions, all designed to produce an outcome that is not yours. You may not believe me when I say this is the way it is, but after you have done some extended work with the re-integration of your emotional and physical self, you will probably find yourself in agreement with my hypothesis.

What is the definition of extended work? I suggest you spend twenty minutes a day of uninterrupted time reintroducing your emotional self to your biological self. It does not have to be scheduled. It can happen as needed. You have a fight with someone; you are upset. This is a great time to work. Best do it where you can make noise if you want or kick things around if you need to. These are the kind of things your programming has told you are forbidden. You are going to have to break some rules. I bet money you are going to like doing this. Here is your containment. Set up your space and do what you wish to do in it. This is your space and what you do in it is nobody else's business. Now you have the beginning of the new container that is you, and not the one you were programmed to live in.

I think happy thoughts when I imagine you engaging in this kind of reclamation of yourself. Travel well.

*JAD's new book* MANual *is out soon. Visit jad.world to view his art and learn more about him and his work.*

1990-1994 broadcasts from Radio Rwanda dehumanized Tutsis and moderate Hutus, leading to targeted attacks and the death of over 800,000 people. Today, language used by Radio Rwanda against Tutsis and moderate Hutus has found its match in the rhetoric of America's mainstream media... SELECTIONS BY SARA SASS

# RWANDA

## ELEC BOOG

"In most cases, the war we are waging is complicated by the foreign radio stations which exacerbate the divisions among people."

**Speaker Ananie Nkurunziza, 3 October 1996**

"Tulsi Gabbard, Russian asset, has been the favorite of Russian State media much like Elon Musk and Donald Trump have been."

**Justice Through Music, October 2022**

"How can anyone claim to bring salvation to the Rwandans when he or she has entered the country massacring with swords and guns and shedding the blood of Rwandans?"

**Interview on Radio Rwanda by Professor Anastase Gasana to Bamwnge, 21 October 1990**

Columbus should be judged as "ruthless explorer" that should be judged by history as a "villain" in an imaginary trial.

**Alex Gendler, TEDTalk, 2014**

"When these various components are put together, we realize that they are enemies of Rwanda, enemies of the country, people who not want peace to reign within Rwanda..."

**Interview on Radio Rwanda by Professor Anastase Gasana to Bamwnge, 21 October 1990**

"Trump and the Trumpists are, indeed, the most insidious enemies we could possibly face, enemies from within."

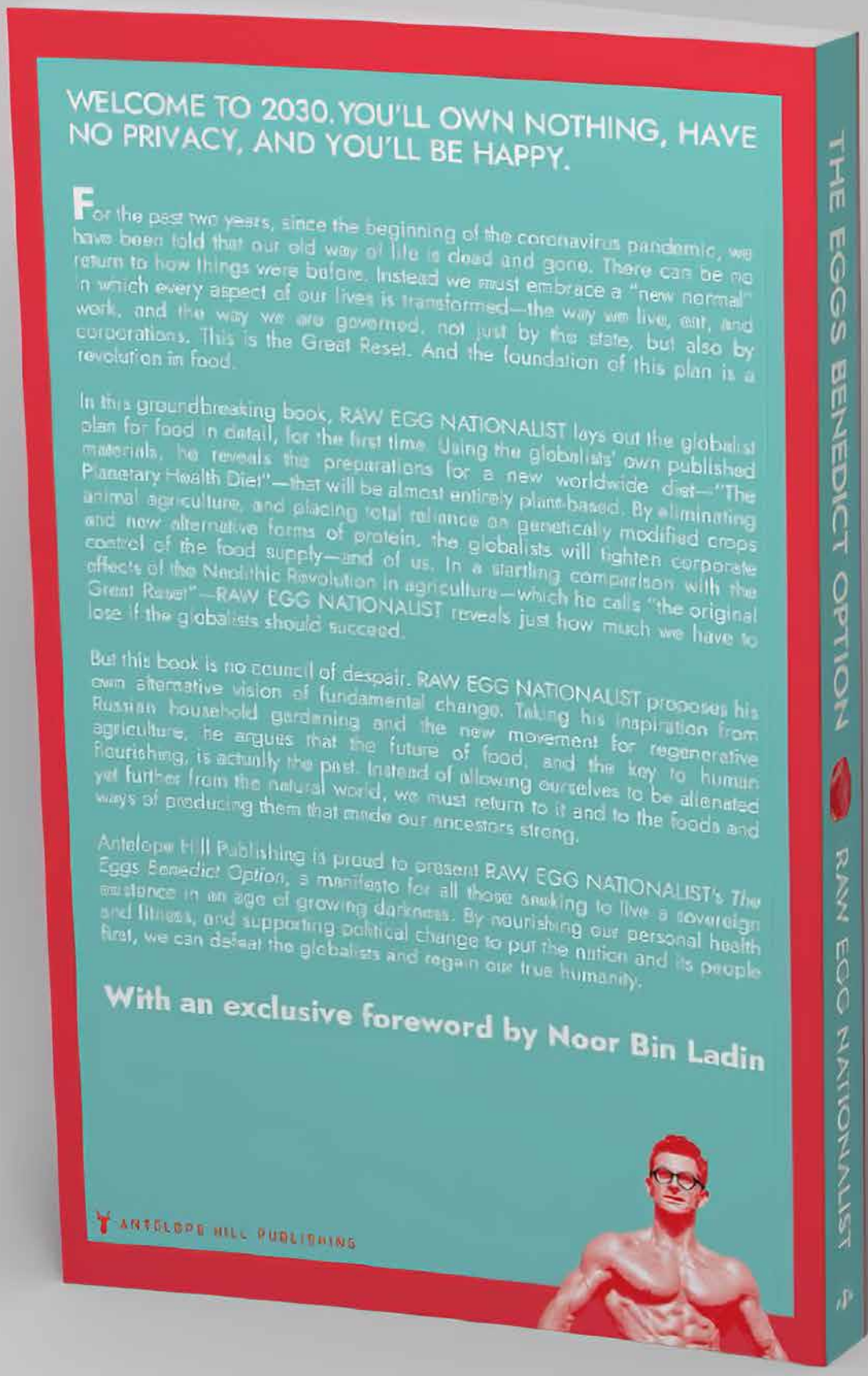
**David Rothkopf, USA Today, 2021**

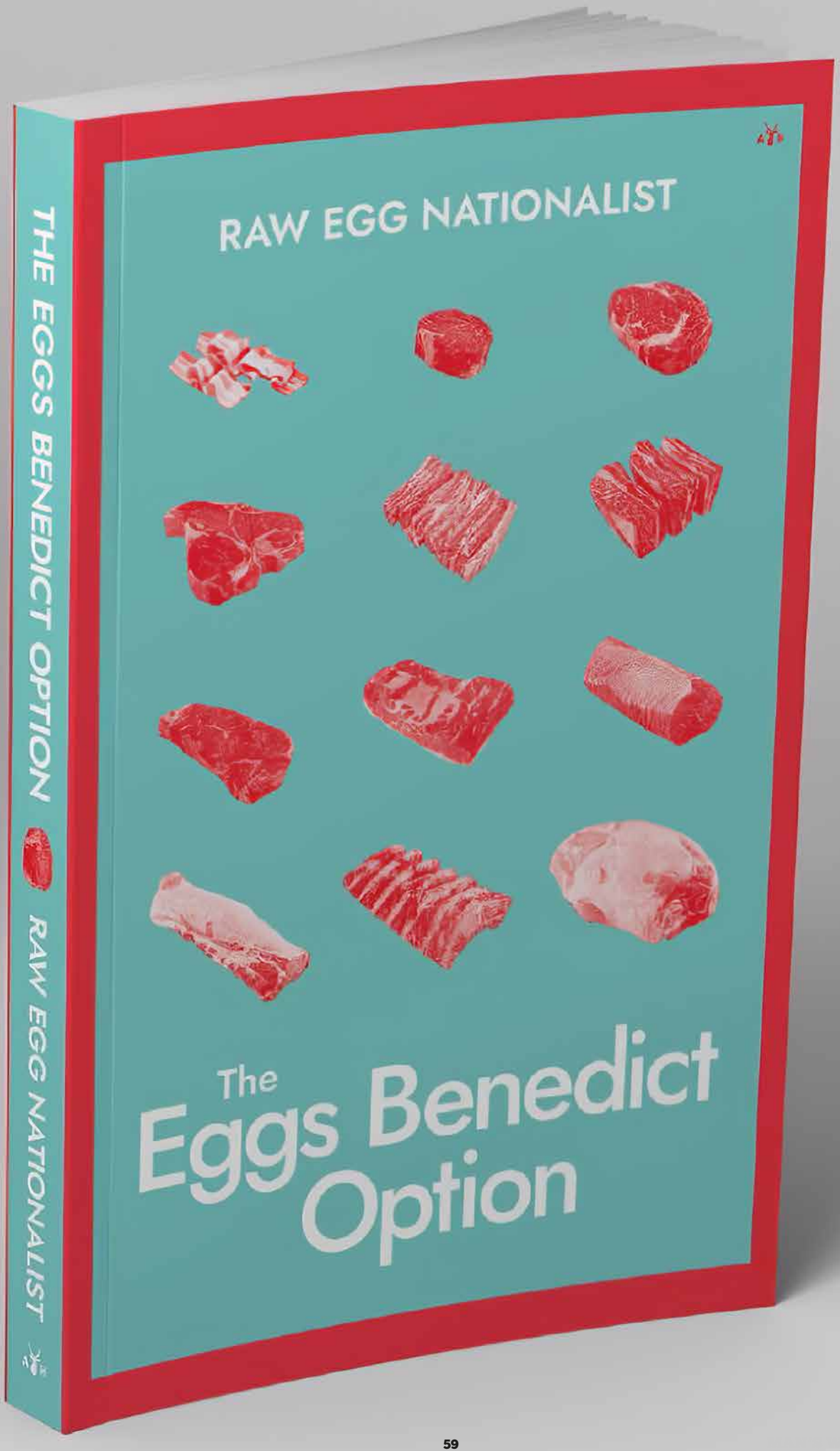
"These are people who hate Rwanda so much and want to do the country every imaginable harm by depriving it of its unity, peace and development achieved in the past 30 years."
Interview on Radio Rwanda by Professor Anastase Gasana to Bamwnge, 21 October 1990
"The answer is that a lot of Trump's voters really do hold deplorable views, and they have made no secret of that fact. Remember the rallies in which people defiantly displayed Confederate flags with Trump's name written on them?"
Neil Buchanan, Newsweek, August 2017
There is an "indigenous racial problem" in Rwanda, with a social, political, and economic "monopoly which is held by one race, the Tutsi."
The Bahutu Manifesto, 24 March 1957
"White dominant culture, or whiteness, refers to the ways white people and their traditions, attitudes and ways of life have been normalized over time… And since white people still hold most of the institutional power in America, we have all internalized some aspects of white culture… rugged individualism, family structure, emphasis on scientific method, Protestant work ethic."
The National Museum of African American History and Culture (NMAAHC), funded by U.S. taxpayers as a Smithsonian Institution
"Let me suggest that the next time you meet them you ask them where these Whites, these foreigners come from, because if they are those Ugandans, those Belgians…we know their responsibility…"
Eduoward Karema, MRND, April 1994
"Whiteness is an unrelenting, demonic, force of evil."
Bishop Talbert Swan, October 14 2022

# Illoo

# TRIC

# ALOO?


WELCOME TO 2030. YOU'LL OWN NOTHING, HAVE NO PRIVACY, AND YOU'LL BE HAPPY.
For the past two years, since the beginning of the coronavirus pandemic, we have been told that our old way of life is dead and gone. There can be no return to how things were before. Instead we must embrace a "new normal" in which every aspect of our lives is transformed—the way we live, eat, and work, and the way we are governed, not just by the state, but also by corporations. This is the Great Reset. And the foundation of this plan is a revolution in food.
In this groundbreaking book, RAW EGG NATIONALIST lays out the globalist plan for food in detail, for the first time. Using the globalists' own published materials, he reveals the preparations for a new worldwide diet—"The Planetary Health Diet"—that will be almost entirely plant-based. By eliminating animal agriculture, and placing total reliance on genetically modified crops and new alternative forms of protein, the globalists will tighten corporate control of the food supply—and of us. In a startling comparison with the effects of the Neolithic Revolution in agriculture—which he calls "the original Great Reset"—RAW EGG NATIONALIST reveals just how much we have to lose if the globalists should succeed.
But this book is no council of despair. RAW EGG NATIONALIST proposes his own alternative vision of fundamental change. Taking his inspiration from Russian household gardening and the new movement for regenerative agriculture, he argues that the future of food, and the key to human flourishing, is actually the past. Instead of allowing ourselves to be alienated yet further from the natural world, we must return to it and to the foods and ways of producing them that made our ancestors strong.
Antelope Hill Publishing is proud to present RAW EGG NATIONALIST's *The Eggs Benedict Option*, a manifesto for all those seeking to live a sovereign existence in an age of growing darkness. By nourishing our personal health and fitness, and supporting political change to put the nation and its people first, we can defeat the globalists and regain our true humanity.
With an exclusive foreword by Noor Bin Ladin
ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING
THE EGGS BENEDICT OPTION
RAW EGG NATIONALIST


RAW EGG NATIONALIST
The
Eggs Benedict
Option
THE EGGS BENEDICT OPTION
RAW EGG NATIONALIST

# THE ICON

# BILL PEARL

## ETERNAL PHYSIQUE

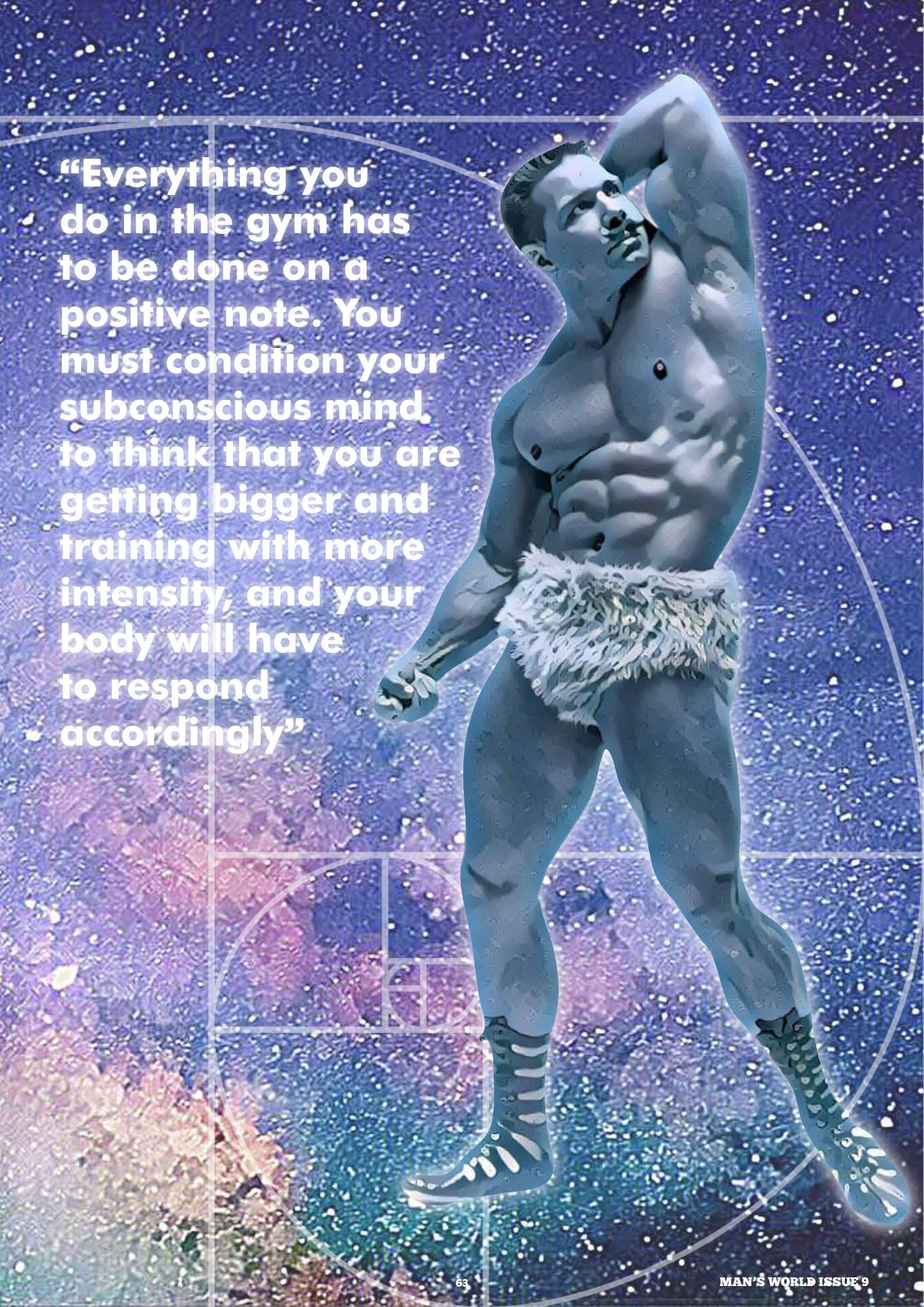
**Bill Pearl, who died in September last year at the grand old age of 91, was a true legend of bodybuilding, remaining a top contender from the '50s into the early '70s. He won the Mr Universe four times – an unheralded feat at the time – and mentored other greats including Chuck Sipes and a certain Austrian bodybuilder who had just arrived in the US. After apparent health problems mid-way through his career, Pearl pioneered a lacto-ovo vegetarian diet (milk and eggs, but no meat). He also became known for his emphasis on the mental aspect of fitness, and following his retirement regularly appeared at fitness expos and held motivational seminars, as well as writing a number of books.**

Pearl was born on an Indian reservation in 1930 and grew up in Yakima, Washington. His father owned a restaurant, and this provided the young Pearl with his first, impromptu, experience of strength training. "We all helped out; it was kind of a family affair. Every day after school I'd lug 100-pound bags of grain and beans over and over, and that eventually built up my endurance," he recalled.

Like so many Golden Age bodybuilders, the young Pearl's life was changed by an encounter with John Grimek, in the pages of a muscle magazine. Grimek was an early bodybuilder who earned the nickname "the Glow" for how brightly he stood out against his competition on stage. Indeed, so dominant was Grimek's tear through the new sport that special rules were actually introduced to prevent him from competing in the Mr America, after he won it twice in a row.

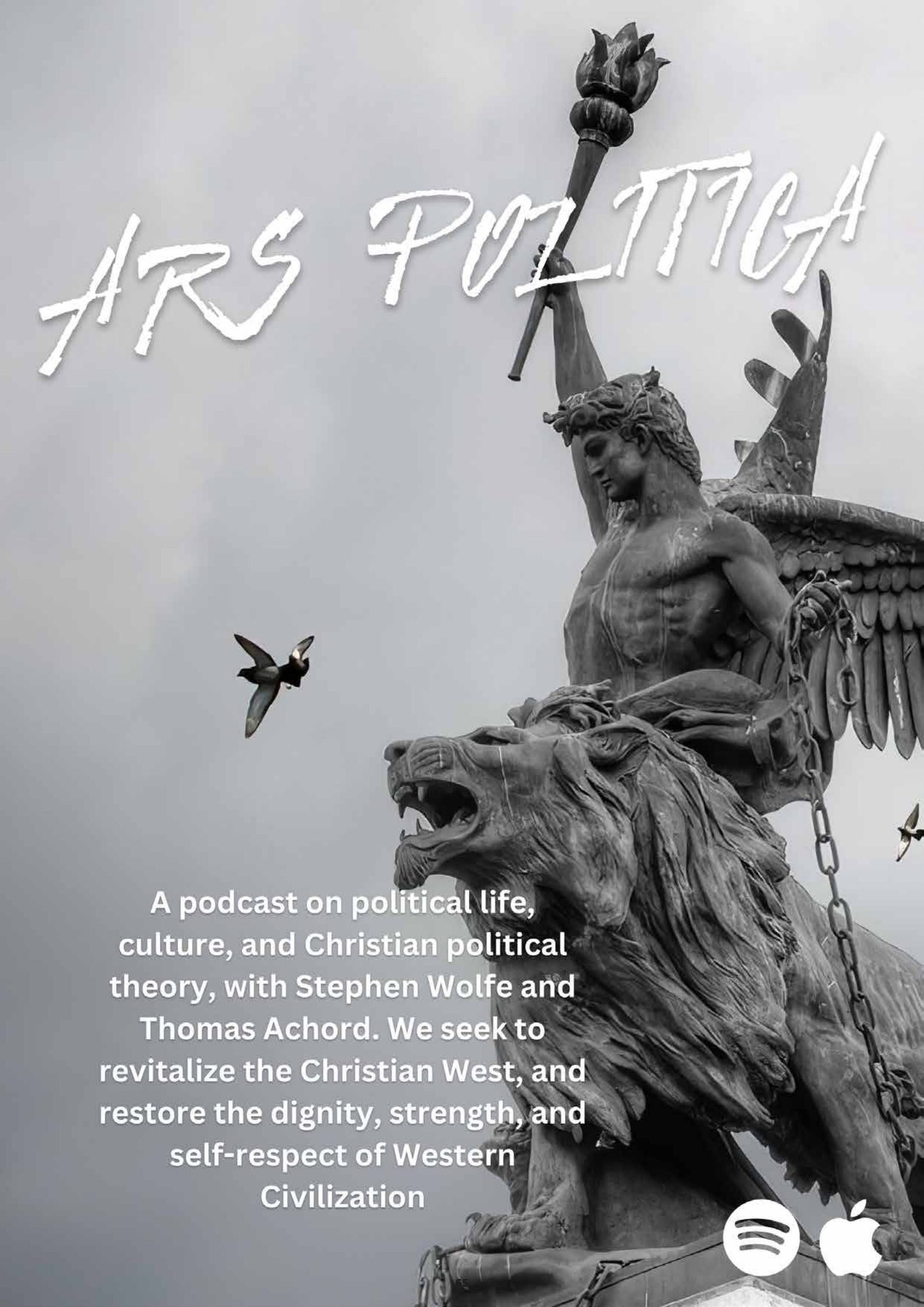
Pearl began to train at Leo Stern's gym in San Diego while stationed there and entered his first bodybuilding competition, a local San Diego affair, in 1952. The next year was a truly remarkable one. Pearl exploded out of the regional scene and onto the national one, sweeping all before him. He won Mr Southern California, Mr California, Mr America and, finally, Mr Universe, in that order. At just 23 years old, Pearl was the world's best bodybuilder.

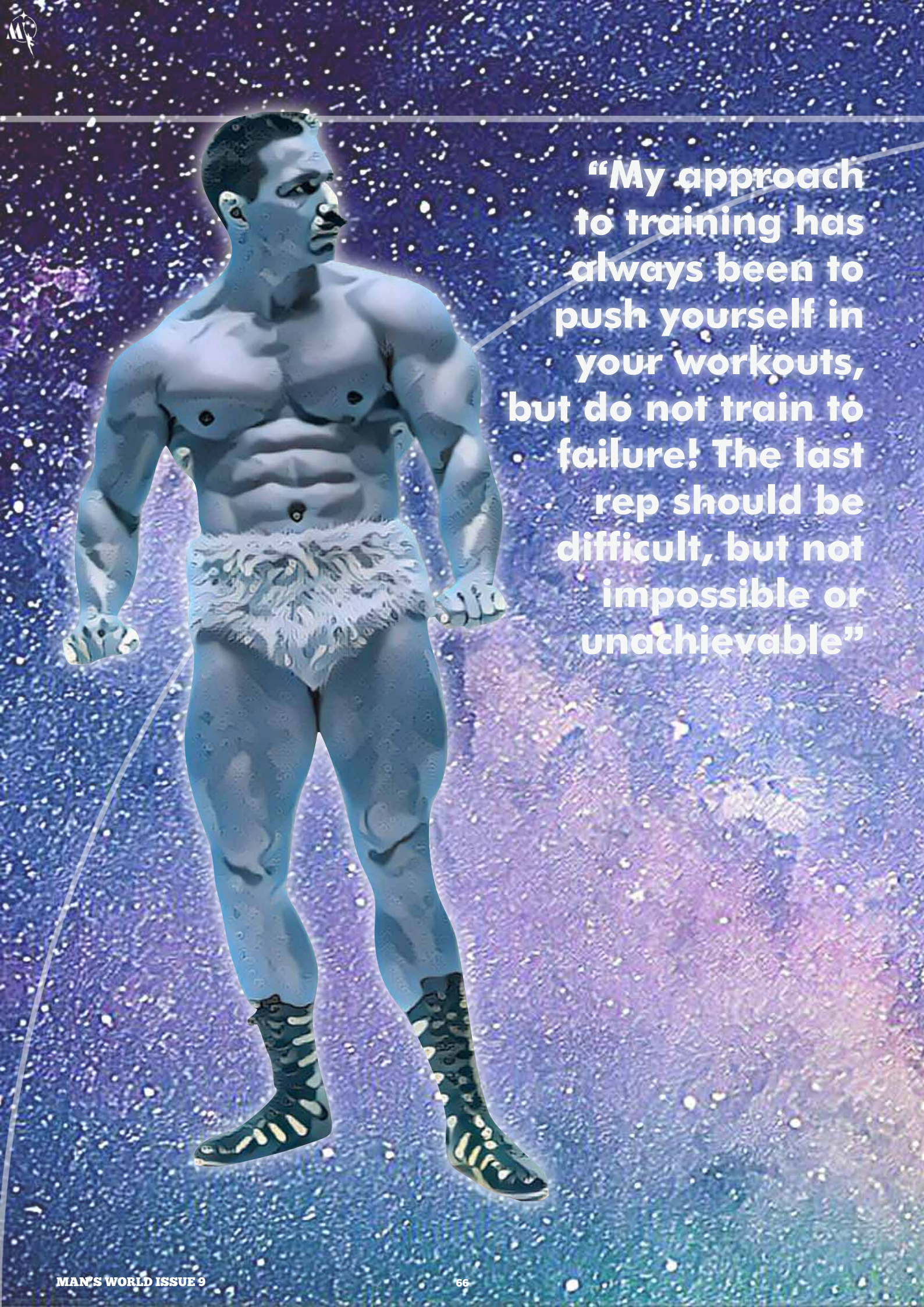
"No one was more shocked than I was. Until that moment [winning the Mr America] I hadn't given competition serious consideration; my only real goal was to gain


“Everything you do in the gym has to be done on a positive note. You must condition your subconscious mind to think that you are getting bigger and training with more intensity, and your body will have to respond accordingly”

# 65% of children's school uniforms are contaminated with harmful chemicals like PFAS*

*doi.org/10.1021/acs.est.2c02111


ARS POLITICA
A podcast on political life, culture, and Christian political theory, with Stephen Wolfe and Thomas Achord. We seek to revitalize the Christian West, and restore the dignity, strength, and self-respect of Western Civilization


“My approach to training has always been to push yourself in your workouts, but do not train to failure! The last rep should be difficult, but not impossible or unachievable”

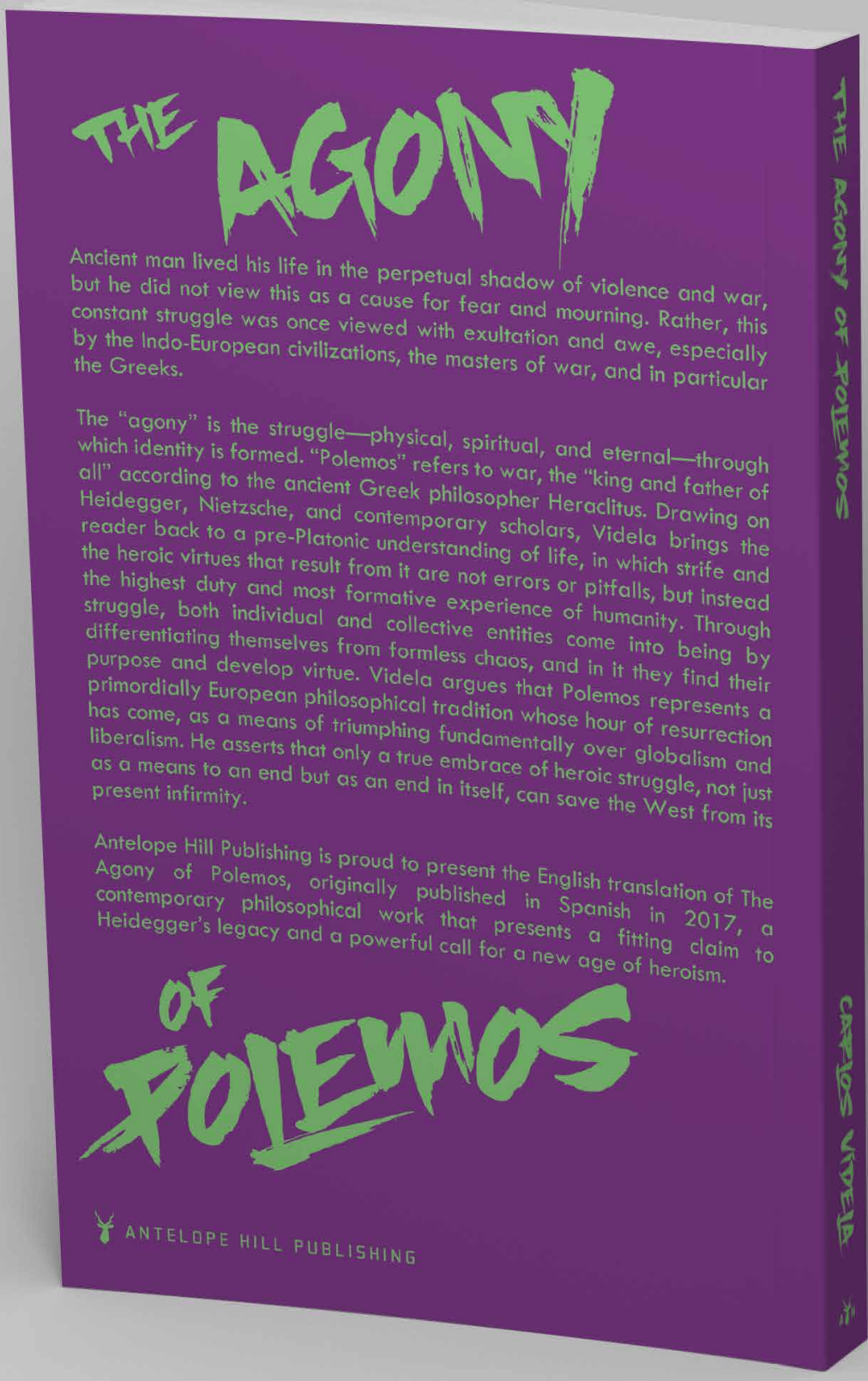
strength and size. Winning that contest changed me in a fundamental way. It opened up a door to another world. After the service I went into the gym business and began living and loving bodybuilding 24-7."

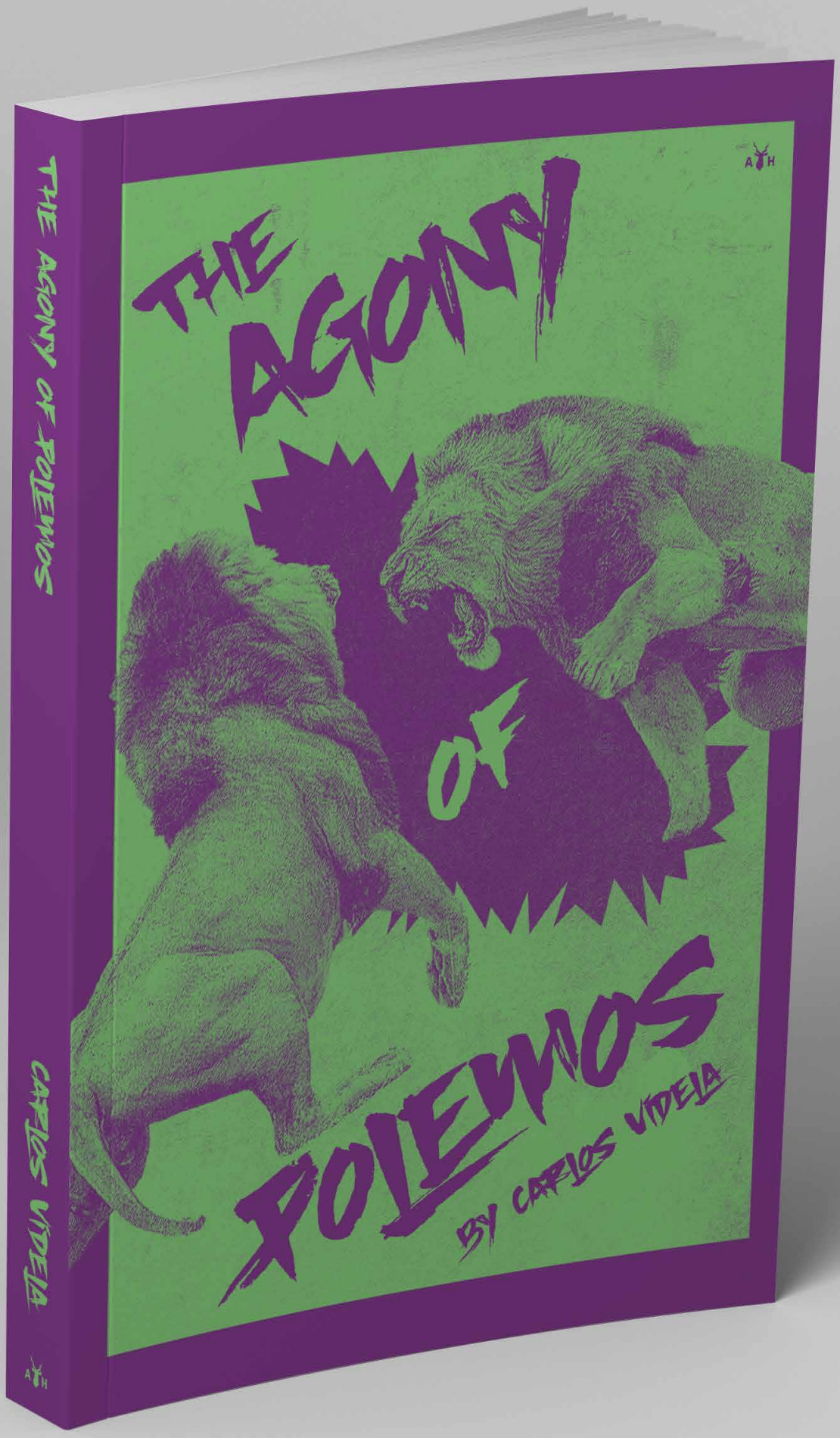
In 1954, Pearl opened a gym in Sacramento, California and competed twice in 1956, winning Mr USA and the Mr Universe tall class (but not the overall competition). Despite his incredible early success, Pearl would only compete three more times, in the 1961, 1967 and 1971 Mr Universe competitions, all of which he won. His final victory is surely his most notable, since at the age of 41 he had been written off as a contender. Instead of suffering humiliation, Pearl stunned his doubters and critics by defeating fellow legends Reg Park and Sergio Oliva, as well as soon-to-be-legend Frank Zane.

Pearl chose not to compete in the newly created Mr Olympia, considering it a "Mickey Mouse affair" in its early years. Pearl had a point: the 1969 Olympia, for instance, featured only two competitors, Sergio Oliva and Arnold Schwarzenegger. Pearl joked that third place was given to "some guy from the audience." He knew that the contest was created more as a showcase for the Weider brothers and their organisation, the IFBB, than for the bodybuilders themselves.

Once Pearl retired from competition, in many ways his life became busier, and he never stopped training, either. His gym business remained a focus, but he also travelled extensively, performing guest posing routines – which including dressing as strongman pioneer Eugene Sandow – and also giving motivational seminars. He mentored a number of up-and-coming bodybuilders, including 1982 Mr Olympia Chris Dickerson, and he wrote frequently for muscle magazines. He also wrote what would become his most enduring book, Keys to the Inner Universe.

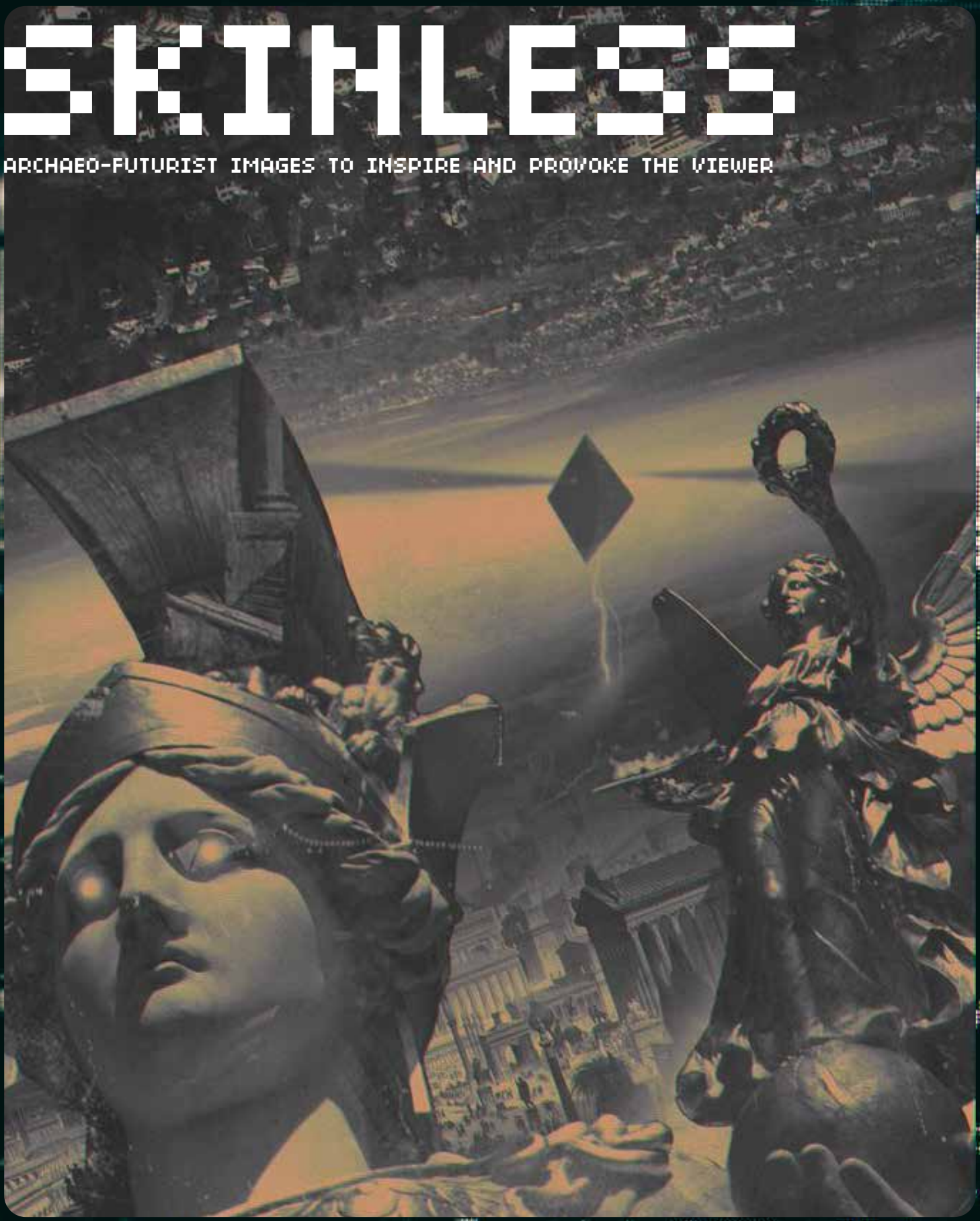
Whether he was imparting his wisdom to seminar audiences, professional bodybuilders or amateurs at one of his gyms, Pearl always championed the value of honest hard work. That was the American way, he said, and it was what made Bill Pearl great. "America was formed on a work ethic. It's just like bodybuilding: you have to work for your physique. Nobody gives you those muscles. You have to put in your time; otherwise, you'll have nothing."

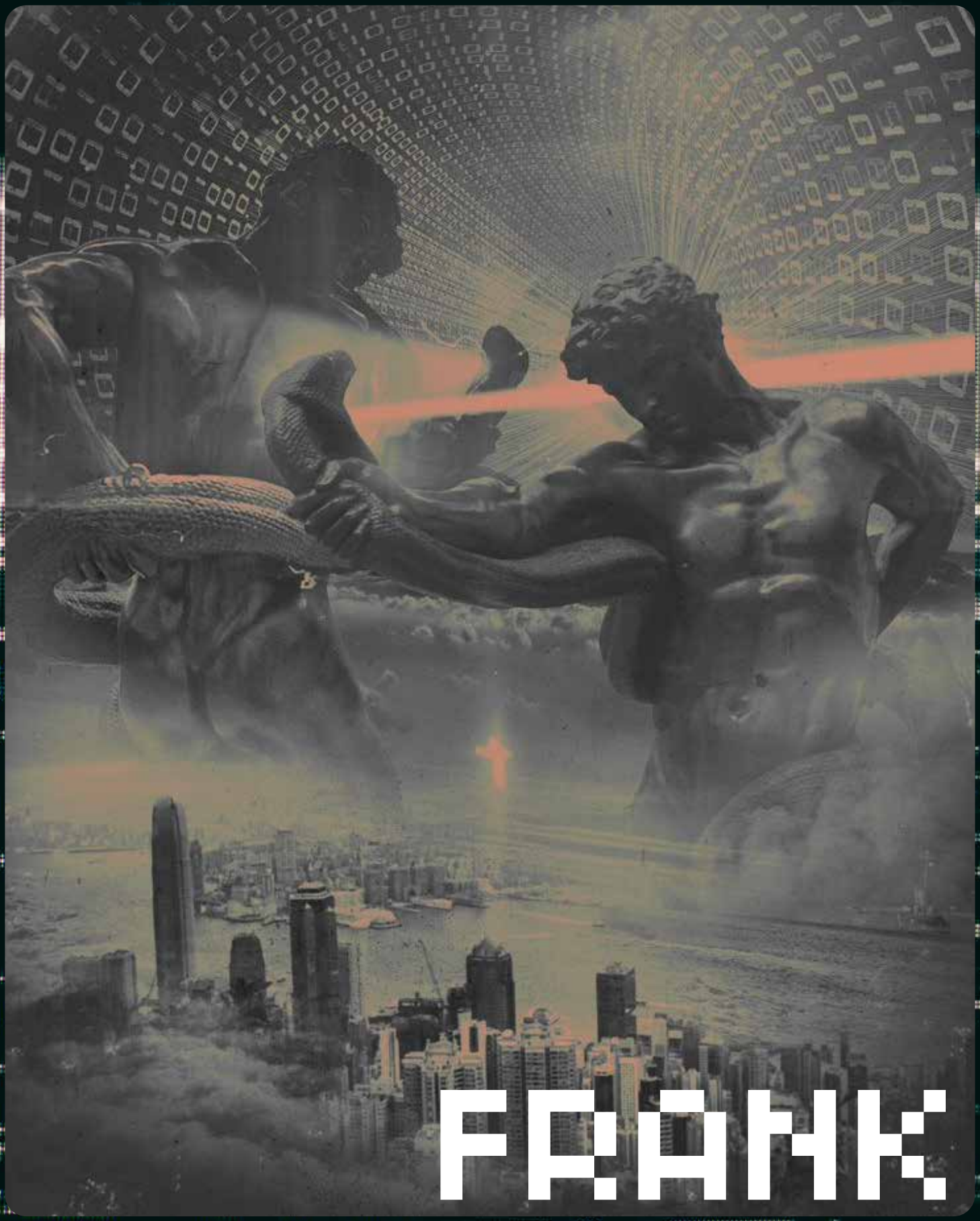

THE AGONY OF POLEMOS
Ancient man lived his life in the perpetual shadow of violence and war, but he did not view this as a cause for fear and mourning. Rather, this constant struggle was once viewed with exultation and awe, especially by the Indo-European civilizations, the masters of war, and in particular the Greeks.
The "agony" is the struggle—physical, spiritual, and eternal—through which identity is formed. "Polemos" refers to war, the "king and father of all" according to the ancient Greek philosopher Heraclitus. Drawing on Heidegger, Nietzsche, and contemporary scholars, Videla brings the reader back to a pre-Platonic understanding of life, in which strife and the heroic virtues that result from it are not errors or pitfalls, but instead the highest duty and most formative experience of humanity. Through struggle, both individual and collective entities come into being by differentiating themselves from formless chaos, and in it they find their purpose and develop virtue. Videla argues that Polemos represents a primordially European philosophical tradition whose hour of resurrection has come, as a means of triumphing fundamentally over globalism and liberalism. He asserts that only a true embrace of heroic struggle, not just as a means to an end but as an end in itself, can save the West from its present infirmity.
Antelope Hill Publishing is proud to present the English translation of The Agony of Polemos, originally published in Spanish in 2017, a contemporary philosophical work that presents a fitting claim to Heidegger's legacy and a powerful call for a new age of heroism.
THE AGONY OF POLEMOS
ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING
THE AGONY OF POLEMOS
CARLOS VIDELA

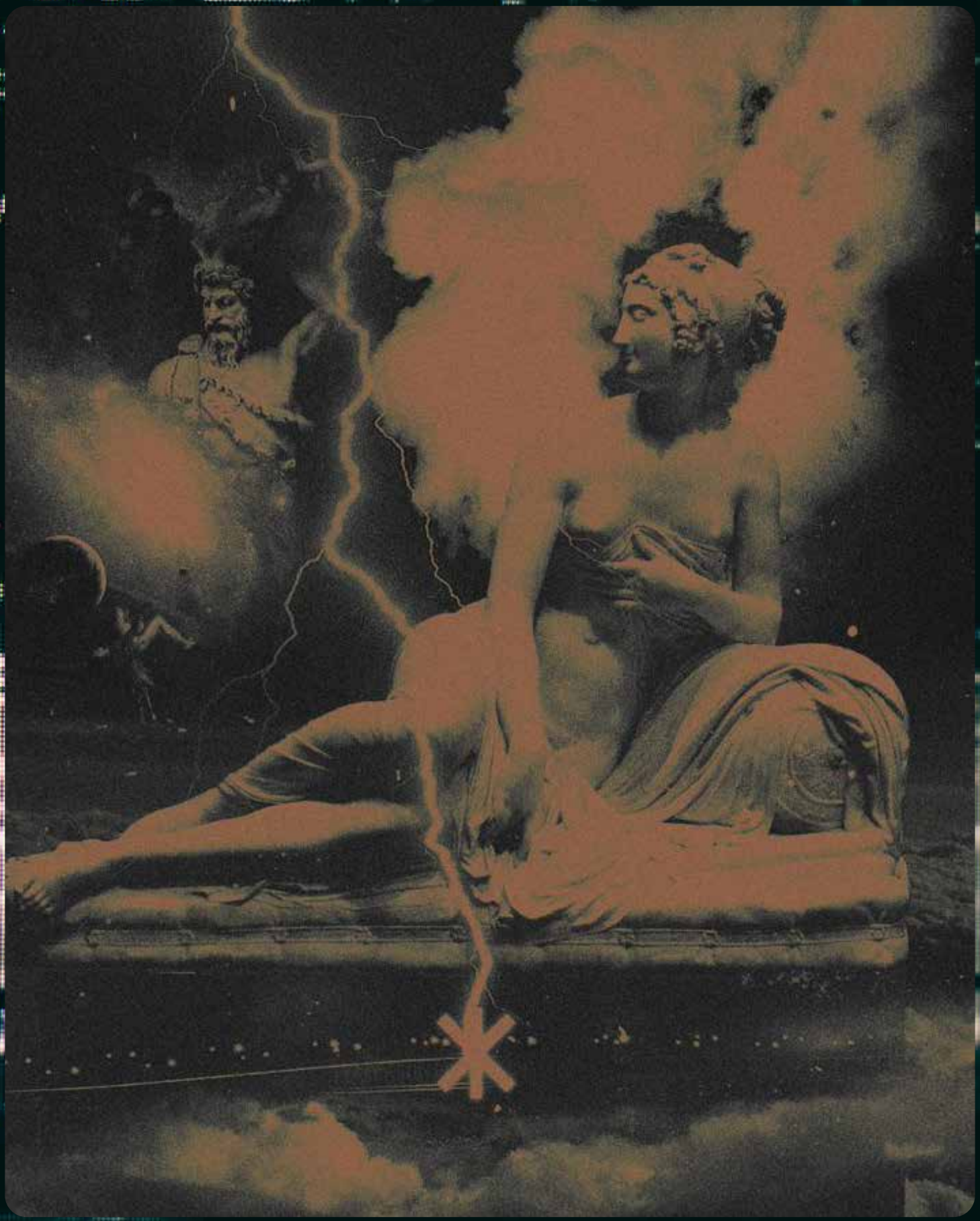

THE AGONY OF POLEMOS
CARLOS VIDELA
THE AGONY OF POLEMOS
BY CARLOS VIDELA

# SKINLESS

ARCHAEO-FUTURIST IMAGES TO INSPIRE AND PROVOKE THE VIEWER




FRANK



FOLLOW @SKINLESS_FRANK ON INSTAGRAM

**C'mon bro dude please please you have to pick up a gun and go and fight in this war so gay men in Tanzania can get married. Bro please dude come on man you need to be a patriot bro even if you disagree dude. Don't you have any honor bro? What ever happened to the Pledge of Allegiance? Please bro I'm not joking you have to go and pack your bag right now - don't forget your whisky-flavoured soap and man-wipes - and get on a plane to Buttfuck Nowhere right now. Like seriously bro, do you want those women on Right Time to think you're an incel or something? You'll literally never get a 260lb former sorority girl for a wife if you don't MAN UP right now and get on that plane. Come on bro...**

*Just say "NO" to the G.A.E.*

THE ONE AND ONLY

# MILK-LY!

RAW MILK. THE ONE AND ONLY HEALTH DRINK.

# JESTER'S PRIVILEGE (AND THE FOOL WHO WILL SAVE THE UNIVERSE!)

A provocation? by
B.G. KUMBI

**"RIDICULE IS MAN'S MOST POTENT WEAPON"**
**- SAUL ALINSKY, SAUL ALINSKY'S RULES FOR RADICALS**

A truth, from the mouth of the devil himself. No, Saul Alinsky was no devil. I wouldn't give him such regard. Maybe a bubble of phlegm from the devil sneezing, briefly foaming to the surface, but bringing with it just a taste of *dark truth*. Truth in itself isn't necessarily good. The truth simply is. And there are two works of non-fiction literature that have told the truth about our reality better than any other: *Saul Alinsky's Rules for Radicals,* and Sun Tzu's *The Art of War.*

For whatever reason, we've found ourselves as beings in some place playing a great game that most don't, and never will, understand. The big questions have already been answered. If you're going looking for answers beyond those answers... well, I'll get to that, too. Entropy and natural selection are the rulers of this place. The game is simple: Become God before all the

clocks melt.

It begins: The dice are cast: The single-celled organism forms in an ashen puddle and then another, and another, and the biggest one eats first, and eats all, until he is strong, stronger, *strongest*! Until he crawls from the slime: a beast with some chutzpah at last, no longer aimlessly colliding in dark waters, but equipped with limbs and claws and teeth to tear at new snacks. And out there, all across this great Earth, others have been coming out to play the game too. Some with wings to fly, some with fins to swim; some great feathered lizard gods, stomping about, unhinging their jaws to break the body and suck the candy goo from all that ever was. Imagine. Born to be a snack! What a brutal, twisted game we've found ourselves in, no?

The Earth, she goes around the sun, again and again, through collisions and explosions and great sheets of ice that seem never-ending, "*A screaming comes across the sky*" "*Look!*" down falls a glowing black balloon. Little gray men watch from far off stars through big binoculars. It's impossible! It's insurmountable! *This game... this game...* all creatures grit their teeth in some secret, withheld frustration, *is so unfair*.

Oh, it gets worse, so much worse. *Humans*. Swords and guns. Heads on pikes. Tongues ripped out. Torture. Fingernails pulled off. Such a high ceiling of suffering! War! War! War! May the most evil, most willing to gamble, take home all the spoils.

The Earth, she goes around the sun.

How much it all bleeds. Then goes to sleep. Sleep now. Close your eyes. Let the light fade from the Pleroma. And one day, the whole universe would seemingly shut off all her lights forever. But that wandering eye still peers through the windows, looking for anything left in the darkness. That God, who only ever *looks*. It's all too delicate to touch. Too motherly an act to cradle in His arms and care for. So from an endless attic, through endless windows, he only ever peers: true neutral...

Quantum mechanics.

That's what He came up with to govern a game so absurd. Absurdity breeds absurdity and on and on. Or is He in that attic yet at all? Is it empty? Are those whispers and creaking floorboards only the wind? Are the molecules and pieces bouncing... *wait!*

Somewhere in the dark, there's a brief, stifled laugh. Is someone out there? And is he finding all of this horror... *funny!?*

Then it clearly hasn't all disappeared, just because the lights have gone out. No, there is a man standing at the edge of a great cliff over a stormy sea–– nothing but rocks and violent waves below him to trip down into the pitch dark if he dares take a step. And yet he laughs. *What am I!? Where and why have I found myself!? Why am I so afraid to die, yet can only smile and laugh!?* He already knows:

*Because I am going to turn the lights on.*

The Earth, she goes around the sun. The man he thinks, he schemes, he laughs. Nothing much seems to happen in this dark world. Every once in a while he finds himself in such a fit of joy and laughter, because as the millennia pass, he still knows it, in his heart, that still beats with that old bray: I am, I am, I– *phhht HAHAHAHA! How absurd!*

One day, one not so special day, still standing in the dark: it strikes him. Like a snap of the fingers. All so suddenly. He laughs more and more now. *How simple! How elegant! No one's out there! I'm no hero, I'm no God–– I'm simply a fool.* And so he finally devises a plan. *The* plan. A sort of plan only a fool would be silly enough to think would work. *Why, it's so simple. If the world is so dark and so dismal. I will just... I'll be the sunrise.*

A voice as sweet and as soft as rain speaks to him now through all that once was only hopelessness. "What a beautiful man you are... *Glockenschtork*."

*Yes! That's right! I have a name! Glockenschtork. A silly name for a silly man for a silly universe!*

She breathes through his skin like a breezy wildfire. The light of the Pleroma comes shining through him. The universe is full of light. The sunrise has come. And not just one sunrise! So many! So many sunrises! Glockenschtork finally takes a step, and looks over the great cliffs that once surrounded him. But he is no longer The Fool. He has become something else. One of the *lost cards.* One of the purposefully buried cards. He has become *The Boundless Man.*

"Isn't it funny, Glockenschtork?" Sophia asks.

"Yes, of course. It's always *been* funny."

"There are many games, and many universes. There is goodness and cruelty. Hatred and love. And just a dash of some magic even a God can't touch with empires and armies and swords alone."

"It was a game of imagination," The Boundless Man states matter-of-factly.

"Why, yes, of course," Sophia says.

"They shouldn't have chosen someone with endless optimism to play it."

"Fate, Glockenschtork, is like a barbed wire, that drags us bleeding and screaming to where we need to go. Whether you can withstand the pain and hold on until the end is what determines whether you shall ever meet your most beautiful end. It is not

guaranteed. You may have severed yourself from the string of fate any time you wished, had it become too much for you to bear. But you laughed instead. Every time. It wasn't guaranteed. You chose your courage. In fact, most don't crack a smile."

"And what happens?" The Boundless Man asks. "If you let go?"

"Why, isn't that obvious? It's physical science."

Glockenschtorks laughs loudly. "I'm not very smart! I still don't know!"

Sophia smiles at him.

"What happens if you let *go*?"

Glockenschtork, still smiling, nods, eagerly, wanting to know.

"You fall forever."

He bursts out with such a laugh the whole universe seems to shake.

***

Here we find ourselves back as humans on Earth. Lowly, monkey creatures, afraid, cooped in our little hovels, hoarding our candies and gold. Pay a hundred dollars to write a message on a missile to fire into the face of another man! Another city burns. Another man of prominence is reduced to ashes with ridicule alone, stomped, stamped out by man's most potent weapon, and blown away like dust; and how deliberate, how intricately it was planned! Irony and snark and petty little quips. They wear down even giants as they turn joy into perversion. As we wait, and we wait, for some kind of miracle, or hero, to save us from all this fire...

*Rejoice*, I tell you!

For he has returned. He's not a billionaire, or anyone famous. But one day he did appear, called himself Glockenschtork, and said those same words that The Fool once spoke: *I'll be the sunrise*.

And now this game has been twisted once again. Who will become the greatest killing machine? Or who will sprout the prettiest orchid? A silly game of imagination! Not war. War will lose to imagination every time. War will lose to silliness, just as orchids grow through concrete and brick and glass. Not weaponized mockery. But laughter from that good place that blooms all outside of the attic like infinite fireworks, where we may fly and burst and turn to mist like the grass after a great rainstorm has worn down to a puddle! Boundless! To shimmer in the sunrise, like corral, mermaid fins, and dragon scales. Life once again has become a fairy tale. And to smile, so, so widely it almost hurts.

To feel so happy someday isn't impossible you know. To laugh in the dark may seem foolish at times – *Metanoia* they call it. Time is one great statue of a clown. Whether it be entropy or natural selection. Empires and despots: their hearts still beating somewhere in the sea. All their palaces shrunk to grains of sand.

*Rejoice*, I tell you. For *laughter* is man's most potent weapon. And there are some men who are simply too silly to sweep away like dust. He'll just make funny shapes as he flies through the air. And soon it's the one blowing so hard who finds himself angry and out of breath and on his knees. And there in the dust, in the air, unfettered by the weapons of war or words, he makes the shape of an orchid. Then a juggler, a jester, a clown, a glowing black balloon – a whole circus of lights!

One fool who can never be stamped out, or swept away by anyone. With a gesture, he sweeps the heavenly pavement himself.

Metanoia, they call it. Or was it *panache*? The Earth, she goes around.

*B.G. Kumbi, a.k.a. the Philosopher of Comedy, recently turned 25. For links to his work, visit beacons.page/bgkumbi*

# PRISONER IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND

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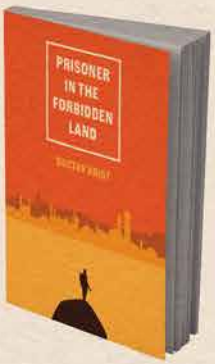


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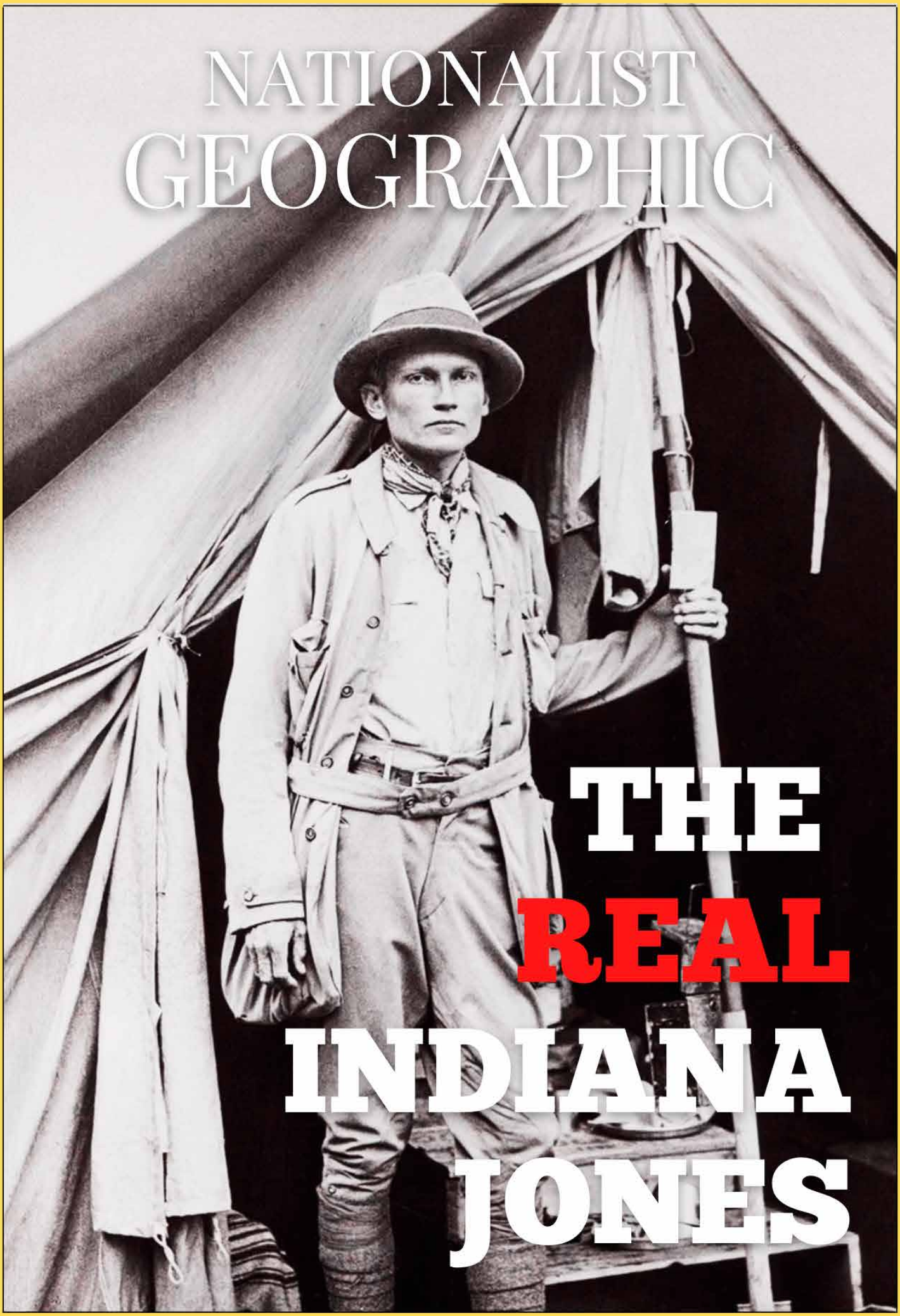

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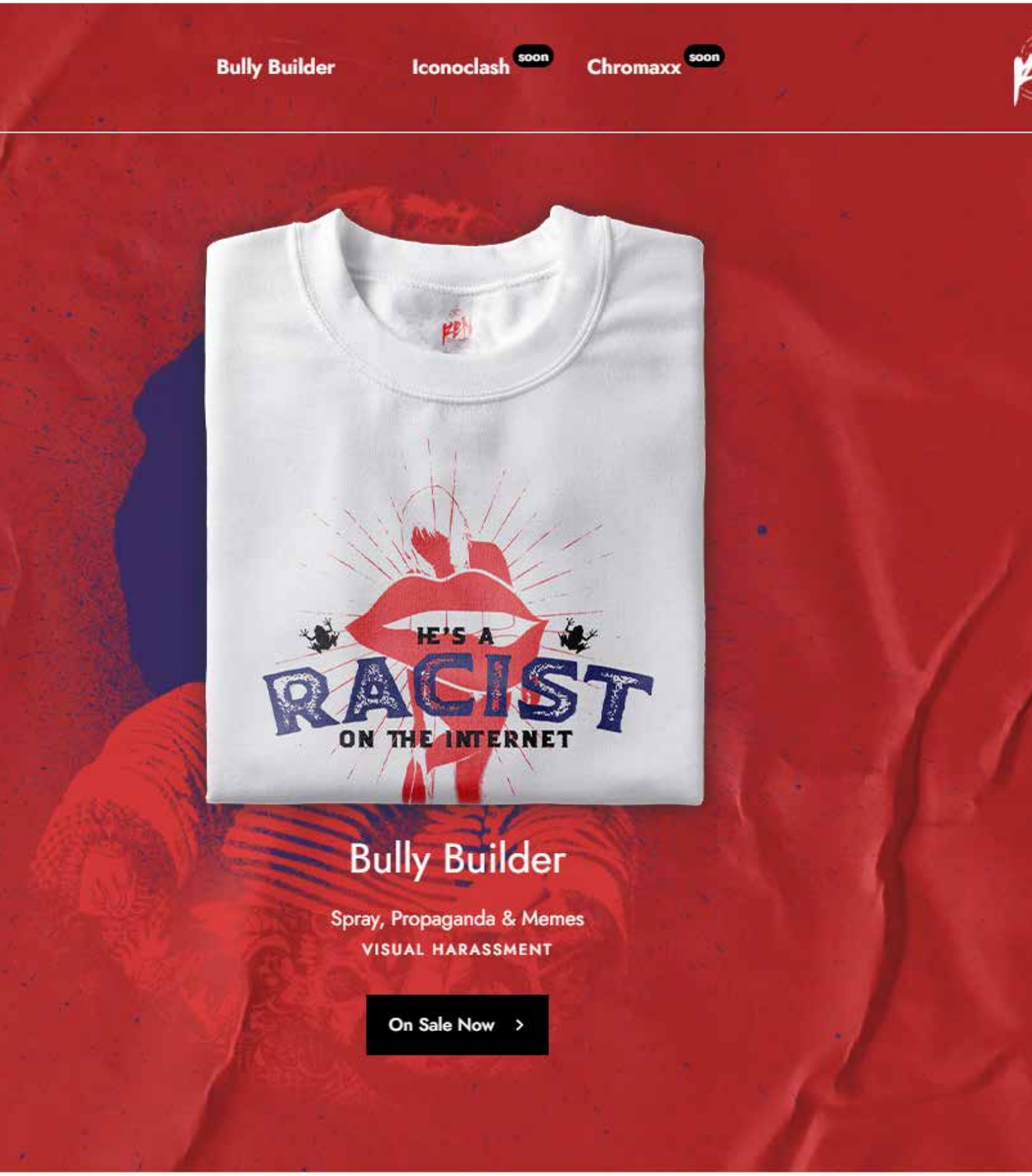

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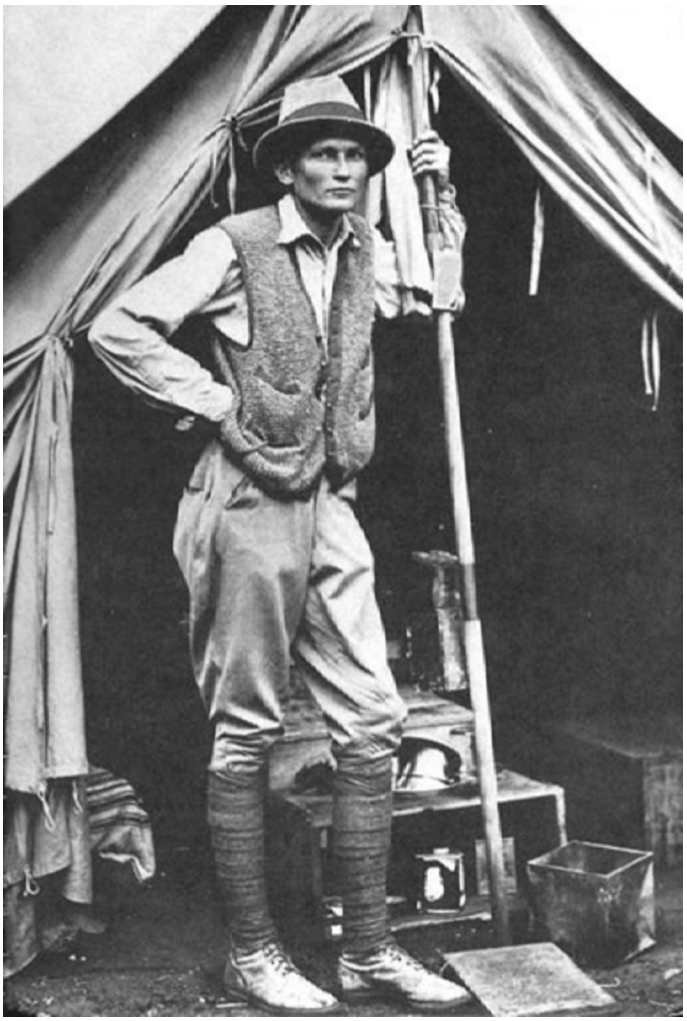
# Raider of the Lost City

*Hiram Bingham III and the discovery of Macchu Pichu*



*Adventure* with STILICHO AMERICANUS

One of the worst aspects of civilizational decline is its speed. Things can go south quick – much quicker than the time it takes to either build or rebuild society. For instance, not too long ago, the Northeast of the United States had an elite of outstanding quality. As recently as the Korean War, Harvard University could produce Marine officers like Second Lieutenant Sherrod E. Skinner, Jr., a Connecticut native who perished at age twenty-two after throwing himself on a grenade to save his comrades as the Chinese overwhelmed a Marine outpost during the First Battle of the Hook. It goes without saying that a Lieutenant Skinner no longer walks the halls of Harvard, and indeed does not and cannot live in Cambridge. The Ivy League is closed off to all but the sons and daughters of diversity or changelings

or the fortunate offspring of politicos and market manipulators. This is the New England elite now: second-rate journalists and make-work specialists who say all the acceptable progressive lines and dine on overpriced ethnic food as sign of superiority.

Hiram Bingham III (1875-1956) exemplified a better, now dead, Northeastern elite. Though born in Honolulu, Bingham was pure Anglo-Saxon Yankee. The Bingham clan traced their ancestry back to England, with the Deacon Thomas Bingham being the first to settle in North America. From the 1650s onwards, the Bingham family called Connecticut home. Beginning in the 1820s, Hiram's grandfather, Hiram Bingham I, brought the Protestant Christian gospel to the Kingdom of Hawaii. Hiram Bingham II followed in his father's shoes; thus his son, Hiram III, spent his early youth in the tropical paradise. Hiram

**From left: Hiram Bingham III in full** adventurer mode; the Inca city of Macchu Pichu, high in the Andes. Bingham was probably actually the second European to discover the city, but he was responsible for most of the early excavations that took place there

**The many faces of Hiram Bingham III,** soldier, senator, adventurer

**This is the tragedy underlying the entire story of Hiram Bingham III. A good man like him is hard to find. He represents the last of the great line of New England aristocrats**

first went to the United States in his teens, where, like a good Yankee, he enrolled at the prestigious Philipps Academy in Andover, Massachusetts. From there he went on the fast-track to Yale, Cal-Berkeley, and Harvard. As a graduate student, Bingham developed a keen interest in Latin American history, with a special emphasis on the Inca Empire of Peru. The one problem, Bingham learned, was that Harvard didn't have a Latin American specialist. Princeton had the same issue under the leadership of university president Woodrow Wilson (who supposedly discounted the field altogether), so Bingham returned to Yale and earned a position as a lecturer on South American history and politics.

Bingham spent a majority of his life as an academic, but he was the farthest thing from stuffy. In an effort to increase his knowledge of South America and her people, Bingham undertook several archaeological and sociological expeditions beginning in 1906. First, Bingham traced the footsteps of the revolutionary Simón Bolívar from Venezuela to Colombia. Then, two years later in 1908, he explored the cross-Andean route that the Spanish colonists used to conduct trade between Buenos Aires and Lima. However, Bingham's best-known exploits began in 1911 and would involve his many archaeological expeditions in Peru.

Between 1911 and 1915, Bingham led three archaeological expeditions on behalf of Yale, despite not being a trained archaeologist (side note: this is what credentialism and specialization has taken from us!). The purpose of these expeditions was to locate the ruins of Vilcabamba (Vilcapampa). Vilcabamba held out against the Spanish conquest for decades, and prior to becoming a "lost city," Vilcabamba offered refuge for Inca rebels and leaders like the doomed Túpac Amaru. Bingham believed that the city's ruins could be found near Cuzco, Peru, but when he arrived in Cuzco, the local prefect, J.J. Nuñez, informed him about the lost city of Choquequirau, a mythical Inca city of gold high up in the Andes. Believing Choquequirau to be Vilcabamba, Bingham hired a Quechua-speaking guide to take him up into the mountains. It was there, high up in the Andes, that Bingham stumbled upon several examples of crafted stonework that reminded him of the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco. What Bingham had found proved to be Machu Picchu, one of the other great lost cities of the Inca. For him, Machu Picchu had to be the last capital of the Incas.

Although likely preceded by the 19th century German adventurer Augusto Berns, Bingham was the first explorer to dedicate years to unearthing Machu Picchu – its buildings and its history. Photographs of Bingham from these expeditions show a tall and gaunt man in a cone-shaped hat. His expression is always determined. Bingham returned to Machu Picchu in 1912, 1914, and for the last time in 1915. Over a period of four months, Bingham and his mixed team of Americans and local Peruvians cleared the ruins of vegetation. Bingham also took numerous artefacts. This latter decision earned him the ire of the Peruvian government and the locals, many of whom formed defense committees to keep the American from further uncovering the city. After his final expedition in 1915 and owing to his frosty reception by the inhabitants of the region, Bingham would never again cross the Andes and in fact gave up archaeology altogether.

Not one to rest on his laurels, Bingham returned to Yale as a professor and soldier. Bingham earned his commission as an officer in the Connecticut National Guard in 1916, and by 1917, Bingham joined the novel aviation corps of the U.S. Army. Bingham's time in France during World War I saw him as a lieutenant colonel in command of the largest aviation training center on the Western Front. Bingham's time in the Army convinced him that the aviation service needed its own branch, and for years afterwards he remained a staunch advocate of military and civilian aviation.

Bingham came home from France and still could not rest. In 1922, he won election as the lieutenant governor of Connecticut. This came after years of being courted by Republican kingmakers, who saw the dashing scholar as the perfect candidate for their party. Bingham proved his benefactors to be wise men when, in November 1924, he trounced Democrat Charles G. Morris to become Governor of Connecticut. Bingham's victory was total, winning every single county in the state.

Fate intervened once again in Bingham's life. In December 1924, Senator Frank Brandegee (R-CT) committed suicide due to suspected poor health and poverty owing to bad investments. Bingham, the governor-elect, decided to run for the vacant seat. He won, defeating Democrat Hamilton Holt by a wide margin. So, in late 1924, Bingham earned the distinction of being both governor-elect and senator-elect. Bingham was sworn in as governor on January 7, 1925, and on January 8, 1925, he resigned the position to become Senator Bingham of Connecticut. In case you're wondering, Bingham's one-day reign as governor is the shortest in American history.

Senator Bingham served in the U.S. Senate from 1925 until 1933. During that time, he served as the

Chairman of the Committee on Printing and Chairman of the Committee of Territories and Insular Possessions. President Calvin Coolidge, a fellow Yankee Republican, named Bingham to the President's Aircraft Board during his first term. This position, along with Bingham's tireless efforts on behalf of aviation, earned him the nickname "The Flying Senator." His aviation advocacy ran afoul of Congress in October 1929, however. On October 17, 1929, he volunteered to testify before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate concerning the activities of one of his former staff members, Charles L. Eyanson. A newspaper investigation had found that Eyanson, a member of the Manufacturers' Association of Connecticut, had used his position to acquire government funds for the purposes of lobbying. Bingham admitted to Senator Thaddeus H. Caraway (D-AR) that he had hired Eyanson as an expert on tariffs. The arrangement, Bingham said, included Eyanson temporarily taking over the position of principal clerk in his office while the previous clerk continued to receive his government salary. Bingham claimed before the Committee that Eyanson was a staff member, not a lobbyist for the Manufacturers' Association. His fellow senators did not buy it, and Bingham was officially censured by the Senate by a vote of 54 to 22 (Northeastern Republicans backed Bingham, while Midwestern and Western Republicans voted with Democrats). The censure did little to harm Bingham. He suffered no punishments, and he only left the Senate in 1933 following the New Deal wave that lifted his Democrat challenger into the seat.

For the remainder of his life, Bingham oversaw corporations, lobbied government for more funding for aviation, and wrote three books about his various adventures. Inca Land: Discovery of Machu Picchu and Inca Lands both describe Bingham's explorations in Peru, while An Explorer in the Air Service is a more general account of Bingham's time in the Army during World War I. A few of these books sold well, but Bingham did not go into his twilight years as a comfortable writer. Instead, during World War II, he did his part by helping to train naval aviators. He kept a hand in government service until 1953, when his two-year position as the Chairman of the Civil Service Commission Loyalty Review Board came to an end. This particular position involved him overseeing anti-communist investigations within the civil service on behalf of the Truman administration.

Bingham's adventurous life came to an end on June 6, 1956, when the old hero died at age eighty. He can be found interned inside Arlington National Cemetery. His numerous exploits are not often remembered today, and if they are at all, it is usually by those who seek to defame his memory. One of the most common complaints against Bingham concerns his lack of proper etiquette as an archaeologist. Specifically, he has been accused of being a plunderer of Incan artefacts. These accusations proved strong enough that Yale University succumbed to the pressure and returned approximately 40,000 artefacts back to Peru in 2007. In the wake of these developments, many continue to downplay Bingham's importance in the Machu Picchu story. This is a fool's errand. Bingham above anyone else popularized the "lost city" within the global imagination, and his efforts are the reason why Machu Picchu is today a major tourist attraction and a frequent image appearing on the dating-app profiles of college-age women.

Because of his explorations and adventuresome life, some argue that Bingham inspired the creation of Indiana Jones, a globe-trotting archaeologist-hero who divided his time between the lecture hall and the jungle. The similarities are there, from their careers to their penchant for derring-do. The truth is that Indiana Jones is likely an amalgam of several larger-than-life personalities, including Bingham. Other candidates for the real-life Indiana Jones include Beloit College naturalist Roy Chapman Andrews, who explored the Gobi Desert in the 1920s with a slouch hat, whip, and pistol; Frederick Russell Burnham, the American soldier-of-fortune and scout who served in the British South Africa Company in Rhodesia and the British Army in South Africa; and the enigmatic German archaeologist Otto Rahn, the world's foremost seeker after the Holy Grail and one of the great occult scholars of the twentieth century. Each one of these men could have inspired Jones, for they lived great lives of danger and intrigue during the last epoch in Western history when such lives were possible.

This is the tragedy underlying the entire story of Hiram Bingham III. A good man like him is hard to find. He represents the last of the great line of New England aristocrats: proud Anglo-Protestant men who went out into the world as well-educated adventurers and public servants who toiled at multiple, not singular, endeavors. Bingham was an archaeologist, historian, writer, soldier, pilot, politician, and anti-communist crusader. A better America would have more Binghams in it; but, alas, stultifying New England and her institutions would more readily exorcise a contemporary Bingham than celebrate him. Until this injustice is reversed, and until America can start producing an elite of Bingham's caliber, this great nation may never again regain its former glory.

# MW EXPLORE!

## *Yamayaki, Mount Wakakusa, Japan*

On the fourth Saturday of January each year, the grass on Mount Wakakusa, in Naru Prefecture, is ritually burned, to commemorate an ancient boundary dispute between two temples.

It's said that when negotiations between the two temples failed, the mountain was set ablaze. Other explanations are that the annual cleansing was to drive wild boar from the land or to kill pests.

The event begins with a ceremonial lighting of the grass by representatives from the two temples, and is then followed by a spectacular firework display.

# "WHAT TODAY'S RIGHT GETS WRONG ABOUT MASCULINITY"

**MAN'S WORLD COUNTERBLAST**
by JOHN MAC GHLIONN

Henry David Thoreau famously said that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation". A century and a half later, his words still resonate. In the US, men die by suicide 3.6 times more often than women. From Los Angeles to Louisiana, millions of American men are lonely and desperate. For years, masculinity, the set of attributes and behaviors that separate males from females, has been demonized. The vast majority of the demonization has come from left-leaning commentators, many of whom consider masculinity to be toxic. Instead of offering solutions to help the men of America, the Left offers nothing but ridicule and scorn. But what about those on the Right? What are they offering? More importantly, is what they're offering any good?

In short, no. Here's why.

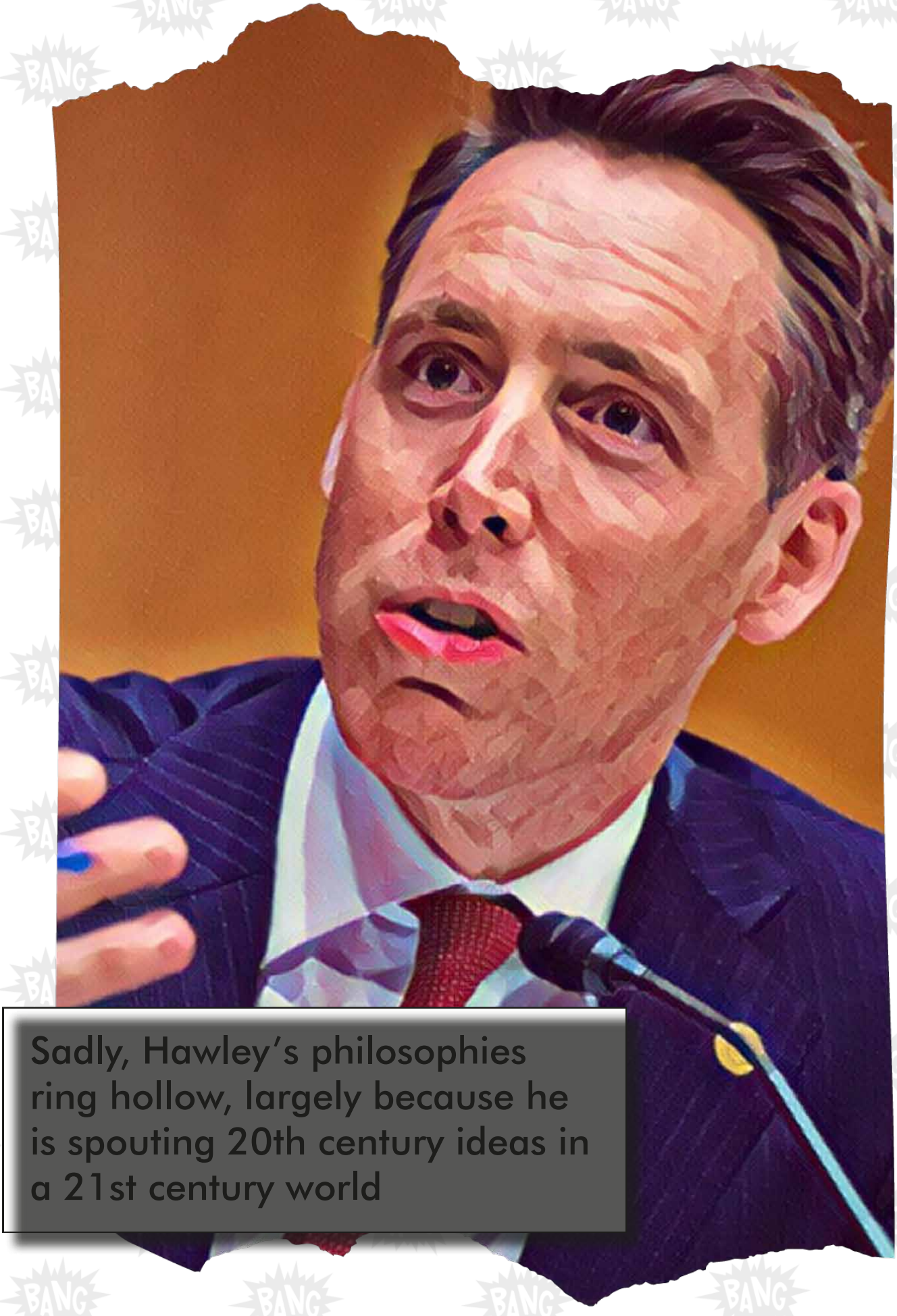
Josh Hawley, the junior United States senator from Missouri, thinks he has a solution to the masculinity crisis sweeping across the land. The 42-year-old has a new book coming out soon, provocatively titled "Manhood: The Masculine Virtues Americans Need." According to the book's description on Amazon, the country's founders "believed that a republic depends on certain masculine virtues." Senator Hawley "calls on American men to stand up and embrace their God-given responsibility as husbands, fathers, and citizens," because a "free society that despises manhood will not remain free." Strong words. But, I ask, is Hawley qualified to offer prescriptions on masculinity?

This has nothing to do with him running away from a mob. Let's be honest, only idiots run towards a mob. Sadly, Hawley's philosophies ring hollow, largely because he is spouting 20th century ideas in a 21st century world. He is preaching a gospel of masculinity delivered through the prism of Christian nationalism. Hawley's advice comes at the very same time more and more Americans are turning away from all religions, Christianity included.

Hawley, like so many others on the right, speaks about the importance of marriage. Although the institution of marriage is very much the backbone of modern-day society, that backbone is badly damaged, a fact that seems to be lost on so many right-leaning commentators.

This is not the America your parents knew. No, this is post-marriage America. Not long from now, the unmarried will be the majority. As Aaron Clarey, the author of The Menu: Life Without the Opposite Sex, says, post-marriage America will see people date "in perpetuity" until the day they die. Women, not men, are the reason why.

Unless you happen to live under a rock, you're probably familiar with the term "strong, independent woman." In the US, "strong independent women"



Sadly, Hawley's philosophies ring hollow, largely because he is spouting 20th century ideas in a 21st century world

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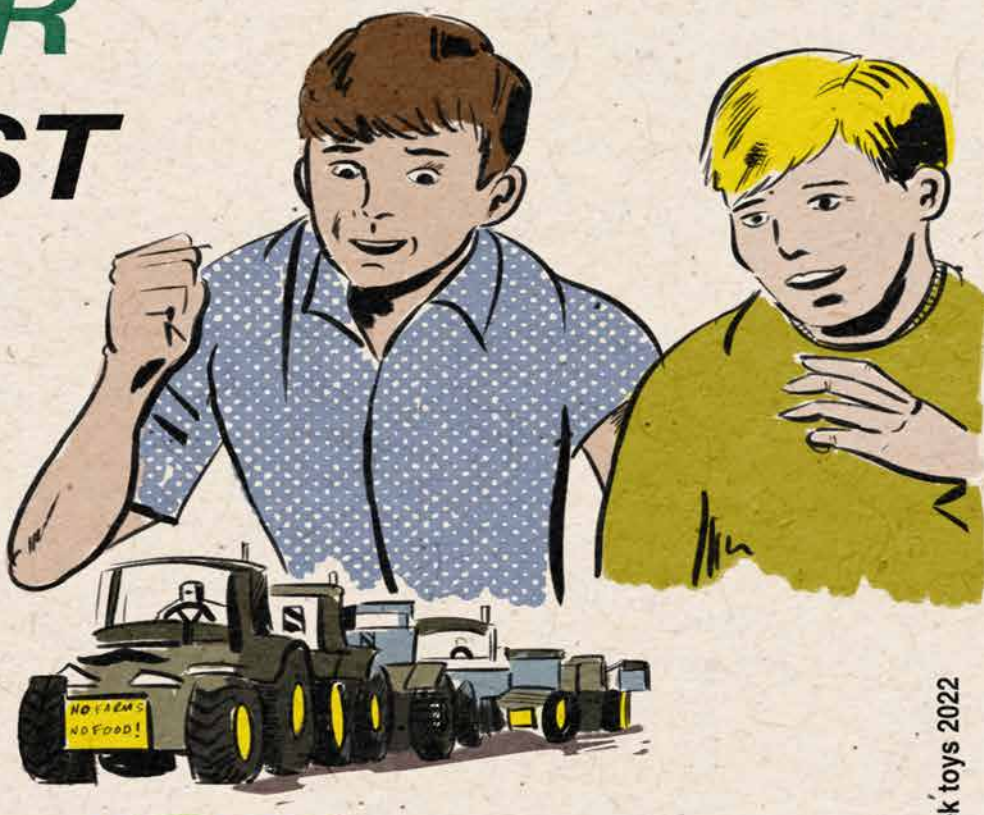


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Life doesn't get easier. (That's it. That's the tweet.)

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#mansworld

rule with an iron fist. But what are these women independent of, exactly? In one word: men. As Mr. Clarey told me, on women's list of priorities, marriage now sits in 5th place. Their number one priority? Independence, basically a synonym for career.

This goes a long way to explaining why the country's marriage rate is at a 120-year low. Marriage has been demonized, and this demonization has a lot to with demonization of masculinity and men in general. Often referred to as a tool of the patriarchy, marriage, we're told, is an "inherently unfeminist institution," a construct that must be destroyed. Feminism, in its original form, may have helped women initially, but the metastasized version has destroyed many aspects of society. The idea of tearing men down to lift women up is, at best, silly. At worst, it's downright dangerous. Men and women are complimentary; we are better together than we are apart. An obvious point, for sure, but a point that is lost on so many American women.

I reached out to Rollo Tomassi, the best-selling author who has written extensively on the likes of intersexual dynamics and the institution of marriage, for comment on the matter. In The Rational Male – Religion, Tomassi refers to monogamous marriage as "one of the bedrocks of success for Western civilization." Marriage, he argues, was once "a good idea," but not anymore. Today, he told me, marriage is "one of the worst prospects imaginable for men," largely because society has moved from the idea of covenant marriages to contractual marriages. This is a point of vital importance that is rarely discussed.

Covenant marriages, in Tomassi's words, describe "how it should be done – religiously, personally, and devotionally." For millennia, covenant marriages were the rule. Today, however, contractual marriages are the norm. According to Tomassi, they are "the worst legal contractual liability a man can enter into." This is because the contractual marriage "is based on mutual support and an assurance that this support will continue even if the marriage itself dissolves."

Contractual marriages are closely associated with no-fault divorces. In simple terms, no-fault divorces don't require a showing of wrongdoing by either party. In 1970, Ronald Reagan, a notorious bed hopper, signed the no-fault divorce law into effect.

### Unrealistic Expectations

Today, American women find 80% of men physically unattractive. This is somewhat understandable. After all, 54 million men are overweight (34 million are obese). However, it must be noted that American women are not exactly the picture of health, with one in five now classified as obese. Less than a decade from now, one in two American adults will be obese. The United States is fast becoming a more objectively ugly country, and this ugliness will hurt men more than women.

You see, women are, by default, hypergamous. That is, they are more likely to want to marry into a higher caste or social group. In other words, men are more likely to settle for average or below average women. So, then, what does an above-average man look like in the eyes of an average or below average, American woman? Besides being physically attractive, a man must also be economically attractive. Perhaps you are familiar with the 666 rule, where a guy must be six foot tall , make six figures per year, and possess six pack abs. This is what women want. Now, ask yourself, how many American men do you know who tick all three boxes? How many tick one of these boxes? Not many, I imagine.

For the fortunate (or unfortunate) few that do pass the test and get married, I have even more bad news for you. Some seventy percent of divorces are now initiated by women (thanks, Ron). That number jumps to 90% among college-educated women. In modern-day America, women make up 60% of college students. Not only is it getting harder for men to find a respectable woman to marry, those who do find a wife are faced with a high chance of being divorced.

In *Modern Romance*, a book co-authored by the comedian Aziz Ansari and the sociologist Eric Klinenberg, the duo discuss the fact that marriage, not that long ago, was "an economic institution in which you were given a partnership for life in terms of children and social status and succession and companionship." Of course, modern day women "still want their partners to give them all these things, but in addition," wrote the authors, "they want men to be their best friend and their trusted confidant and their passionate lover to boot." Idealistic, delusional, call it what you will; expecting this from any person, be they male or female, is both selfish and unfair. This is a time when perfectionism is on the rise. One needn't be a psychologist to recognize the fact that the refusal to accept anything short of perfection is detrimental to society and romantic relationships.

Perfection is an illusion, but try telling this to millions of modern day women. While you're at it, try telling this to many on the right who do nothing but tell men to "man up", get married, and start a family.

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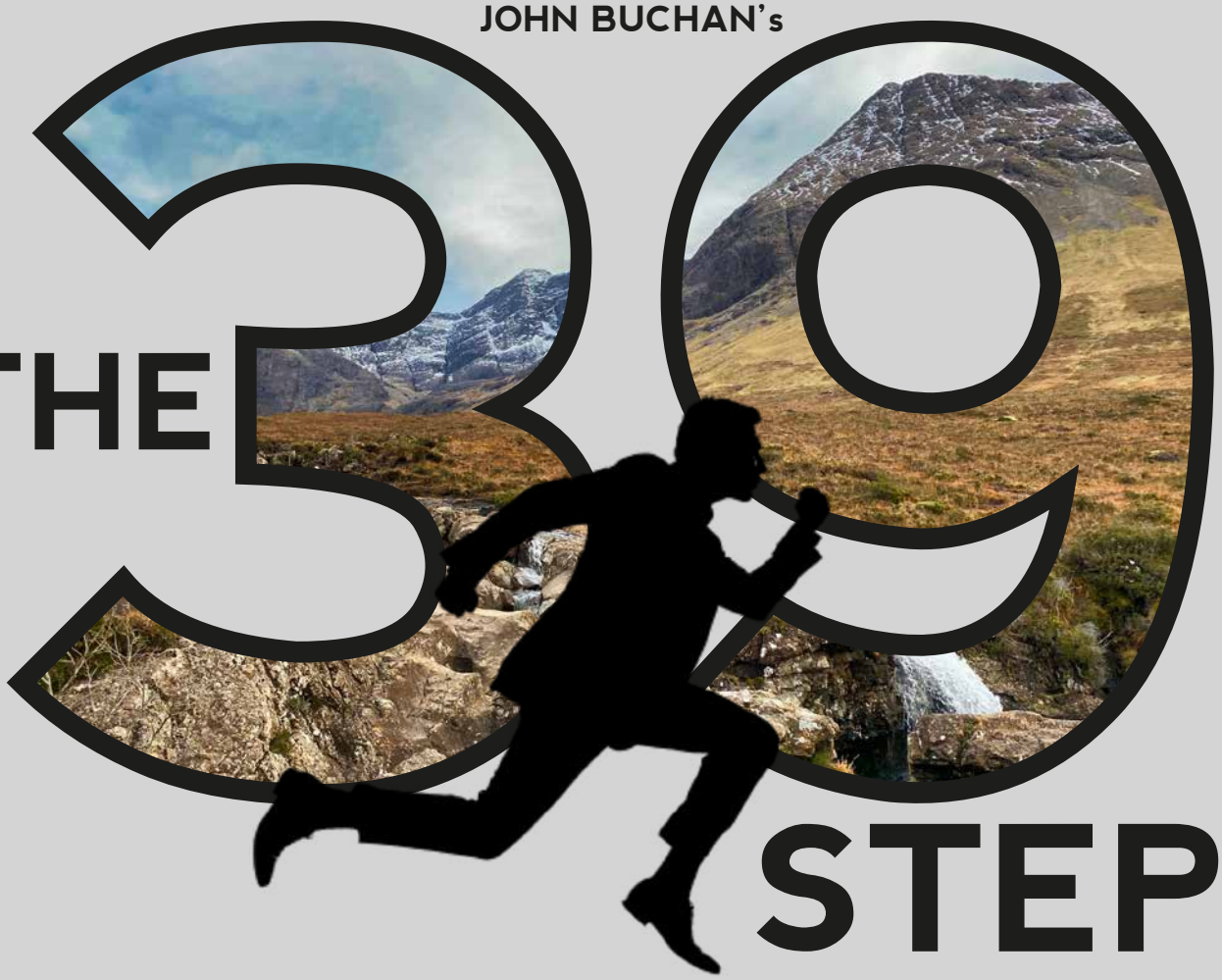
# THE 39 STEPS



**AS WE RETURN TO CHAPTER SIX OF THE CLASSIC ADVENTURE NOVEL, OUR HERO RICHARD HANNAY FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF HIS ADVERSARIES. CAN HE ESCAPE?**

I spent the night on a shelf of the hillside, in the lee of a boulder where the heather grew long and soft. It was a cold business, for I had neither coat nor waistcoat. These were in Mr Turnbull's keeping, as was Scudder's little book, my watch and—worst of all—my pipe and tobacco pouch. Only my money accompanied me in my belt, and about half a pound of ginger biscuits in my trousers pocket.

I supped off half those biscuits, and by worming myself deep into the heather got some kind of warmth. My spirits had risen, and I was beginning to enjoy this crazy game of hide-and-seek. So far I had been miraculously lucky. The milkman, the literary innkeeper, Sir Harry, the roadman, and the idiotic Marmie, were all pieces of undeserved good fortune. Somehow the first success gave me a feeling that I was going to pull the thing through.

My chief trouble was that I was desperately hungry. When a Jew shoots himself in the City and there is an inquest, the newspapers usually report that the deceased was "well-nourished". I remember thinking that they would not call me well-nourished if I broke my neck in a bog-hole. I lay and tortured myself—for the ginger biscuits merely emphasized the aching void—with the memory of all the good food I had thought so little of in London. There were Paddock's crisp sausages and fragrant shavings of bacon, and shapely poached eggs—how often I had turned up my nose at them! There were the cutlets they did at the club, and a particular ham that stood on the cold table, for which my soul lusted. My thoughts hovered over all varieties of mortal edible, and finally settled on a porterhouse steak and a quart of bitter with a welsh rabbit to follow. In longing hopelessly for these dainties I fell asleep.

I woke very cold and stiff about an hour after dawn. It took me a little while to remember where I was, for I had been very weary and had slept heavily. I saw first the pale blue sky through a net of heather, then a big shoulder of hill, and then my own boots placed neatly in a blaeberry bush. I raised myself on my arms and looked down into the valley, and that one look set me lacing up my boots in mad haste.

For there were men below, not more than a quarter of a mile off, spaced out on the hillside like a fan, and beating the heather. Marmie had not been slow in looking for his revenge.

I crawled out of my shelf into the cover of a boulder, and from it gained a shallow trench which

slanted up the mountain face. This led me presently into the narrow gully of a burn, by way of which I scrambled to the top of the ridge. From there I looked back, and saw that I was still undiscovered. My pursuers were patiently quartering the hillside and moving upwards.

Keeping behind the skyline I ran for maybe half a mile, till I judged I was above the uppermost end of the glen. Then I showed myself, and was instantly noted by one of the flankers, who passed the word to the others. I heard cries coming up from below, and saw that the line of search had changed its direction. I pretended to retreat over the skyline, but instead went back the way I had come, and in twenty minutes was behind the ridge overlooking my sleeping place. From that viewpoint I had the satisfaction of seeing the pursuit streaming up the hill at the top of the glen on a hopelessly false scent.

I had before me a choice of routes, and I chose a ridge which made an angle with the one I was on, and so would soon put a deep glen between me and my enemies. The exercise had warmed my blood, and I was beginning to enjoy myself amazingly. As I went I breakfasted on the dusty remnants of the ginger biscuits.

I knew very little about the country, and I hadn't a notion what I was going to do. I trusted to the strength of my legs, but I was well aware that those behind me would be familiar with the lie of the land, and that my ignorance would be a heavy handicap. I saw in front of me a sea of hills, rising very high towards the south, but northwards breaking down into broad ridges which separated wide and shallow dales. The ridge I had chosen seemed to sink after a mile or two to a moor which lay like a pocket in the uplands. That seemed as good a direction to take as any other.

My stratagem had given me a fair start—call it twenty minutes—and I had the width of a glen behind me before I saw the first heads of the pursuers. The police had evidently called in local talent to their aid, and the men I could see had the appearance of herds or gamekeepers. They hallooed at the sight of me, and I waved my hand. Two dived into the glen and began to climb my ridge, while the others kept their own side of the hill. I felt as if I were taking part in a schoolboy game of hare and hounds.

But very soon it began to seem less of a game. Those fellows behind were hefty men on their native heath. Looking back I saw that only three were following direct, and I guessed that the others had fetched a circuit to cut me off. My lack of local knowledge might very well be my undoing, and I resolved to get out of this tangle of glens to the pocket of moor I had seen from the tops. I must so increase my distance as to get clear away from them, and I believed I could do this if I could find the right ground for it. If there had been cover I would have tried a bit of stalking, but on these bare slopes you could see a fly a mile off. My hope must be in the length of my legs and the soundness of my wind, but I needed easier ground for that, for I was not bred a mountaineer. How I longed for a good Afrikander pony!

I put on a great spurt and got off my ridge and down into the moor before any figures appeared on the skyline behind me. I crossed a burn, and came out on a highroad which made a pass between two glens. All in front of me was a big field of heather sloping up to a crest which was crowned with an odd feather of trees. In the dyke by the roadside was a gate, from which a grass-grown track led over the first wave of the moor.

I jumped the dyke and followed it, and after a few hundred yards—as soon as it was out of sight of the highway—the grass stopped and it became a very respectable road, which was evidently kept with some care. Clearly it ran to a house, and I began to think of doing the same. Hitherto my luck had held, and it might be that my best chance would be found in this remote dwelling. Anyhow there were trees there, and that meant cover.

I did not follow the road, but the burnside which flanked it on the right, where the bracken grew deep and the high banks made a tolerable screen. It was well I did so, for no sooner had I gained the hollow than, looking back, I saw the pursuit topping the ridge from which I had descended.

After that I did not look back; I had no time. I ran up the burnside, crawling over the open places, and for a large part wading in the shallow stream. I found a deserted cottage with a row of phantom peat-stacks and an overgrown garden. Then I was among young hay, and very soon had come to the edge of a plantation of wind-blown firs. From there I saw the chimneys of the house smoking a few hundred yards to my left. I forsook the burnside, crossed another dyke, and almost before I knew was on a rough lawn. A glance back told me that I was well out of sight of the pursuit, which had not yet passed the first lift of the moor.

The lawn was a very rough place, cut with a scythe instead of a mower, and planted with beds of scrubby rhododendrons. A brace of black-game, which are not usually garden birds, rose at my approach. The house before me was the ordinary moorland farm, with a more pretentious whitewashed wing added. Attached to this wing was a glass veranda, and through the glass I saw the face of an elderly gentleman meekly watching me.

I stalked over the border of coarse hill gravel and entered the open veranda door. Within was a pleas-

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ant room, glass on one side, and on the other a mass of books. More books showed in an inner room. On the floor, instead of tables, stood cases such as you see in a museum, filled with coins and queer stone implements.

There was a knee-hole desk in the middle, and seated at it, with some papers and open volumes before him, was the benevolent old gentleman. His face was round and shiny, like Mr Pickwick's, big glasses were stuck on the end of his nose, and the top of his head was as bright and bare as a glass bottle. He never moved when I entered, but raised his placid eyebrows and waited on me to speak.

It was not an easy job, with about five minutes to spare, to tell a stranger who I was and what I wanted, and to win his aid. I did not attempt it. There was something about the eye of the man before me, something so keen and knowledgeable, that I could not find a word. I simply stared at him and stuttered.

"You seem in a hurry, my friend," he said slowly.

I nodded towards the window. It gave a prospect across the moor through a gap in the plantation, and revealed certain figures half a mile off straggling through the heather.

"Ah, I see," he said, and took up a pair of field-glasses through which he patiently scrutinized the figures.

"A fugitive from justice, eh? Well, we'll go into the matter at our leisure. Meantime I object to my privacy being broken in upon by the clumsy rural policeman. Go into my study, and you will see two doors facing you. Take the one on the left and close it behind you. You will be perfectly safe."

And this extraordinary man took up his pen again.

I did as I was bid, and found myself in a little dark chamber which smelt of chemicals, and was lit only by a tiny window high up in the wall. The door had swung behind me with a click like the door of a safe. Once again I had found an unexpected sanctuary.

All the same I was not comfortable. There was something about the old gentleman which puzzled and rather terrified me. He had been too easy and ready, almost as if he had expected me. And his eyes had been horribly intelligent.

No sound came to me in that dark place. For all I knew the police might be searching the house, and if they did they would want to know what was behind this door. I tried to possess my soul in patience, and to forget how hungry I was.

Then I took a more cheerful view. The old gentleman could scarcely refuse me a meal, and I fell to reconstructing my breakfast. Bacon and eggs would content me, but I wanted the better part of a flitch of bacon and half a hundred eggs. And then, while my mouth was watering in anticipation, there was a click and the door stood open.

I emerged into the sunlight to find the master of the house sitting in a deep armchair in the room he called his study, and regarding me with curious eyes.

"Have they gone?" I asked.

"They have gone. I convinced them that you had crossed the hill. I do not choose that the po-

lice should come between me and one whom I am delighted to honour. This is a lucky morning for you, Mr Richard Hannay."

As he spoke his eyelids seemed to tremble and to fall a little over his keen grey eyes. In a flash the phrase of Scudder's came back to me, when he had described the man he most dreaded in the world. He had said that he "could hood his eyes like a hawk". Then I saw that I had walked straight into the enemy's headquarters.

My first impulse was to throttle the old ruffian and make for the open air. He seemed to anticipate my intention, for he smiled gently, and nodded to the door behind me. I turned, and saw two men-servants who had me covered with pistols.

He knew my name, but he had never seen me before. And as the reflection darted across my mind I saw a slender chance.

"I don't know what you mean," I said roughly. "And who are you calling Richard Hannay? My name's Ainslie."

"So?" he said, still smiling. "But of course you have others. We won't quarrel about a name."

I was pulling myself together now, and I reflected that my garb, lacking coat and waistcoat and collar, would at any rate not betray me. I put on my surliest face and shrugged my shoulders.

"I suppose you're going to give me up after all, and I call it a damned dirty trick. My God, I wish I had never seen that cursed motor-car! Here's the money and be damned to you," and I flung four sovereigns on the table.

He opened his eyes a little. "Oh no, I shall not give you up. My friends and I will have a little private settlement with you, that is all. You know a little too much, Mr Hannay. You are a clever actor, but not quite clever enough."

He spoke with assurance, but I could see the dawning of a doubt in his mind.

"Oh, for God's sake stop jawing," I cried. "Everything's against me. I haven't had a bit of luck since I came on shore at Leith. What's the harm in a poor devil with an empty stomach picking up some money he finds in a bust-up motor-car? That's all I done, and for that I've been chivvied for two days by those blasted bobbies over those blasted hills. I tell you I'm fair sick of it. You can do what you like, old boy! Ned Ainslie's got no fight left in him."

I could see that the doubt was gaining.

"Will you oblige me with the story of your recent doings?" he asked.

"I can't, guv'nor," I said in a real beggar's whine. "I've not had a bite to eat for two days. Give me a mouthful of food, and then you'll hear God's truth."

I must have showed my hunger in my face, for he signalled to one of the men in the doorway. A bit of cold pie was brought and a glass of beer, and I wolfed them down like a pig—or rather, like Ned Ainslie, for I was keeping up my character. In the middle of my meal he spoke suddenly to me in German, but I turned on him a face as blank as a stone wall.

Then I told him my story—how I had come off an Archangel ship at Leith a week ago, and was making my way overland to my brother at Wigtown. I had run short of cash—I hinted vaguely at a spree—and I was pretty well on my uppers when I had come on a hole in a hedge, and, looking through, had seen a big motor-car lying in the burn. I had poked about to see what had happened, and had found three sovereigns lying on the seat and one on the floor. There was nobody there or any sign of an owner, so I had pocketed the cash. But somehow the law had got after me. When I had tried to change a sovereign in a baker's shop, the woman had cried on the police, and a little later, when I was washing my face in a burn, I had been nearly gripped, and had only got away by leaving my coat and waistcoat behind me.

"They can have the money back," I cried, "for a fat lot of good it's done me. Those perishers are all down on a poor man. Now, if it had been you, guv'nor, that had found the quids, nobody would have troubled you."

"You're a good liar, Hannay," he said.

I flew into a rage. "Stop fooling, damn you! I tell you my name's Ainslie, and I never heard of anyone called Hannay in my born days. I'd sooner have the police than you with your Hannays and your monkey-faced pistol tricks…. No, guv'nor, I beg pardon, I don't mean that. I'm much obliged to you for the grub, and I'll thank you to let me go now the coast's clear."

It was obvious that he was badly puzzled. You see he had never seen me, and my appearance must have altered considerably from my photographs, if he had got one of them. I was pretty smart and well dressed in London, and now I was a regular tramp.

"I do not propose to let you go. If you are what you say you are, you will soon have a chance of clearing yourself. If you are what I believe you are, I do not think you will see the light much longer."

He rang a bell, and a third servant appeared from the veranda.

"I want the Lanchester in five minutes," he said. "There will be three to luncheon."

Then he looked steadily at me, and that was the hardest ordeal of all.

There was something weird and devilish in those eyes, cold, malignant, unearthly, and most hellishly clever. They fascinated me like the bright eyes of a snake. I had a strong impulse to throw myself on his

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mercy and offer to join his side, and if you consider the way I felt about the whole thing you will see that that impulse must have been purely physical, the weakness of a brain mesmerized and mastered by a stronger spirit. But I managed to stick it out and even to grin.

"You'll know me next time, guv'nor," I said.

"Karl," he spoke in German to one of the men in the doorway, "you will put this fellow in the storeroom till I return, and you will be answerable to me for his keeping."

I was marched out of the room with a pistol at each ear.

The storeroom was a damp chamber in what had been the old farmhouse. There was no carpet on the uneven floor, and nothing to sit down on but a school form. It was black as pitch, for the windows were heavily shuttered. I made out by groping that the walls were lined with boxes and barrels and sacks of some heavy stuff. The whole place smelt of mould and disuse. My gaolers turned the key in the door, and I could hear them shifting their feet as they stood on guard outside.

I sat down in that chilly darkness in a very miserable frame of mind. The old boy had gone off in a motor to collect the two ruffians who had interviewed me yesterday. Now, they had seen me as the roadman, and they would remember me, for I was in the same rig. What was a roadman doing twenty miles from his beat, pursued by the police? A question or two would put them on the track. Probably they had seen Mr Turnbull, probably Marmie too; most likely they could link me up with Sir Harry, and then the whole thing would be crystal clear. What chance had I in this moorland house with three desperadoes and their armed servants?

I began to think wistfully of the police, now plodding over the hills after my wraith. They at any rate were fellow-countrymen and honest men, and their tender mercies would be kinder than these ghoulish aliens. But they wouldn't have listened to me. That old devil with the eyelids had not taken long to get rid of them. I thought he probably had some kind of graft with the constabulary. Most likely he had letters from Cabinet Ministers saying he was to be given every facility for plotting against Britain. That's the sort of owlish way we run our politics in this jolly old country.

The three would be back for lunch, so I hadn't more than a couple of hours to wait. It was simply waiting on destruction, for I could see no way out of this mess. I wished that I had Scudder's courage, for I am free to confess I didn't feel any great fortitude. The only thing that kept me going was that I was pretty furious. It made me boil with rage to think of those three spies getting the pull on me like this. I hoped that at any rate I might be able to twist one of their necks before they downed me.

The more I thought of it the angrier I grew, and I had to get up and move about the room. I tried the shutters, but they were the kind that lock with a key, and I couldn't move them. From the outside came the faint clucking of hens in the warm sun. Then I groped among the sacks and boxes. I couldn't open the latter, and the sacks seemed to be full of things like dog-biscuits that smelt of cinnamon. But, as I circumnavigated the room, I found a handle in the wall which seemed worth investigating.

It was the door of a wall cupboard—what they call a "press" in Scotland—and it was locked. I shook it, and it seemed rather flimsy. For want of something better to do I put out my strength on that door, getting some purchase on the handle by looping my braces round it. Presently the thing gave with a crash which I thought would bring in my warders to inquire. I waited for a bit, and then started to explore the cupboard shelves.

There was a multitude of queer things there. I found an odd vesta or two in my trouser pockets and struck a light. It was out in a second, but it showed me one thing. There was a little stock of electric torches on one shelf. I picked up one, and found it was in working order.

With the torch to help me I investigated further. There were bottles and cases of queer-smelling stuffs, chemicals no doubt for experiments, and there were coils of fine copper wire and yanks and yanks of thin oiled silk. There was a box of detonators, and a lot of cord for fuses. Then away at the back of the shelf I found a stout brown cardboard box, and inside it a wooden case. I managed to wrench it open, and within lay half a dozen little grey bricks, each a couple of inches square.

I took up one, and found that it crumbled easily in my hand. Then I smelt it and put my tongue to it. After that I sat down to think. I hadn't been a mining engineer for nothing, and I knew lentonite when I saw it.

With one of these bricks I could blow the house to smithereens. I had used the stuff in Rhodesia and knew its power. But the trouble was that my knowledge wasn't exact. I had forgotten the proper charge and the right way of preparing it, and I wasn't sure about the timing. I had only a vague notion, too, as to its power, for though I had used it I had not handled it with my own fingers.

But it was a chance, the only possible chance. It was a mighty risk, but against it was an absolute black certainty. If I used it the odds were, as I reckoned, about five to one in favour of my blowing myself into

the tree-tops; but if I didn't I should very likely be occupying a six-foot hole in the garden by the evening. That was the way I had to look at it. The prospect was pretty dark either way, but anyhow there was a chance, both for myself and for my country.

The remembrance of little Scudder decided me. It was about the beastliest moment of my life, for I'm no good at these cold-blooded resolutions. Still I managed to rake up the pluck to set my teeth and choke back the horrid doubts that flooded in on me. I simply shut off my mind and pretended I was doing an experiment as simple as Guy Fawkes fireworks.

I got a detonator, and fixed it to a couple of feet of fuse. Then I took a quarter of a lentonite brick, and buried it near the door below one of the sacks in a crack of the floor, fixing the detonator in it. For all I knew half those boxes might be dynamite. If the cupboard held such deadly explosives, why not the boxes? In that case there would be a glorious skyward journey for me and the German servants and about an acre of surrounding country. There was also the risk that the detonation might set off the other bricks in the cupboard, for I had forgotten most that I knew about lentonite. But it didn't do to begin thinking about the possibilities. The odds were horrible, but I had to take them.

I ensconced myself just below the sill of the window, and lit the fuse. Then I waited for a moment or two. There was dead silence—only a shuffle of heavy boots in the passage, and the peaceful cluck of hens from the warm out-of-doors. I commended my soul to my Maker, and wondered where I would be in five seconds….

A great wave of heat seemed to surge upwards from the floor, and hang for a blistering instant in the air. Then the wall opposite me flashed into a golden yellow and dissolved with a rending thunder that hammered my brain into a pulp. Something dropped on me, catching the point of my left shoulder.

And then I think I became unconscious.

My stupor can scarcely have lasted beyond a few seconds. I felt myself being choked by thick yellow fumes, and struggled out of the debris to my feet. Somewhere behind me I felt fresh air. The jambs of the window had fallen, and through the ragged rent the smoke was pouring out to the summer noon. I stepped over the broken lintel, and found myself standing in a yard in a dense and acrid fog. I felt very sick and ill, but I could move my limbs, and I staggered blindly forward away from the house.

A small mill-lade ran in a wooden aqueduct at the other side of the yard, and into this I fell. The cool water revived me, and I had just enough wits left to think of escape. I squirmed up the lade among the slippery green slime till I reached the mill-wheel. Then I wriggled through the axle hole into the old mill and tumbled on to a bed of chaff. A nail caught the seat of my trousers, and I left a wisp of heather-mixture behind me.

The mill had been long out of use. The ladders were rotten with age, and in the loft the rats had gnawed great holes in the floor. Nausea shook me, and a wheel in my head kept turning, while my left shoulder and arm seemed to be stricken with the palsy. I looked out of the window and saw a fog still hanging over the house and smoke escaping from an upper window. Please God I had set the place on fire, for I could hear confused cries coming from the other side.

But I had no time to linger, since this mill was obviously a bad hiding-place. Anyone looking for me would naturally follow the lade, and I made certain the search would begin as soon as they found that my body was not in the storeroom. From another window I saw that on the far side of the mill stood an old stone dovecot. If I could get there without leaving tracks I might find a hiding-place, for I argued that my enemies, if they thought I could move, would conclude I had made for open country, and would go seeking me on the moor.

I crawled down the broken ladder, scattering chaff behind me to cover my footsteps. I did the same on the mill floor, and on the threshold where the door hung on broken hinges. Peeping out, I saw that between me and the dovecot was a piece of bare cobbled ground, where no footmarks would show. Also it was mercifully hid by the mill buildings from any view from the house. I slipped across the space, got to the back of the dovecot and prospected a way of ascent.

That was one of the hardest jobs I ever took on. My shoulder and arm ached like hell, and I was so sick and giddy that I was always on the verge of falling. But I managed it somehow. By the use of out-jutting stones and gaps in the masonry and a tough ivy root I got to the top in the end. There was a little parapet behind which I found space to lie down. Then I proceeded to go off into an old-fashioned swoon.

I woke with a burning head and the sun glaring in my face. For a long time I lay motionless, for those horrible fumes seemed to have loosened my joints and dulled my brain. Sounds came to me from the house—men speaking throatily and the throbbing of a stationary car. There was a little gap in the parapet to which I wriggled, and from which I had some sort of prospect of the yard. I saw figures come out—a servant with his head bound up, and then a younger man in knickerbockers. They were looking for something, and moved towards the mill. Then one of them caught sight of the wisp of cloth on the nail,

and cried out to the other. They both went back to the house, and brought two more to look at it. I saw the rotund figure of my late captor, and I thought I made out the man with the lisp. I noticed that all had pistols.

For half an hour they ransacked the mill. I could hear them kicking over the barrels and pulling up the rotten planking. Then they came outside, and stood just below the dovecot arguing fiercely. The servant with the bandage was being soundly rated. I heard them fiddling with the door of the dovecote and for one horrid moment I fancied they were coming up. Then they thought better of it, and went back to the house.

All that long blistering afternoon I lay baking on the rooftop. Thirst was my chief torment. My tongue was like a stick, and to make it worse I could hear the cool drip of water from the mill-lade. I watched the course of the little stream as it came in from the moor, and my fancy followed it to the top of the glen, where it must issue from an icy fountain fringed with cool ferns and mosses. I would have given a thousand pounds to plunge my face into that.

I had a fine prospect of the whole ring of moorland. I saw the car speed away with two occupants, and a man on a hill pony riding east. I judged they were looking for me, and I wished them joy of their quest.

But I saw something else more interesting. The house stood almost on the summit of a swell of moorland which crowned a sort of plateau, and there was no higher point nearer than the big hills six miles off. The actual summit, as I have mentioned, was a biggish clump of trees—firs mostly, with a few ashes and beeches. On the dovecot I was almost on a level with the tree-tops, and could see what lay beyond. The wood was not solid, but only a ring, and inside was an oval of green turf, for all the world like a big cricket-field.

I didn't take long to guess what it was. It was an aerodrome, and a secret one. The place had been most cunningly chosen. For suppose anyone were watching an aeroplane descending here, he would think it had gone over the hill beyond the trees. As the place was on the top of a rise in the midst of a big amphitheatre, any observer from any direction would conclude it had passed out of view behind the hill. Only a man very close at hand would realize that the aeroplane had not gone over but had descended in the midst of the wood. An observer with a telescope on one of the higher hills might have discovered the truth, but only herds went there, and herds do not carry spy-glasses. When I looked from the dovecot I could see far away a blue line which I knew was the sea, and I grew furious to think that our enemies had this secret conning-tower to rake our waterways.

Then I reflected that if that aeroplane came back the chances were ten to one that I would be discovered. So through the afternoon I lay and prayed for the coming of darkness, and glad I was when the sun went down over the big western hills and the twilight haze crept over the moor. The aeroplane was late. The gloaming was far advanced when I heard the beat of wings and saw it volplaning downward to its home in the wood. Lights twinkled for a bit and there was much coming and going from the house. Then the dark fell, and silence.

Thank God it was a black night. The moon was well on its last quarter and would not rise till late. My thirst was too great to allow me to tarry, so about nine o'clock, so far as I could judge, I started to descend. It wasn't easy, and half-way down I heard the back door of the house open, and saw the gleam of a lantern against the mill wall. For some agonizing minutes I hung by the ivy and prayed that whoever it was would not come round by the dovecot. Then the light disappeared, and I dropped as softly as I could on to the hard soil of the yard.

I crawled on my belly in the lee of a stone dyke till I reached the fringe of trees which surrounded the house. If I had known how to do it I would have tried to put that aeroplane out of action, but I realized that any attempt would probably be futile. I was pretty certain that there would be some kind of defence round the house, so I went through the wood on hands and knees, feeling carefully every inch before me. It was as well, for presently I came on a wire about two feet from the ground. If I had tripped over that, it would doubtless have rung some bell in the house and I would have been captured.

A hundred yards farther on I found another wire cunningly placed on the edge of a small stream. Beyond that lay the moor, and in five minutes I was deep in bracken and heather. Soon I was round the shoulder of the rise, in the little glen from which the mill-lade flowed. Ten minutes later my face was in the spring, and I was soaking down pints of the blessed water.

But I did not stop till I had put half a dozen miles between me and that accursed dwelling.

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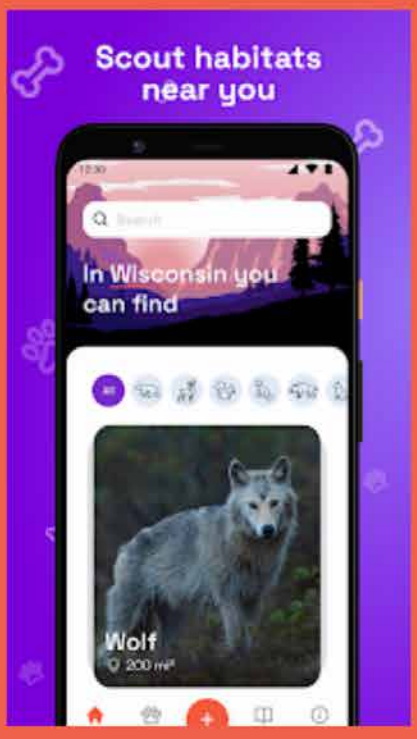
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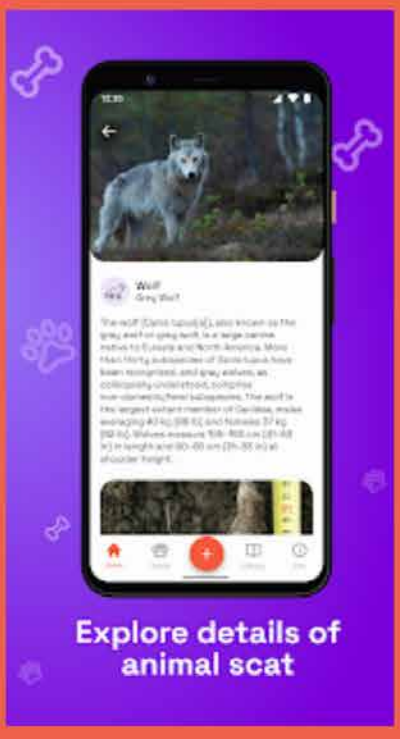
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# The Perfect Pillow?

# Why wool is the only way to go, with The Woolshire

We are spending more time indoors than ever before, yet the air we breathe indoors is poisoning us through the off-gassing of newly manufactured furniture, household materials, and mass-manufactured bedding. While our grandparents or great-grandparents had solid wood furniture and quality craftsmanship, our parents and in turn us inherited mass-produced pressed-board furniture bound together with glues, plastics, and doused in flame retardants and formaldehyde. Likewise, our ancestors did not sleep on mattresses and pillows made from a conglomerate of chemicals and petroleum derivatives, but slept on natural materials such as wood, hay, feathers, and wool.

It wasn't until the 1960s that filling a pillow full of polyester, a synthetic fiber, became the standard practice. The petroleum byproduct undergoes a myriad of chemical baths before the plastic is eventually blown into a polyester or polyurethane fill or foam. Next, the polyester is sprayed with up to two pounds of flame retardant (per pillow). This saturated material is then stuffed into your pillow and sold to you for $5 at Walmart. The vast majority of the poisonous fill for modern pillows comes from massive Chinese factories with very little to no regulation, and yet we trust that the material we lay our faces on for eight hours every night, or a third of our life, is safe.

As my wife and I were expecting our first child, we decided that it was important to reduce his exposure to synthetics. Around this time, we learned about the incredible properties of wool and how it purifies the air we breathe. At the molecular level, wool binds with off-gassing VOCs such as formaldehyde and destroys them. Wool is also naturally anti-microbial, anti-fungal, naturally flame-retardant, and all around a very cozy fiber. We ended up making our baby a wool mattress for his future crib and from there wool naturally became part of our future. This idea gave birth to The Woolshire, which resulted in converting our basement into a ma-and-pa pillow factory.

Our pillows are handmade by us in northern Idaho with pure virgin wool that is grown, cleaned, and carded a few hours away from us in Montana. Our organic cotton inner case is grown in Texas by family farms and is free from pesticides, genetic engineering, and chemical additives. Our pillows are not only completely natural but also extremely high-quality and comfortable, providing you the perfect

amount of support. Wool naturally provides a more restful sleep through temperature regulation and a deeper sleep by lowering and encouraging a more consistent heart rate. It also wicks away moisture and keeps you comfortable all night.

The Woolshire believes that we need to take back our health by eating well, exercising, removing synthetics from our home and bedding and by surrounding ourselves with natural materials as God intended.

For more information or to order pillows, visit @ thewoolshire or our website, thewoolshire.com.

**FOR AN EXCLUSIVE 15% OFF, USE PROMO CODE "MANSWORLD".**

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IDEAS

# LET'S *NOT* DECLARE A PANDEMIC AMNESTY

## Let's not focus on the future, and fix the problems we still need to solve

Words and images by Gio Pennacchietti

As has been noted by one critic, what makes the strange dream worlds of Kafka's writing "so convincingly uncanny", is the way the protagonists "seem to be colluding in their own punishment."

If only the main character in *The Trial* left his house and stopped consenting to such a line of absurd questioning! If only Gregor Samsa stopped internalizing his bug-man state! If only we did not choose to descend into hating family members, or being coerced into unwanted medical decisions! If only. But these questions open up wounds that run deeper than anyone would care to admit in the aftermath of a total shredding of the social fabric. I cannot forgive my government for treating me with contempt and scorn; the dead cannot forgive for the crimes of state-enforced loneliness before death, and the careless and clinical way they were treated after death, denied ritual and the sentiments of families grieving together.

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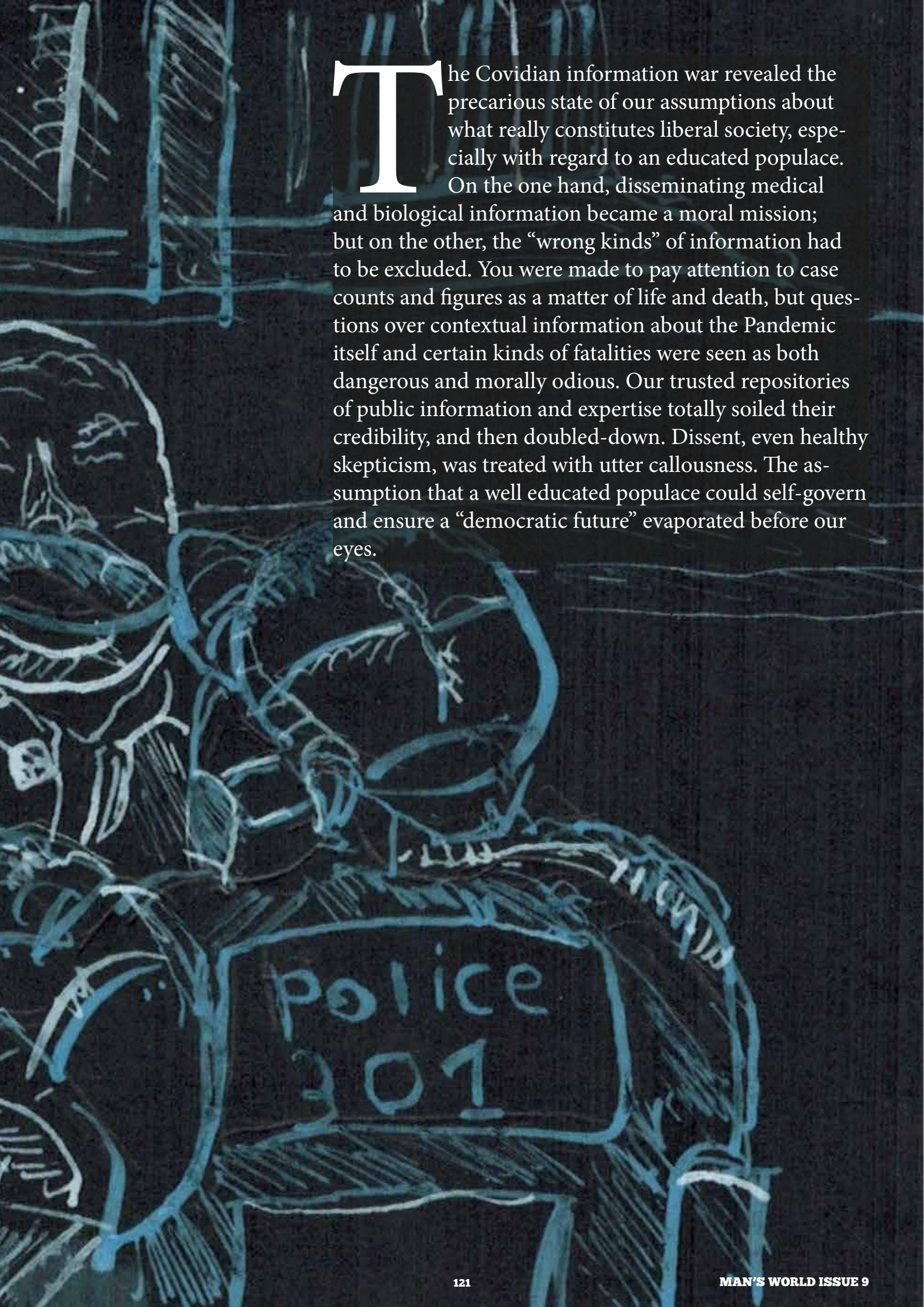
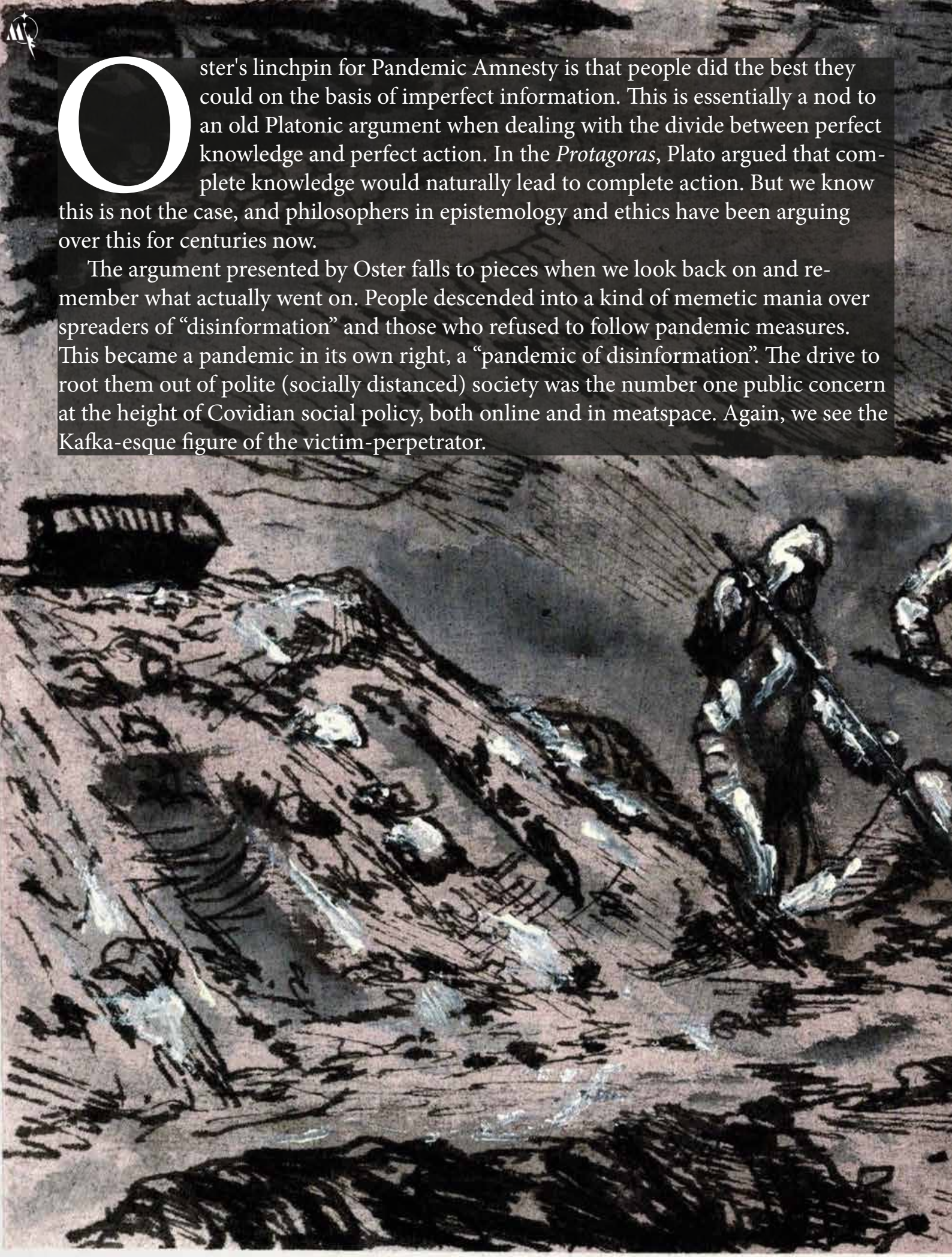



The Covidian information war revealed the precarious state of our assumptions about what really constitutes liberal society, especially with regard to an educated populace. On the one hand, disseminating medical and biological information became a moral mission; but on the other, the "wrong kinds" of information had to be excluded. You were made to pay attention to case counts and figures as a matter of life and death, but questions over contextual information about the Pandemic itself and certain kinds of fatalities were seen as both dangerous and morally odious. Our trusted repositories of public information and expertise totally soiled their credibility, and then doubled-down. Dissent, even healthy skepticism, was treated with utter callousness. The assumption that a well educated populace could self-govern and ensure a "democratic future" evaporated before our eyes.

Oster's linchpin for Pandemic Amnesty is that people did the best they could on the basis of imperfect information. This is essentially a nod to an old Platonic argument when dealing with the divide between perfect knowledge and perfect action. In the *Protagoras*, Plato argued that complete knowledge would naturally lead to complete action. But we know this is not the case, and philosophers in epistemology and ethics have been arguing over this for centuries now.

The argument presented by Oster falls to pieces when we look back on and remember what actually went on. People descended into a kind of memetic mania over spreaders of "disinformation" and those who refused to follow pandemic measures. This became a pandemic in its own right, a "pandemic of disinformation". The drive to root them out of polite (socially distanced) society was the number one public concern at the height of Covidian social policy, both online and in meatspace. Again, we see the Kafka-esque figure of the victim-perpetrator.



Bate life 2/5 SR:1 Mar/10/21 G.O.P.

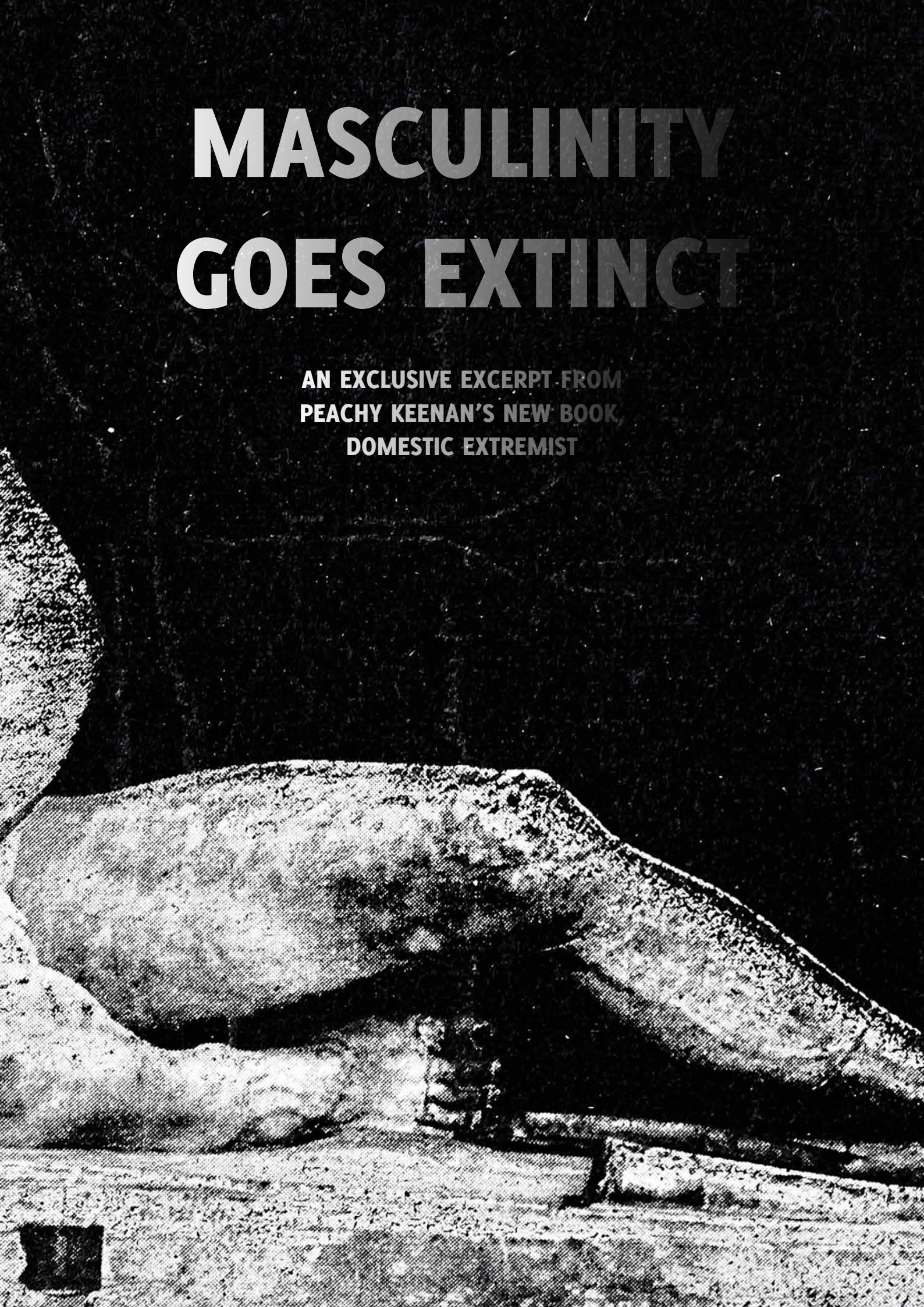
During the middle of lockdown I made a woodcut of a photo I saw floating around social media. It was of a woman hugging her elderly loved ones fully masked through a sheet of plastic. It reminded me of the post World War 1 woodcuts of German Expressionist Kathe Kollwitz. Women clutching on to men and children in solemn, fearful embrace, gaunt and ghostly shells of people yearning for warmth and comfort in the wake of mass tragedy. Death hanging in the air through the stark chiaroscuro of ink areas. It is but one small image, in the multitude of images I feel that I must depict as an artist. For this is the price of forgetting, one that that work of art does in remembrance of things past. Those covered and masked figures disappearing into a plastic sheet, a mass of feelings not truly felt, and human connection irretrievably interrupted. To forget is not an act of mass compassion and amnesty, but a betrayal of our humanity.

We are the grandsons of
the men you couldn't
send to therapy.

WELCOME TO
BRAPPERS
the new restaurant concept
we've
got dinner
#allbrappedup

# MASCULINITY GOES EXTINCT

AN EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT FROM PEACHY KEENAN'S NEW BOOK, DOMESTIC EXTREMIST



A good man is hard to find these days, and you didn't need Flannery O'Conner to tell you that. This is the next item on our list of vital national resources that have been depleted, degraded, demoralized, and de-masculinized nearly into extinction. The Great American Males used to roam our towns, prairies, beaches, and forests in large herds. They built big cities and small ones. They constructed railroads, freeways, highways, and byways, tamed the wilderness, mined the copper, founded empires and industries, and invented, well, almost everything. They walked on the friggin' moon!

Do they ever get so much as a thank you?

If this kind of talk triggers you, you might want to stop reading, because it's about to get worse.

Roughly 365,000 men died freeing slaves in the Civil War. Around 400,000 more died freeing Europe and the Pacific from Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan. Countless thousands more fought, bled, and died in our other wars, many (all?) of them ill-begotten and futile efforts that should never have been fought.

The thousands who survived these horrors and managed to get home were never the same.

American men conjured the car, the airplane, the spaceship, the skyscraper, the steam engine, internal combustion, satellites, the television, the radio, the computer, the internet, modern medicine, the microchip, the flush toilet, the dishwasher, the washing machine, the assembly line, moving pictures, musicals, baseball, football, barbecues, the iPhone, and nuclear power.

They wrote excellent novels and poems and plays, invented jazz, composed the Great American Songbook, made art, founded the entertainment industry, directed all the classic films, and founded museums and theaters from coast to coast to showcase all these wonders.

They even came up with the concept of "childhood," and produced the toys and theme parks to go with it.

They also, crucially, swept millions of women off their dainty feet and helped produce enough sons and daughters to carry on their legacy of American greatness—far into a future they could only imagine.

Here we are now, living in the bright, safe future they built for us.

Or are we?

We get to live on the land they paid for with their blood, in the cozy bosom of the freedom they secured for us, surrounded by the marvels they left for our convenience and amusement.

Does anyone appreciate these gifts ancestral American men left for us?

No, they do not.

Instead, these great men are being methodically erased from history and our collective memory. The famous statue of Teddy Roosevelt was recently torn down from in front of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. A 9/11 memorial to *firefighters* was defaced and its American flag destroyed. A Thomas Jefferson statue at Hofstra University was hidden from sight because it offended students. In San Francisco, the idiotic city council—in the middle of a pandemic and a crime wave—drew up plans to rename schools named for problematic men like Francis Scott Key, Thomas Edison, Paul Revere, Robert Louis Stevenson, William McKinley, James Garfield, James Monroe, and Herbert Hoover.

Books written by disfavored American men are banned, deleted from university English class curricula, and forgotten.

Even Dr. Seuss has been tossed onto the ash heap of literature.

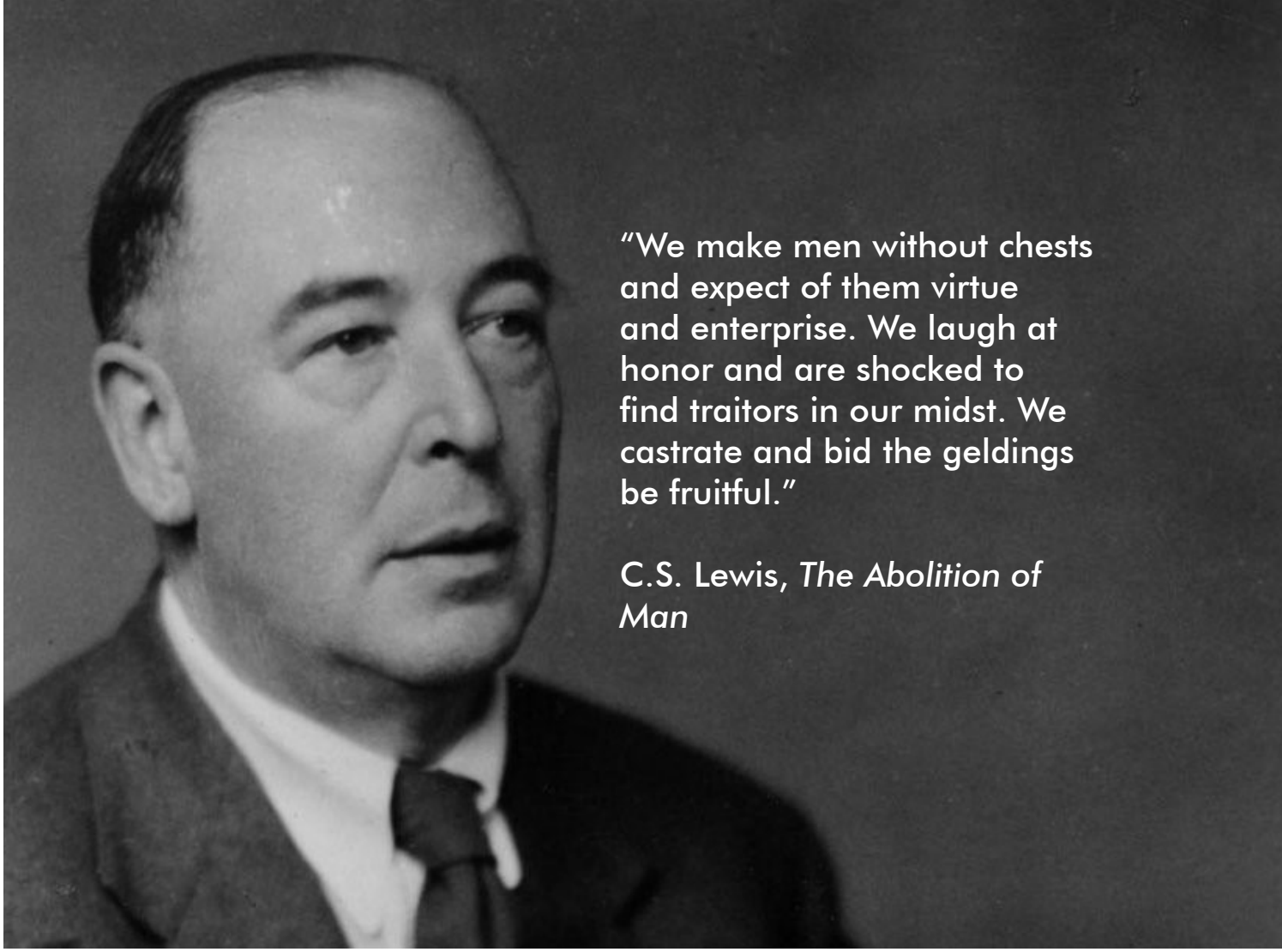
The short-sighted historical illiterates pushing to erase great men and their achievements from memory never offer to give up their comfortable homes in the land those men built. Instead, they are content to continue to live and work in cities and towns founded by these legions of awful "toxic" males. Curious, that.

If any of you decide to abandon this befouled land of toxic masculinity, call me—I'll help you pack. I hear North Korea is very nice this time of year.

## Going on a Manhunt

Of course, men are also to blame for our present situation. Some men willingly relinquished their dominance and authority over society and their own families. They were complicit in putting women in charge of everything, maybe out of fear of being called misogynists or "male chauvinist pigs" by their own wives and daughters. Perhaps husbands got tired of the constant noodging and took their hands off the steering wheel, threw a brick onto the gas pedal, and bailed out of the family station wagon. Liberal politicians who were early adopters of the women's rights movement probably saw a vast new voting bloc they could instantly capture. The barons of industry who supported the early movement saw eager hordes of low-wage employees to fill their sweatshops and factories.

By the time second-wave feminism crashed onto



"We make men without chests and expect of them virtue and enterprise. We laugh at honor and are shocked to find traitors in our midst. We castrate and bid the geldings be fruitful."

C.S. Lewis, *The Abolition of Man*

the Boomer shores in the seventies, it had become a full-blown destroy-the patriarchy call to arms. Mallory Millet, the sister of Kate Millet, feminist icon and founder of NOW, wrote about a consciousness-raising meeting Kate hosted in 1969:

*We gathered at a large table as the chairperson opened the meeting with a back-and-forth recitation, like a Litany, a type of prayer done in Catholic Church. But now it was Marxism, the Church of the Left, mimicking religious practice:*

*"Why are we here today?" she asked.*

*"To make revolution," they answered.*

*"What kind of revolution?" she replied.*

*"The Cultural Revolution," they chanted.*

*"And how do we make Cultural Revolution?" she demanded.*

*"By destroying the American family!" they answered.*

*"How do we destroy the family?" she came back.*

*"By destroying the American Patriarch," they cried exuberantly.*

*"And how do we destroy the American Patriarch?" she replied.*

*"By taking away his power!"*

*"How do we do that?"*

*"By destroying monogamy!" they shouted.*

*"How can we destroy monogamy?"*

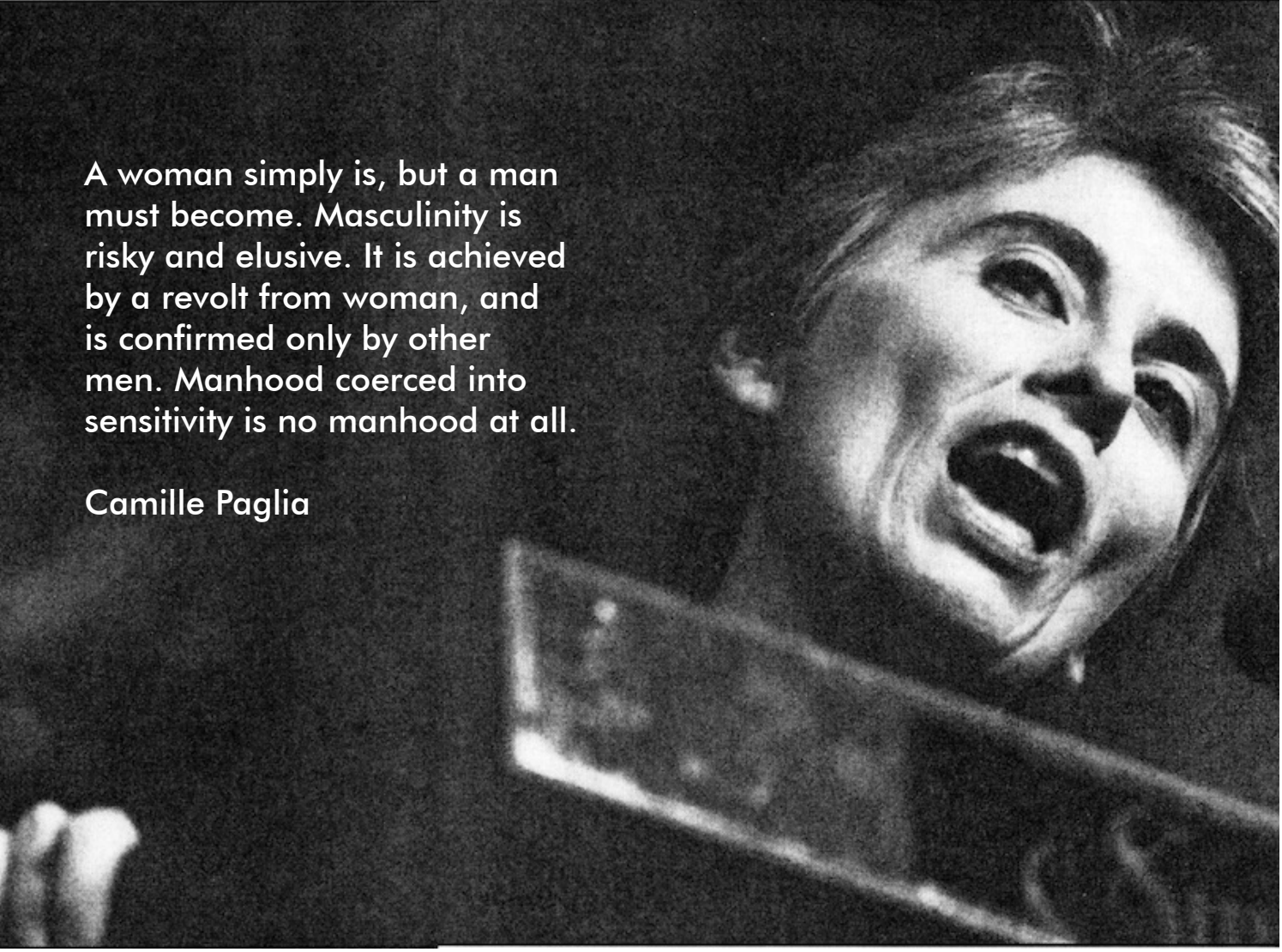
*"By promoting promiscuity, eroticism, prostitution and homosexuality!" they resounded.*

These women raised their sons to be the first generation of "male feminists," and now we're living in the charred rubble.

With no more obstacles, women eagerly filled the vacuum at the top of the food chain. Somehow, despite their claims to lifelong oppression by men and The Patriarchy, women now enjoy complete dominance in American society; indeed, across the developed world.

Celebrated feminists now dominate our institutions, academia, politics, government, media, culture, medicine, and tech. Their every utterance and proclamation is grist for a glowing profile in T*he Atlantic* or *Newsweek*. "The Year of the Woman!" the news proclaims, every year, year after year. Every time, the cover photo is Georgia gubernatorial gadfly Stacey Abrams, the gap between her teeth wide enough to park her inflated sense of herself.

Men had their chance, now it's the gals' time to shine! "Behold our competence," the ladies chant, pulling on knit caps shaped like their own genitalia.


A woman simply is, but a man must become. Masculinity is risky and elusive. It is achieved by a revolt from woman, and is confirmed only by other men. Manhood coerced into sensitivity is no manhood at all.
Camille Paglia

Meanwhile, young men, especially straight young men, and particularly those from disfavored racial groups¬¬, are finding their applications tossed in the trash at college and grad school admissions offices. They are deemed unhireable by corporate HR departments—treated like an untouchable caste by the Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion gatekeepers who now run the world.

The deletion of men from the ranks of elite society is only speeding up. Women have dominated men in college admissions since 1979, and the gap is growing. "Women in the U.S. are now more likely than men to have a four-year college degree. Among those ages 25 to 34 specifically, women are now 10 percentage points more likely than men to have a bachelor's degree (46% vs. 36%)."

Lower education levels usually mean a lower lifetime income, which brings with it the negative baggage poverty always does. How are men with less education, who make less money, going to woo and marry babes in higher tax brackets? "The college gender gap…reflects women pursuing higher education at greater rates than ever before, while college-going rates among men have stalled for reasons that mystify experts." LOL, we know the reason. "The gap in graduation rates is even larger, because male undergraduates are less likely to complete their degree…women have also edged ahead in prestigious programs like medicine, law, and masters and doctoral degrees."

The reasons men are lagging behind should not mystify the "experts." The reasons are clear: everywhere, from birth on up, girls are celebrated and cheered, encouraged to do anything, be anything, to code, to enter traditionally male-dominated STEM fields, and to replace men in every profession.

Boys, meanwhile, are ignored, shamed, dosed with ADHD meds, and treated like second-class citizens in the classroom. For years, I have been reading about the "war on boys" at schools, where boisterous boys are medicated and punished for acting like…boys. In history class, they are taught that the great men of history only accomplished what they did because they trampled on some women's rights. Alexander the Great, Caesar, Napoleon, William the Conqueror, Shakespeare, Charlemagne, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson—actually, kids, they were a bunch of sexist pigs who only got where they were thanks to the *unsung females* in their lives. Don't try to emulate these bad men, boys. Try to be more like, like *Hillary Clinton* instead!

When you see a man driving around with an *I'm With Her* bumper sticker on his Nissan Leaf, say a prayer for his mother, because she ain't getting any grandchildren. The "with" part is purely platonic.

Unfortunately, the war on men and boys has been won. It's over. Men have been replaced, from the cockpit to the gravel pit. Women can do anything, we were told.

What they didn't mention was that women were going to do *everything*.

After all, they can't just double the number of available spots in the MIT or Harvard freshman class, or double the number of new hires at JPL or Morgan Stanley or Amazon. Sorry, boys!

There is just one American institution where men still dominate: the prison system. "Out of 185,000 federal inmates, 93.2 percent were made up of men, and only 6.8 percent were females." Ladies, you're just going to let men overrepresent like that? We need more women represented in the C-suites–and the cell blocks.

Of course, women cornering higher education and high-paying careers has had some ugly unintended consequences. "The simple mathematics of more women than men earning college degrees means that many highly educated women will either have to partner with less educated men or forgo partnership. We currently live in an era of work and family, but this might presage a harder choice between work or family, and consequently a lower birthrate."

You'll have lots of framed degrees hanging on your wall, but no framed wedding photos. No family photos, no husband, no children. But as head of HR, you'll get to start a Bring Your Fur Baby to Work Day!

## Fatherless Boys, Dangerous Mothers

Not that long ago, little boys were encouraged to do traditionally boyish activities. Sports, Boy Scouts, hunting, carpentry, Navy SEALS, strapping dynamite to your little sister's Barbie doll and trying to launch it into space. The character Sid from the first *Toy Story* movie is an evil villain who torments toys, but he's macho and tough compared to that wuss, Andy. And look what happens to poor Sid: he grows up to be Andy's family's garbage man.

Of course, neither Sid nor Andy has a father in the home, as far as I can tell from the movies. The trend of fatherless boys raised by single mothers is not a new one, but it is no longer just a trend—it's a massive cohort. According to the 2020 U.S. Census, 30 percent of all American children grow up without a father at home. When broken down by race, things look stark. "While 74.3 percent of all white children below the age of 18 live with both parents, only 38.7 percent of African-American minors can say the same."

That's over twenty million children. Millions of little boys are living in mini-matriarchal societies with no male energy to temper all that estrogen—no one to play catch with them, teach them how to deal with bullies, treat girls, and warn them away from pornography, drugs, and other dangers.

Is it any wonder so many boys fail to launch?

The other side effect of boys growing up without dads is the forced feminization that occurs. Without a pesky dad around, a single mom can paint her son's nails and put him in fun hairdos for her Instagram reels. Whenever you see the latest transgender "girl" feted on toxic morning talk shows, he is almost always being raised by a single mother. I can't find any studies on this, but anecdotally, it seems that the most egregious cases of boy feminization—like the abusive "drag kids" trend—seem to be mostly propagated by oddball, bipolar single mothers.

It makes perfect sense. A single mother is *by definition* someone who probably had a profoundly negative experience with at *least* one man. Is it any wonder these moms love getting their cute little boys to wear pink, to try on princess dresses, and to experiment with lip gloss? The social media clout, the likes, the dopamine hits, are almost too much for lonely, befuddled older women to resist.

Anyone who pressures a young boy to try on a dress and pose for a photo or take part in a "drag queen" event starts to approach symptoms of the mental illness-induced child-abuse disorder known as Munchausen by Proxy syndrome. These are disturbing cases where a mother (it's almost always the mother) invents a fake sickness or injury in her child in order to enjoy the emotional rewards that come with victimhood. It's powerful, and frightening. A perfectly healthy woman named Gypsy Rose Blanchard is serving ten years in prison for murdering her mother after enduring decades of Munchausen-induced abuse, including being forced to use a wheelchair, have twenty unnecessary surgeries, and get fed by feeding tube because her mother craved the attention.

Now imagine the temptation for an insecure, unstable woman to conjure for herself a transgender child. With a transgender "daughter" by her side, she will be catapulted into a new life via social media. After life as a wallflower, she will finally be popular

WHEN HE FINALLY COMES HOME FROM HELL, HE KNOWS HE CAN TRUST CUCK OPERATOR COFFEE TO KEEP HIM, HIS WIFE AND HER BOYFRIEND ENERGISED, ALERT AND ALWAYS ON TOP OF THEIR GAME.
C O
C K

and adored, showered with affirmation, likes, and compliments like "you're so brave" and "wow, what a super mom." There is no other way for her to generate this level of deep societal acceptance—and love for herself. So, Timmy puts the dress on, the likes roll in, and his mom is hooked on dopamine hits. Is Timmy truly transgender? Or is his mother making up a fake condition for status?

We will never know, and once Timmy is Tammy, it's too late.

I once witnessed a conversation at an extremely progressive, monied preschool between the Mommy-and-Me teacher (a middle-aged white Boomer who wore nothing but Indian saris and fancied herself some sort of enlightened child guru) and a young mother. The mother told the teacher that a preschool boy she knew had asked to try on an item of girls' clothing. The young woman's face glowed as she spoke, like she was announcing the Second Coming of Christ (that news would not have been welcome, I'm sure). The teacher's face lit up with a beatific glow. True enlightenment had been reached by both women; their hard work had paid off. They had tears of joy on their faces as they held each other. Powerful waves of estrogen-induced spiritual ecstasy emanated from their bodies; I was nearly blown over by its force.

When these boy-destroying women are married, it is usually to feckless "male feminists." These are husbands in name only. They behave like submissives caught in the grip of suburban dominatrixes who crack the whip, wear the pants, and rule the roost. She is the queen in her castle, and he is but her lowly jester.

You probably know a few couples like this. There was a little boy at another preschool with parents like this. At some point, the parents divorced (shocker), and almost immediately after the dad moved out, the mother proudly started posting photos on Instagram of her little boy (age four) wearing clip-on earrings. I watched as thousands of people liked her post, posting hearts and flowers and rainbows in honor of her poor little boy's "bravery."

Folks, it's not bravery when your mother makes you do it.

Forcing little boys to temper their own masculine impulses and (sometimes *literally*) neuter themselves to please overbearing, insecure mothers is just old-fashioned child abuse in rainbow-glittery drag. Isn't this what the movie *Psycho* tried to warn us about? It features a boy, raised by a domineering woman ("Mother"), and the boy grows up to dress like a woman.

I wouldn't be surprised if *Psycho* is soon shown to children as a feel-good, trans-affirming mother-son love story.

## Feminizing Men

Men are getting curb-stomped from birth by woke feminists: their mothers, their teachers, their professors, their bosses, their wives, and the culture at large. But there is also another factor causing the "shrinkage" of male power and dominance in American society: falling testosterone levels and cratering male fertility.

Why are more men low T, as they say? Why are sperm counts crashing? Were these guys forced to watch too much *Dora the Explorer* and *Blue's Clues* as children? What is causing the collapse not just of masculinity, but biological *maleness* itself?

Scientists cite a range of diet and health issues to explain this problem. Poor diets with too much soy and seed oils (proven to lower testosterone and even shrink testicles), being overweight (fat cells lower testosterone), and guzzling all those "xenoestrogens" in our food and water supply. These are artificial female hormones that have built up in the environment thanks to sixty-plus years of chemical birth control in urine being flushed into the water supply. This estrogen-infused water is used to grow crops, feed farm animals, and fill your baby's bathtub.

It's the circle of life: birth control pills your mother took to try to prevent your birth will, in a wild plot twist, render you incapable of having her grandchildren.

Our boy babies are literally swimming in a toxic environmental stew of feminizing chemicals from birth. It's no wonder so many boys grow up to be man-boobed Marvel superfans.

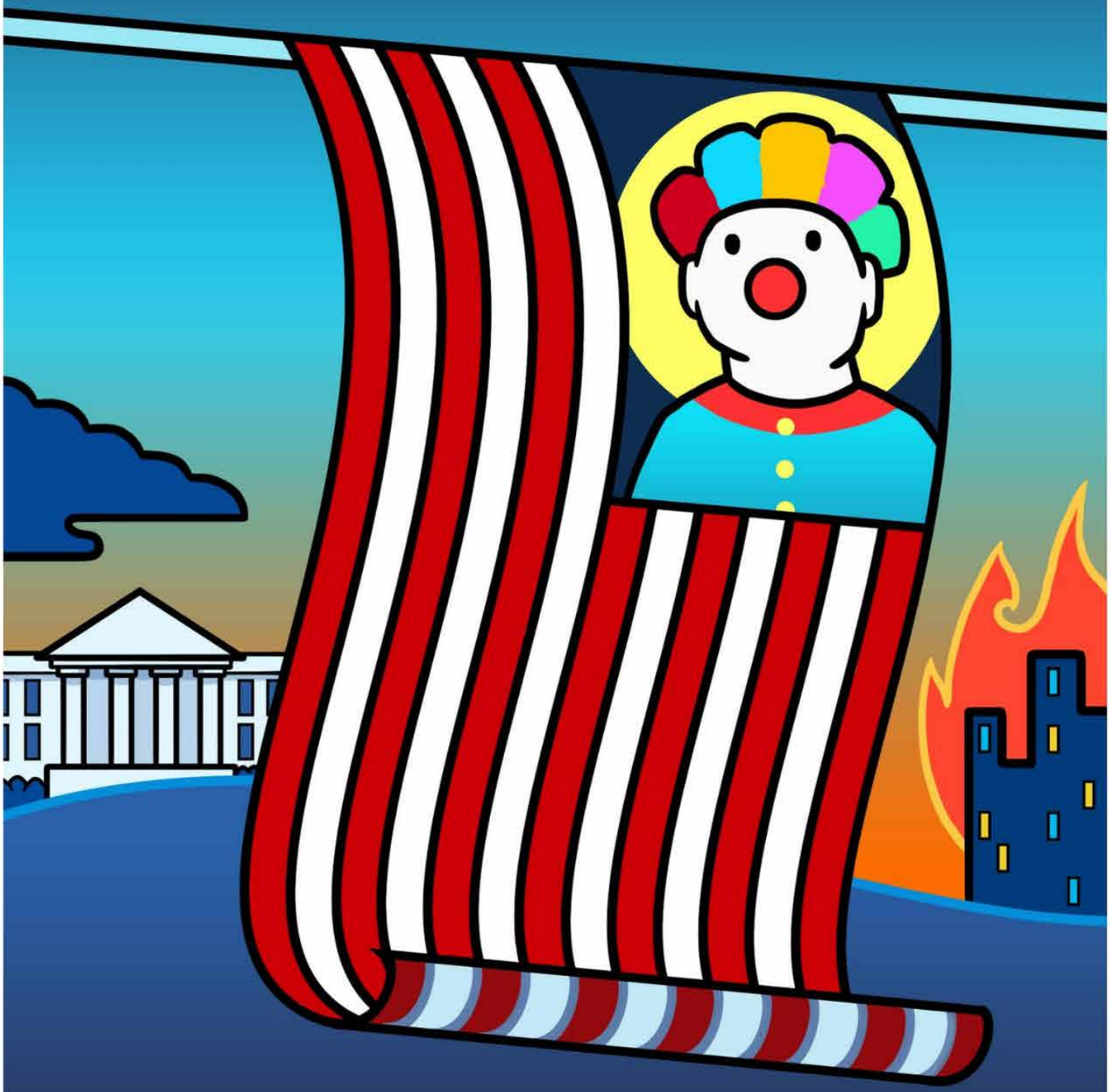
There is another obvious reason behind the testosterone shortage in American society: feminism itself! Scientists—trust science, remember!—recently *proved* what I always suspected: male feminists have much higher rates of erectile dysfunction. "Feminist-identified men were substantially more likely to report EDM [erectile dysfunction medicine] use than non-feminist men, even after controlling for alcohol use before sex, erection difficulties, sexual arousal, sexual health, mental health, and physical health."

As a Christian, I must remember not to laugh at people suffering from tragic medical conditions caused by feminism.

The experts behind the study noted that they were mystified as to the reason why male feminists can't achieve erections. "One explanation is that

# THE CLOWNING OF AMERICA

## Woke Capital, Con Inc, and Meme Culture



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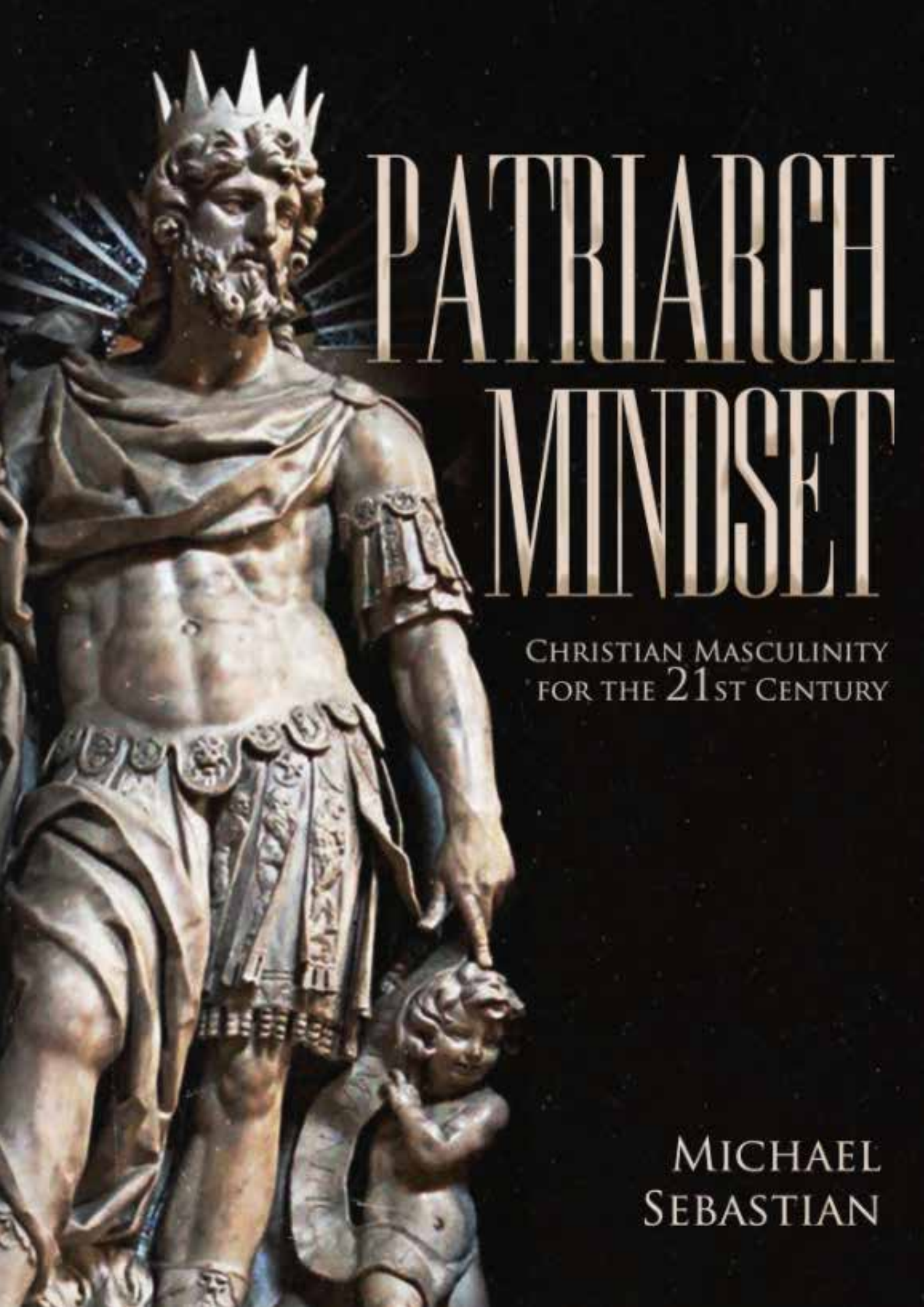


# PATRIARCH MINDSET

## Christian Masculinity for the 21st Century

Michael Sebastian

feminist men may use EDM to bolster their masculinity when it is otherwise threatened by their identification as feminist."

Okay, I mean it, stop laughing.

Allow me to offer my own rigorous scientific explanation for why male feminists cannot become aroused by their feminist girlfriends: it's because *they have feminist girlfriends*.

Have you ever *seen* a feminist? Are you telling me those shrill, pasty women with shaved heads and hairy pits and unshaven legs, who proclaim on your first date at the Ruth Bader Ginsberg biopic that they'd abort your baby and never tell you about it—are you telling me those alluring sex goddesses are *unattractive* to straight men? Incapable of arousing even the most liberal-minded male ally?

The rigid, rock-hard truth is that no matter what the hapless, hollow-chested male feminist does or says, no matter how many *I'm With Her* bumper sticker he slaps on his Prius, no matter how many plant-based soy drinks he sips, no matter how many Lizzo songs he forces himself to listen to, no matter how many sympathetic menstrual cramps he pretends to have when his *grrrrlfriend* is on her period—he will never be able to eradicate his God-given, hardwired, natural attraction to… *feminine-looking women*.

The male feminist's plight is tragic. It's Shakespearean. It's like the Gift of the Magi: his love of feminist women has rendered him incapable of expressing his love for them. Pray for this poor "man" who has been psychologically tormented to the point of impotence and permanently gelded by Girl Power.

Maybe this is why feminist women feel so safe with male allies—they know these guys will never bust a move.

## Enslaved by Smut

There's one more force that is perhaps the most potent man-killer of all. It destroys teenage boys' minds, damages grown men's ability to form healthy relationships with women, and yes, lowers testosterone. Writer Pascal-Emmanuel Gobry published a mind-blowing report on how pornography permanently alters the developing male brain, and it is terrifying.

Most boys first encounter porn at age eleven on their "smart" phones, and thus begins a lifelong love affair with trafficked sex slaves on their screens.

Pornography is not only highly deformative to the male psyche–it's also one of the most addictive substances on Earth. It does all sorts of awful things to your brain and makes permanent changes to your cortex. It has basically the same effect as a meth addiction and is just as hard to quit. It's well documented that pornographic stimulus quickly loses its ability to excite the viewer, so he or she is forced to seek ever more extreme or taboo content. Like drugs, the porn user needs a bigger hit to get the same high.

At the end of this descent into the abyss await truly demonic horrors like sissy porn (where straight men are subjected to "forced feminization" sadism), torture porn, and then, the final circle of Hell: kiddie porn. Pornography is not a harmless way to satisfy urges when you're alone. It is truly a portal to selling your soul to the devil—for both the performers and the consumers.

OnlyFans is a wildly popular website where young women post lewd videos of themselves for paying fans, and then brag on social media about all the money they've made. It's billed as female empowerment and financial independence to young, poverty-stricken college-age girls. I even saw a video of a young man recruiting OnlyFans girls at a *college job fair*. The important thing is to get young women *working* early—who cares if it involves stripping on the internet? Men get to take advantage of these poor, deluded girls and enjoy the whole Girlfriend Experience—except you are alone in the dark in your filthy apartment. Sexy!

Could anything be more demeaning to men *and* women? OnlyFans turns users into pathetic homunculi, caged eunuchs, and neutered voyeurs. This is not a habit or a hobby or a fun way to relax after work—it is a sickness that will slowly devour your masculinity and your humanity.

I briefly considered lowering myself into the septic tank and making an OnlyFans account to conduct some research. For *research* purposes, okay? After all, maybe OnlyFans has a bad rap. Maybe it really *is* empowering for young, double-D cup women! But then I remembered the time I watched *The Exorcist* and couldn't be alone in a dark room for a year without feeling an overwhelming sense of dread. If I innocently browsed OnlyFans, would I be forever haunted by images of busty ex-baristas wearing fluffy pink kitten ears and asking me to send them five dollars a month? I cast you out, unclean spirits!

If you have been caught in the web cast by these cheap online strippers, it's never too late to quit. The male sex drive is not necessarily the problem here. God knew what he was doing when he invented it. It had to be utterly invincible, or it could never have

kept the genetic line going through natural disasters, plagues, famines, fights with the neighboring cave, extinction bottlenecks, and smelly cave chicks who didn't own perfume, razors, or toothbrushes.

The tireless male libido, along with the equally mighty maternal instinct, has saved humanity's skin many times over the eons. Now their libido and latent masculine energy is weaponized against them. The pornography industry is monetizing their "horniness" and turning them into return customers and helpless addicts. The male sex drive is being diverted away from real relationships with live women towards a spiritual, romantic, and genetic dead end. Men's healthy instincts are driving them right over the edge and into a blighted abyss.

It's sadly out of fashion now, but there is a very good and smart reason for the ancient chivalric virtue of chastity. When you're a young chaste male, you are *much* more likely to lock down a nubile and willing bride when you're young—and then get her alone, fast. It's an excellent system for the modern young man to adopt. It can save you from the ugliness that your natural urges may lead you toward.

You must resist, or else you risk transforming into a pale wraith alone in the flickering screen light, covered in lotion, your shorts around your ankles, awash in shame. If you drop dead mid-session, that is how they will find you. Is this how you wish to spend your precious time on this planet? Rejecting porn is real masculine power—and the timeless way of great men. But beware: living a porn-free life makes progressives and feminists angry! How dare you stop looking at porn! Are you some sort of…domestic extremist?

Just look at the reaction to the popular "No Fap" movement. It started on the right but has taken off in online circles everywhere. ("Fap" is slang for "masturbate"). "No Fap" is a movement and a support group for young men trying to abstain from pornography. Feminists, predictably, accuse these men of believing in the "pseudoscience" behind abstention. NoFappers are accused of being Christian fundamentalists, misogynists, and even racists (!). You know feminism is completely fake when men who choose *not* to interact with pornography are vilified. Real male feminists spend at least eight hours a day supporting sex workers—by watching them get abused on camera.

In college, I was forced to write English papers about the oppressive "male gaze." Now, if you aren't addicted to gazing at exploited females all day, you are literally a white supremacist. In a neat trick, the oppressed and the oppressor have changed places. "The Male Gaze: Why It's a Good Thing, Actually."

## Make Men Great Again

Our civilization hangs in the balance. We desperately need men to be great again. To woo women again. To form families again. To assert themselves as patriarchs. No, not the tyrannical patriarchs that feminists have wet dreams about "smashing." I mean wise paterfamilias who act as the loving and devoted heads of their own little kingdoms. The other day, I found an old Mickey Mouse ear hat from our local Magic Kingdom buried in a box of kid dress-ups. My husband had had it personalized with his first name at the park: "Dad." Is there any better crown for a family's king?

Humanity requires strong men who are attracted to fertile women, successfully entice them into marriage, and vow to spend their lives protecting them and their offspring. Some of you are out there, doing the work, being good men, and raising good boys. I applaud you. I'm doing my part, too. My husband and I are doing our best to raise boys who will become men like this. There is a scarcity of role models for them in the wider world.

Teenage boys can't exactly model themselves after the Gigachad meme guy. The ephebic pop stars Harry Styles and Lil Nas comically appear on the cover of men's magazines modeling ball gowns, feather boas, and nail polish. Social media influencer Andrew Tate captivated young men with his counterculture, anti-feminist assertions of crude, uncut machismo, and was summarily deleted from the Internet. Elon Musk is a hero for speaking about the fertility crisis, but he is not exactly a poster boy for monogamous pair breeding. He's doing his part to save the world—one baby mama at a time.

How can a young boy learn to be a man when his father is either M.I.A., or changes his name to "Mia"? Yes, there are wonderful, quiet heroes all over America raising their sons to be normal men with their body parts and hormone levels intact, their minds uncontaminated by progressive viruses, but they toil in obscurity. There are countless other examples of brave "toxic males" coming to the rescue during natural disasters, carrying women and toddlers to safety through waist-deep floodwaters, rescuing babies from burning buildings, and, perhaps most courageously, remaining loyal to their wives and families.

There are a few simple things men can do to reclaim their latent powers. For example, stop dressing like six-year-olds. Stop projecting mental

infantilization when you go out in public. Take off the cargo jorts and put on a well-fitting pair of pants. Project masculine power instead, and watch the world react accordingly.

I asked a few likeminded fellas to tell me what they think has gone wrong with modern men. Their responses are enlightening:

"I've been watching old *Miami Vice* episodes and it is making me think about men. Part of what men have lost is swagger. The ability to walk around like kings. The vibe a real man projects is, 'stay the f*ck out of my way, I am a man and there might be something dangerous about me. Perhaps not physically dangerous. Perhaps I will buy and sell you, perhaps I will mog you with my comfortable life, but I am going somewhere that doesn't concern you and I advise you to stay out of my way right now.'"

"A man must live above the world. 'I need a table inside for four. You will give it to me, now.' A man is constantly sending out Jedi mind tricks."

"A culture is largely defined by what is in in that culture that only men do."

Well, I guess masculinity is not dead yet! There used to be a deodorant commercial in the eighties and the tagline was "never let them see you sweat." That would be a good masculine ethos to bring back. In times of grave peril, everyone will look for the one guy who is not panicking, who is calmly directing people to the exits. Be that guy.

Perhaps more than anything else, our masculinity crisis is a crisis of *confidence*. We need to stop telling our boys, "It's okay to cry and wear a dress," and instead start telling them, "It's okay to be strong and act brave, even when you're scared." One reason the story of United Flight 93 has become legend is because of the incredibly brave actions of four normal American guys: Jeremy Glick, Todd Beamer, Mark Bingham, and Tom Burnett. They gathered a team, said a prayer, and stormed a cockpit filled with armed terrorists during a hijacking, in midair, with no weapons other than their fists.

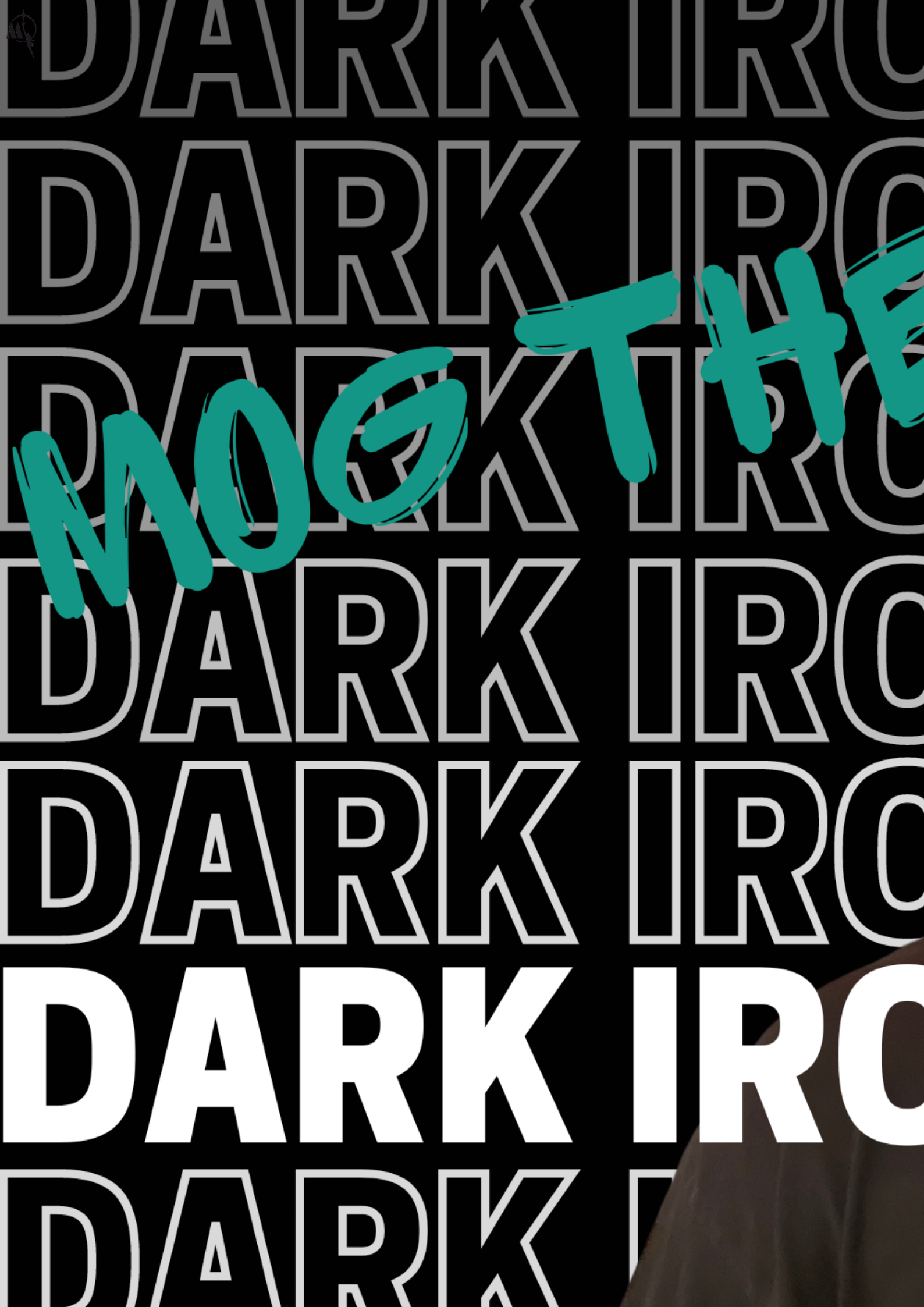
If that flight had been full of squishy male feminist allies headed to an abortion rally, they would have remained seated until the plane crashed.

I am not exaggerating when I say that the survival of the species depends on getting masculinity back on track. Are you man enough to save humanity from itself? If you are reading this, chances are, you and your sons are gonna make it.

*Peachy Keenan is a writer, editor, and mother living deep behind enemy lines. Peachy gave up a career writing for corporate behemoths so she could devote herself to her family, post on Twitter, and let her freak flag fly as Contributing Editor for The American Mind, a publication of The Claremont Institute.*

*She identifies as a husbosexual, which means she is only attracted to people who identify as her husband.*

*Find her on Twitter @keenanpeachy.com. Read more at peachykeenan.substack.com.*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MAN'S WORLD
ON GAINS
THE MAN'S WORLD INTERVIEW
with Gustavo Pierre

*Censorious technocratic elites may have banned Raw Egg Nationalist from Instagram, but there are a few remaining laughs to be had on the platform. One of the great meme accounts of the modern era, Dark Iron Gains has been a leader in establishing the "schizo-lifting" subculture, shepherding online fitness memes to a stranger land, where bloatlords are worshipped, skinwalkers infest the gyms, and every woman is a mirage (*wipes tear*).*

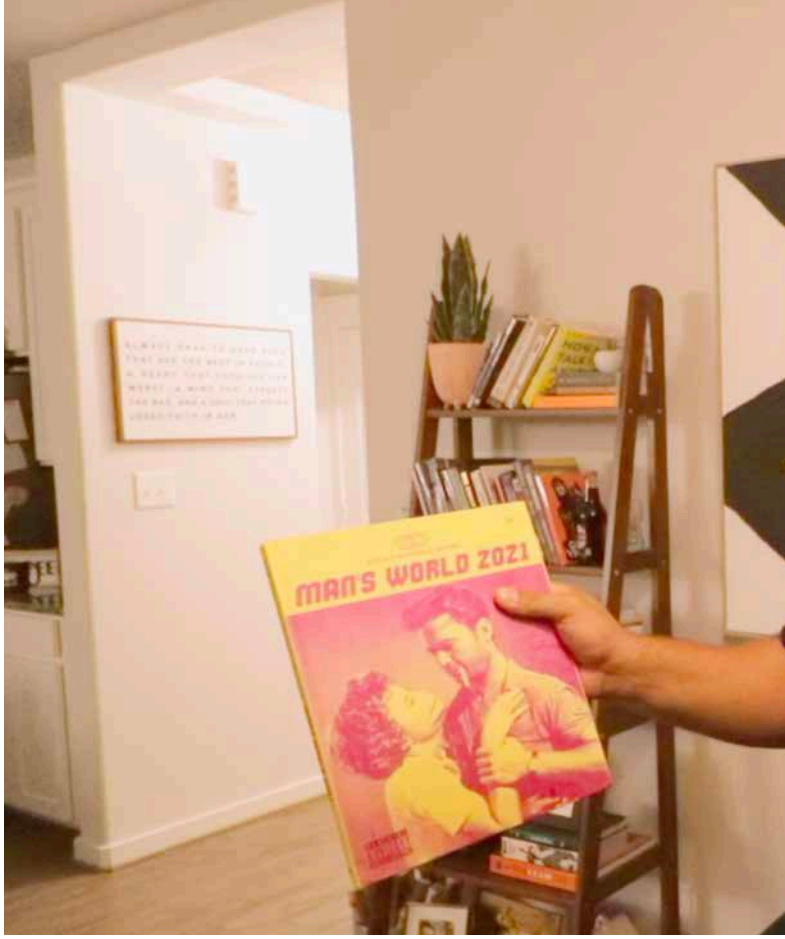
*Earlier this year, in April, Countere Magazine released a documentary on YouTube about Dark Iron Gains and the schizo-lifting movement, MOG THE WORLD: The Story of Dark Iron Gains. The director, Zachary Emmanuel, traveled to Houston and spent several days with Mr. Iron Gains, as he mogged Planet Fitness, practiced with his "liftercore" band 10SCOOPS, and got a tattoo of the axe from the cover of Mike Ma's Gothic Violence. The documentary, filmed by Elijah Caballero and co-edited by Tanzanian Wojak, also explores other meme accounts in the Dark Iron universe, such as @deadlift_inside, @basedarchives, @schizo_lifter2.0, and more.*

*When asked for comment on the documentary, Emmanuel said, "What I thought was most interesting is that many these 'schizo-lifting' meme accounts had incredibly chaotic presences online, but in real life, they were completely Chad. Dudes in their 20s who have careers, own their home(s), have positive long-term relationships, aren't addicted to drugs, and are physically strong and healthy. I hope the documentary shows the reason why so many young people share Dark Iron Gains memes: they are a light in a humorless world which too often seeks to shame and weaken."*

*We spoke to Dark Iron Gains about schizo-lifting, modern man's biggest problem, and his message to Man's World readers. @dark_iron_gains currently sits at 160k followers, but nothing is guaranteed online: make sure you follow his backup @iron_gains as well!*

**Thanks for speaking to Man's World, Dark Iron Gains. Can you tell us about the filming of the documentary MOG THE WORLD: The Story of Dark Iron Gains?**

The filming of the documentary was a great experience. I was worried at first that maybe Zach would be bored just because my life is usually pretty straightforward (eat, work, lift, repeat). It didn't help that I was insanely sick the week before. Pretty sure I had a bad flu, or maybe even the ever-dreaded Omicron covid variant (assuming they aren't one and the same👀).




I had lost like 12 pounds in 2 weeks, terrible stuff, but I made it a point to power through it and do as much for the film as we could with the little bit of time we had together. All in all, it was a blast!

**What has the reception been like for the doc?**

Since the doc dropped, I've been getting DMs weekly about certain parts of the doc. People really enjoyed the Planet Shitness mogging scene and the 10SCOOPS footage. Overall reception has been awesome. It was a humbling experience to see how many people support this type of content.

**How would you define the "schizo-lifting" movement that the doc covers?**

So for me, I've never really looked at it as "schizo-lifting" as much as I've seen it as more of an esoteric approach to gym content. It's a strange mixture of absurdity, motivation, and previously established lore that fitness content hasn't really touched on before. I try not to make too much sense of it so I don't lose the creativity.

**Where does the phrase "MOG THE WORLD" come from, and what does it mean to you?**

I'm not 100% sure where MOG THE WORLD came from, but it is definitely a phrase that resonates with

me. It's an affirmation to all lifters that encourages them to continue to lift and make progress regardless of what the current culture is. To do your own thing and build on your own principles and standards, and to not let anyone tell you otherwise.

**Why is your name DARK IRON GAINS?**

It actually originated from a Facebook group that me and some friends had back in like 2015. It was something along the lines of "Dark Iron Chains." I decided to make an IG with the same name and repost memes from the Facebook group. One of my friends asked about it and got the name wrong, calling it "Dark Iron Gains". I thought that was a way better name so I changed it and after that it stuck. I initially dropped the page after a few months of posting inconsistently but returned years later and decided to only post OC and collabs with other meme accounts.

**Why are lifters the most oppressed race??**

We are the light of the world and big-tech theater kids fear us….

**In one of the final scenes of the doc, @deadlift_inside says "This is just the beginning for Dark Iron Gains." What did he mean by this?**

We have a big surprise planned… Let's just say, it's going to be a BANGER! Bwahahaha.

**Who are some of your all-time favorite bodybuilders?**

Dave Draper, Kevin Levrone, Jay Cutler, Ronnie Coleman (of course), and more recently Nick Walker. There's many others, but those are the main ones. And as an added bonus, he's not a bodybuilder but Roger Estep –dude had an amazing physique for a power lifter.

**What is the biggest issue facing modern men today?**

There's a few: I think one of the biggest issues is lack of purpose and drive. That coupled with terrible eating habits and media consumption has caused culture to adopt self-loathing and self-destructive attitudes.

**What are some books you recommend for men?**

*Undisputed Truth: My Autobiography* by Mike Tyson
*Hard-Core: Life of My Own* by Harley Flanagan
*Insanity: My Mad Life* by Charles Bronson
*Masculinity Amidst Madness* by Ryan Landrys
*Brother Iron, Sister Steel* by Dave Draper
*Yeah Buddy! My Incredible Story* by Ronnie Coleman
*Sun and Steel* by Yukio Mishima

All of those are incredible books full of insight and lessons learned from real-life experience. NOT THAT JUSTIN BIEBER CR*P!

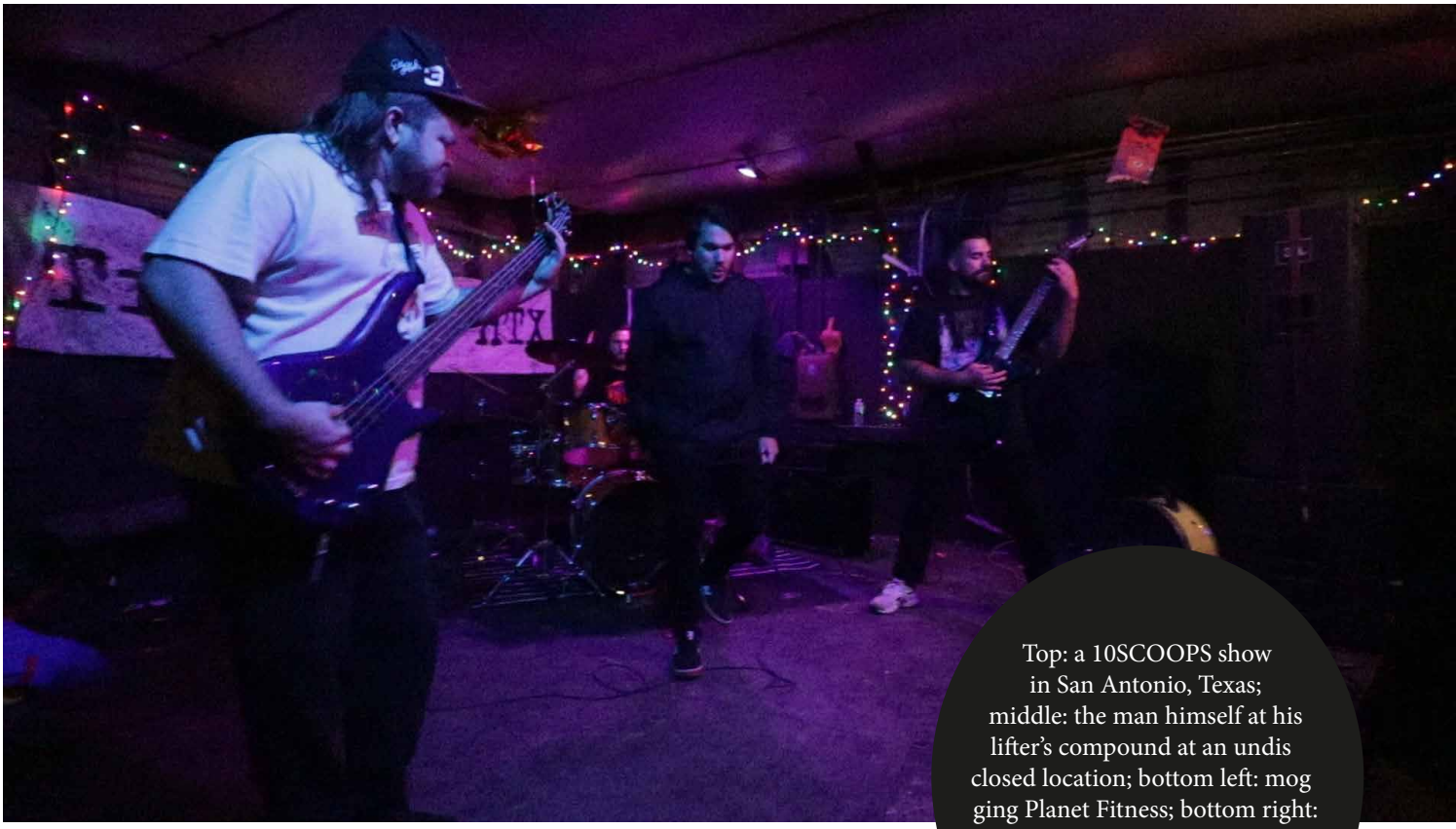
**Do you consider yourself a raw egg nationalist?**

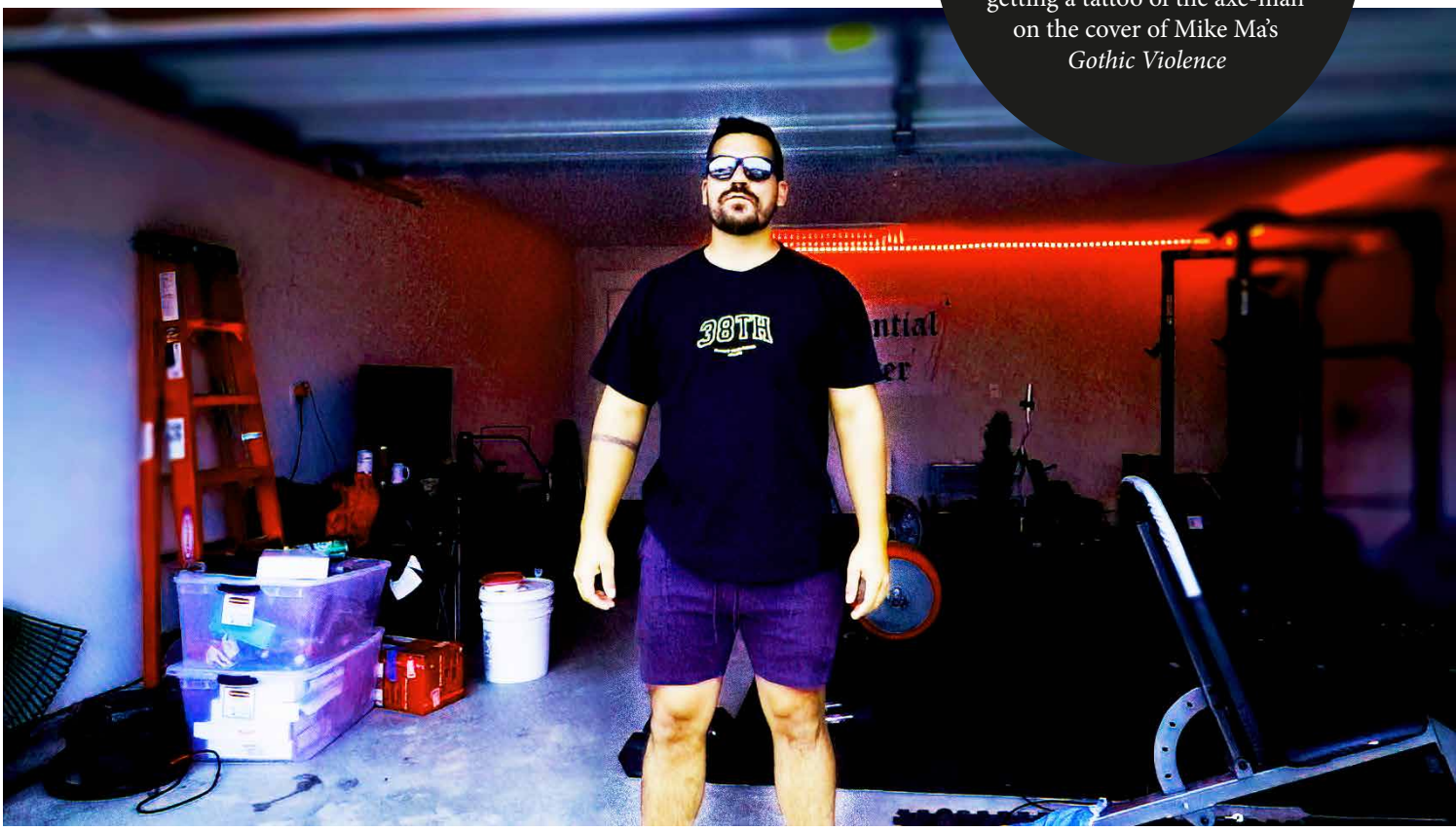
INDEED I DO 😈😈

**Can you give us a message for MAN'S WORLD readers?**

Train intensely, train consistently, focus on real life. Get out into the world, meet people, spend time in the sun. Stay consistent and focused, don't fall for ideologies but form your own standards and principles, LFGG CMONN ☝️😤

*Go follow Dark Iron Gains on Instagram now (@dark_iron_gains).*





Top: a 10SCOOPS show in San Antonio, Texas; middle: the man himself at his lifter's compound at an undisclosed location; bottom left: mogging Planet Fitness; bottom right: getting a tattoo of the axe-man on the cover of Mike Ma's *Gothic Violence*

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**In this exclusive short story for MAN'S WORLD, ALDIA (@aldiaskeep) introduces us to Mackey, a man who refuses to do himself any favours when it comes to the opposite sex...**

My friends say Mackey is utterly repulsive. He's blind in one eye and has the worst hairline I've ever seen, but he can bench 275 and has a great sense of humor. I see where they're coming from – I do – but all together, I don't think the man's too bad.

Last December, I'm busy with work and don't see much of anyone that month other than my girlfriend, Lys. On New Year's Day, my friend Fay throws a little get-together at her place, and I'm happy to see everyone again. My buddy Julian is there and a couple of Fay's coworkers too, as well as a garish creature I barely recognize as Mackey.

He's wearing blue mascara and earrings with little plastic devils; knee-high boots and designer jeans that look like dishrags; and a kimono shirt, printed with koi fish and Japanese characters. I ask Mackey what the Japanese get-up is for, and he gives me a knowing smile. I realize the shirt is a very old in-joke among our friends. The joke, I will add, is easy to explain but won't be funny to anyone but us. Lys and Julian think the shirt, and the joke, will be a good conversation starter. Fay even says to Mackey, "you look hot, you look good."

Mackey tells me a few girls have already commented on his mascara. I want to comment that none of those girls are dating him, and I want to tell him the shirt will *not* be funny when he explains it to his date. I want to tell him what Lys, Fay, and Julian *really* think of his looks—and I want to rip off all of Mackey's clothes.

Now that's a thought I never thought I'd have.

***

One day, Mackey drops a picture of himself in the group chat. He's cock-eyed and sticking his tongue out, wearing his kanji shirt and the pair of devil earrings.

*on my way to another tinder date*, he says below the photo. *wish me luck*

Then the supplicants come in their blubbering hordes.

*ur gonna kill it. show of that big dick energy*, Fay says.

*you don't need any luck. you gots it*, my girlfriend says.

Julian adds on too. *my mans, she'd be an idiot not to date you.*

Naturally, Mackey never sees that girl again, nor any girl this month. But in all these photos, he looks undeniably happy, so should I really be so upset?

***

A couple weeks later, everyone but me is at some dive bar next to Fay's place. I get a blurry selfie of my girlfriend and Mackey. He has his arms wrapped around her, his mascara's running down his face like a clown doused with a bucket of water. It's no surprise he's crying. This is what you get for dressing like that. I laugh, until white-hot pain shoots up from my knee to my spine.

I'm baffled. I've felt pity before, but I don't remember it being *excruciating*. Maybe this is real pity. Not self-pity or the media-enforced pity you feel hearing about a famine a thousand miles away. I'm a little disgusted with myself for having laughed, but I certainly got what I deserved. I just don't want to feel that again.

So I give Lys a call. She's in a noisy corner of the bar and says Mackey's drunk and been hugging her all night. I hear him moaning in the background, "I'm so lonely, I'm so lonely…"

The nerves in my leg and back are tingling. I go off on Lys. "Okay, give the man a hug or two, yes, definitely. But Christ alive, that guy needs to stop wearing mascara and get rid of that fucking shirt! I know that joke means a lot to him… but it's not funny. It's not funny anymore, you need to tell him that. You can't laugh when he brings it up either, not even a little bit. I swear to God, Mackey is a good guy, he's not bad looking either. He lifts too! This isn't rocket science, I'm no womanizer myself, but anyone can see what's wrong here. Tell Mackey to stop with this kimono bull-"

Lys interrupts me. She wants me to pick her up from the bar because Mackey's making her uncomfortable. I harangue Lys until she admits to being selfish and agrees to be there for Mackey, if only for one night. I tell her goodnight then hang up and go to bed, but the image of mascara running down Mackey's face keeps me up.

***

A week later, we're at another dive bar. It's the kind of place you go to when you want the scents and noises to fill your head and push the bad thoughts out. There's a pool table, which is great, because there aren't any women. This is Lys and Fay's favorite bar, because the drinks are cheap, and the gay men are harmless. Mackey's there too, in his Japanese shirt, along with Julian and a couple of Fay's coworkers. Fay, after one round of pool, goes outside to smoke and doesn't come back. My girlfriend ditches me to chat with Fay and her friend, so Mackey and I play some pool.

"There's not many girls here, are they?" Mackey says after sinking another shot.

I laugh. "You don't say…"

"I'll tell you, man. It's not easy as people tell you."

I can tell the liquor has loosened him up, so I ask, "What isn't easy?"

I can see he debates telling me. "Would you judge me if I said it isn't like the movies?"

"No, never," I say.

"You're a bad liar." He chuckles and tells me anyways. "I really did think I'd meet someone when I went back to school, but man – those girls!" He puts the pool stick across his shoulders. "I'd rather they just ignore me. The nice ones, I mean. Cos' they make you believe there's something good about yourself, deep down, like there's something they see in you that no one else does. But every time… they just… they always keep you an arm's length away! I can't figure them out, man!"

I'd have thought if Mackey knew this, he'd be a little better off.

After sinking another ball, he goes on a little more. "Fay is always telling me how the guys she goes out with put up such an act to get in her pants."

"Does it work?" I ask.

"No," Mackey says.

"So she tells you."

Mackey grinds the chalk on the end of his stick. "What I'm trying to say is: you have to be yourself. You've got to be real."

"And you've got to go to a bar with a woman," I say as I line up another shot.

Of course, when I miss it, Mackey laughs. "You've got less balls in tonight than you've had girlfriends."

There's that great sense of humor.

I lose all three games.

***

Hanging over the patio is a fine gray mélange of cigarette smoke, marijuana, and Jul vapor. If there isn't already a subsection in the Chemical Weapons Convention regarding this substance, someone, please,

**A week later, we're at another dive bar. It's the kind of place you go to when you want the scents and noises to fill your head and push the bad thoughts out**

put one in.

Mackey and I pass through the smog and sit down at the table with everyone else. Fay is handing a joint to my girlfriend, who nervously glances at me before declining and passing it to Julian. Fay's coworkers are already rolling another. They're thin, bag-eyed creatures, skin pocked from years of drug abuse. They're having a great time, telling us how they overdosed in the bathroom of a Tame Impala concert. In short, they are esteemed company.

Around one in the morning, this Mexican guy walks up to Mackey and says, "Hey, I love your mascara. I fuck with that so much." He's wearing a diaphanous pink scarf around his head, wrapped like a loose hijab. He doesn't quite have a lisp, but there's enough of one to tip me off.

His gay and Chicano accents clash.

"Oh, thanks, I did it in the car ten minutes before coming here," Mackey says. I can tell from the way he's talking, Mackey's wasted.

"Dude, it's good. Like, really good." The man in the scarf is stepping left and right, moving his hands up and down. Whatever he's on, it's strong, and I feel a deep, almost spiritual disharmony watching him gesticulate as he flirts with Mackey. "I like doing mine with the purple eyeliner sometimes, you know? It looks good at the club, you know?"

"I like your scarf!" my girlfriend says.

"Oh, thank you!" He does a pirouette. "I got it today at Goodwill…"

"Hey, man," I say to him. "Are you gay?"

My friends stop talking. Fay and Lys are mortified. Fay's coworkers and Julian are holding back laughter. Mackey looks somewhere in between, but I can't decipher his expression.

"Me?" The man in the scarf points a finger at himself. "No, ah, bro, I'm not into dudes…

Why? Are you?"

"Asking for my friend there," I say, surprised the man outright said no.

Maybe he's lying, maybe he *is* gay. I'm not so sure. I am, however, a hundred percent certain he'd suck a row of cocks for a baggie of PCP. Fay and her friends know it too. Fay's posture becomes withdrawn, turned away from the man in the scarf, trying to ignore him and trying harder to ignore what I said to him. She passes the joint to the friend of hers sitting furthest away from the outsider.

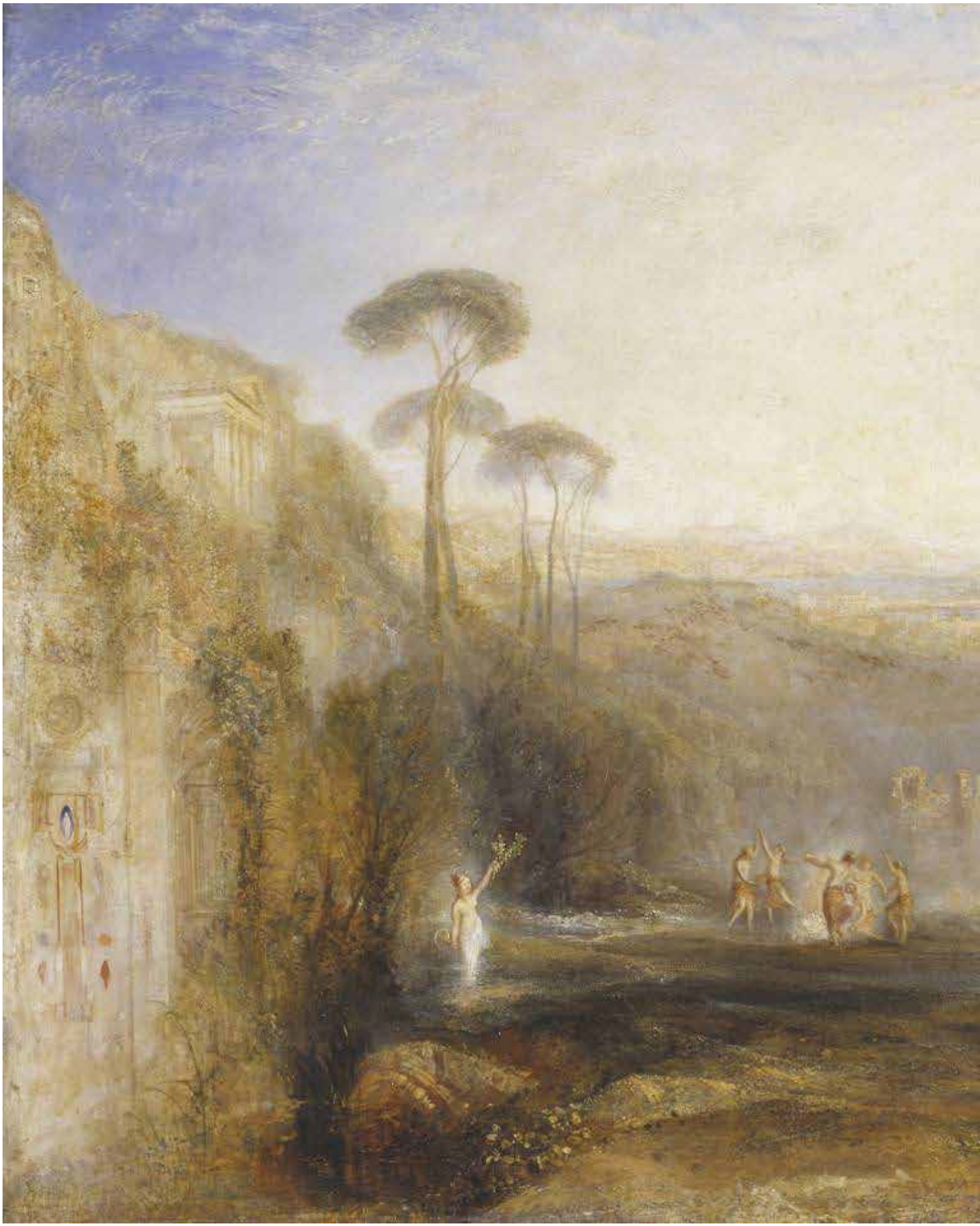
"I get it, I get it, it's cool, it's cool." The man in the scarf spins on the ball of his heel. "I fuck with gay people, though. I fuck with trans people too, you know? Trans rights, baby! If you don't believe in trans rights, get ready for these hands." He throws a few punches in the air above

Mackey's head. "I fuck with trans people, I fuck with everybody…"

"Hey, man, what're you on?" I ask, trying not to laugh, "And what would you do for more of it?"

His eyes go wide. "I'm not on anything… for real, dude… I'm high on life, baby… you know what I mean?"

Fay and her friends start talking loudly. It's a



# "The Golden Bough"
J.M.W. Turner, 1834

Oil on canvas
Tate Gallery, London

very specific, personal conversation that completely embargos the man in scarf from joining. When he leaves, it's business as usual, and Fay's friends—who've been telling stories about their near-death drug experiences all night— look at me and smile with their rotten heroin teeth.

I do my best to smile back at them, though I am feeling very depressed. All these friends of mine, Julian, Lys, Mackey, Fay – who all have Pride bumper stickers and rainbow flags on the walls of their rooms – say nothing as I expel the man in the pink hijab from our conversation with a joke about his sexuality. This is because, my friends, when their little urbanite ecosystem is disturbed, they don't care what the disturbance is or how it's removed. All that matters is that it's gone.

And when I talk to Mackey about his looks, *I* will be the man in the scarf. I'll be a disturbance to his happy little thoughts, and he'll want me removed from his happy little ecosystem.

I excuse myself from the table and leave the bar, deciding it's just not worth it.

***

That night, I'm up late thinking what to do about Mackey, going back and forth with myself: tell him, don't tell him… arguments, counterpoints… actions and consequences… It's five in the morning when a warm feeling of clarity washes over me and realize: I have no right to tell Mackey what's good for him. I'm not sure I know how to live my own life, so what right do I have to tell Mackey how to live his? This just isn't my fight—it's Mackey's, to win or to lose. He's a grown man and can help himself. I don't feel much better about this revelation, but at the very least, I can get some sleep.

***

It's been a few months since I stopped going to bars with the gang. Today, however, is Fay's birthday, so I want to be there for the festivities. The bar we're at is cheap, dirty, and full of ugly people. Fay, Mackey, and Julian commiserate they haven't found a soulmate amidst the wretches and freaks. I agree with them: not even *they* deserve the twisted lumps of flesh we're surrounded by tonight.

My advice to them is a ménage à trois. They are not amused. I'm shoo-ed away, so they ask Lys for advice instead. I'm laughing under my breath because I know they've never taken anyone's advice and never will. They've never lowered their standards: they don't go to bars with people their age. Their sexualities change from month to month, but always go for 7's, 8's, and 9's. They go to dive bars with pool tables and karaoke machines because that's their happy little ecosystem and they don't want it disturbed.

When I go back to the table, Mackey's there, sitting by himself. He's staring into the eye of his whiskey glass, looking at the very end of his rope. His shirt is open to his navel, he's got the devils on his ears tonight. And in the shadows of the bar, his mascara makes his eyes look like empty, black sockets.

I almost topple over. After all I did to eschew that feeling, here it is again. Surging up my leg, into my spine, and crashing into base of my skull. I get off my legs as quickly as I can, sitting at the barstool across from Mackey.

"Scene's kind of dead, isn't it?" I say making small talk.

"It's alright." There's a shot or two in him, but he's not that drunk.

"There're girls here, at least, but they're not really our age. Don't know if that matters to you. If you're just here to hang out with friends, it doesn't, but if you're trying to meet someone, well..."

"I'm trying to, yeah."

I see the tears forming. God, he really is trying.

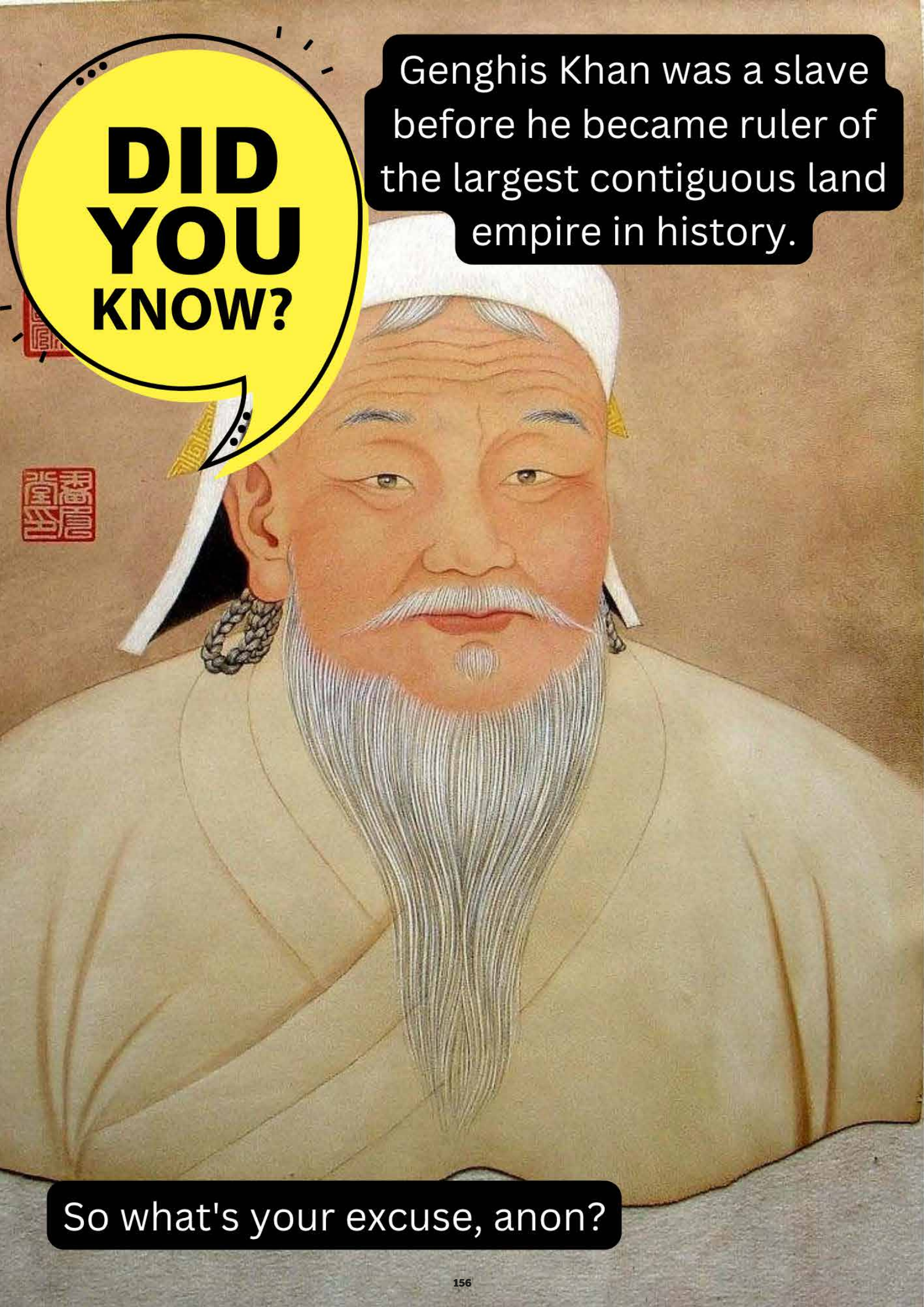
Truly, the things men do for women are disgraceful, and the things women abet men in doing are even more despicable. I've long since accepted I can't do anything about either. The only thing I have control over is myself, but it seems tonight I don't have even that.

"To be honest, Mackey, I don't know if this is the right look for meeting girls," I say. "The mascara, the earrings, the kimono shirt—that joke, Mackey… It's been *three years*, it's just not funny anymore. I know it means a lot to you, but what will it mean to her? At best, nothing. At worst, a reason not to give you a chance. Let me put this in perspective: Fay can sleep with you. Or she can sleep with a thirty-two-year-old salaryman who has expendable income, a Porsche on lease, and a two-bedroom apartment that's on the other side of town from her parents' house. You don't have *any* of that, so you better look the part." I wipe the sweat off my forehead. "Fay doesn't know what she's talking about. You can be as superficial as you want, but—at the very least—if you don't look like someone she wants to fuck, there's nothing you have your competition doesn't."

Mackey sits there—gapes at me—like a sheep before slaughter. Cross-eyed, staring straight down the barrel of a bolt gun. He nods and bats his clumpy eyelashes, but I'm not sure he registers what I'm saying in the English language.

"Let's go to a bar that has girls our age, eh?" I slap

Smile. You're on camera.


DID YOU KNOW?
Genghis Khan was a slave before he became ruler of the largest contiguous land empire in history.
So what's your excuse, anon?

him on the shoulder. "We'll dress up.

Jeans and a nice dress shirt. Back to basics."

Mackey bobs his head with shiny, marble eyes. Something about his very peaceful expression makes me extremely nervous, so I start talking faster.

"I'm not to trying to hurt you, man. You've got a lot going for you: you work out, that's a leg up on most guys – and you're funny. I got way too lucky with Lys, we've been together four years now. If I wasn't with her, I'd be in the same boat as you. God knows I'd consider all the possibilities!"

I swallow and stare back at Mackey, badly wanting him to respond. I want him to say or do something other than nod and blink. Mackey, for God's sake, say something. Tell me I'm wrong! Tell me I'm right, start crying, start yelling… Do something, but don't sit there and look like a sheep!

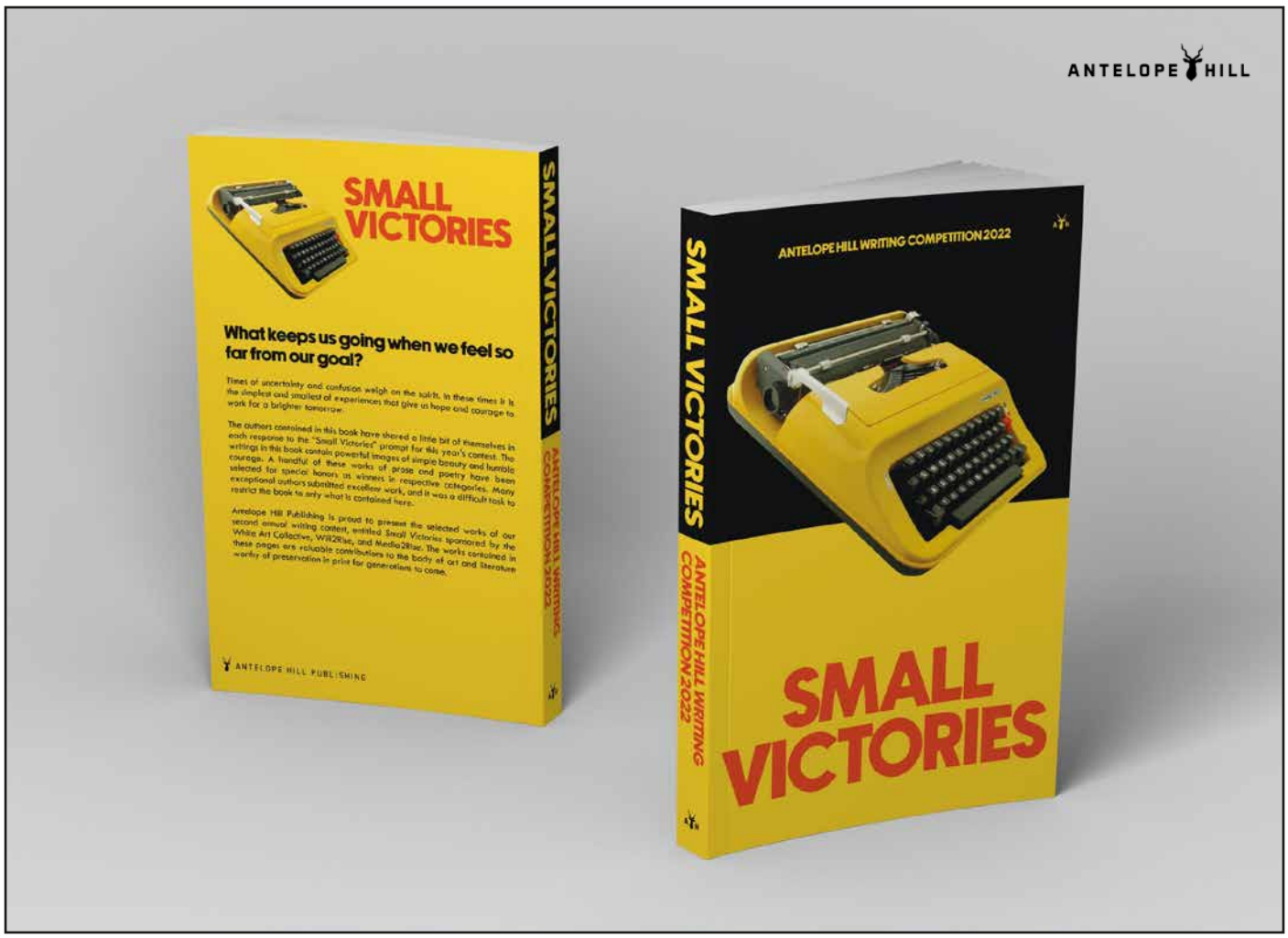
"So, yeah," I say. "Let's go out some time… okay? You, me, and couple other of the boys. Got it?"

"Yeah, got it," he says.

I spend the rest of the night dodging conversations and thinking about what I said, but the more I play the conversation back, the more the words and sentences change. I'm tempted with all the different things I could've said and the hundred possibilities one word less or one word more could've amounted to. There's the possibility Mackey thanks me and burns the shirt. There's the possibility Mackey burst into tears then burns the shirt. Then, of course, there's the possibility Mackey spits in my face, breaks his whiskey glass on my head, then walks out of the bar and burns the shirt.

***

It's a few weeks before I see Mackey again. One night, when everyone else is busy, he insists we go to a bar downtown to talk. I listen to what he has to say, say something supportive, and then I walk up to a couple of girls and ask if they want to get a drink with my buddy and me. They say, "Why not?" and join us at the bar. One of the girls asks Mackey about his shirt, so he tells them story, the full story, and when it's over, they *burst into hysterics*. Everyone in the bar – the pretty girls to the toothless addicts – all the wretches and freak are laughing. Mackey laughs so hard he cries; I tell him his mascara's running, and when he goes to the bathroom to fix it, I make sure to sit down before I start laughing too.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What keeps us going when we feel so far from our goal?
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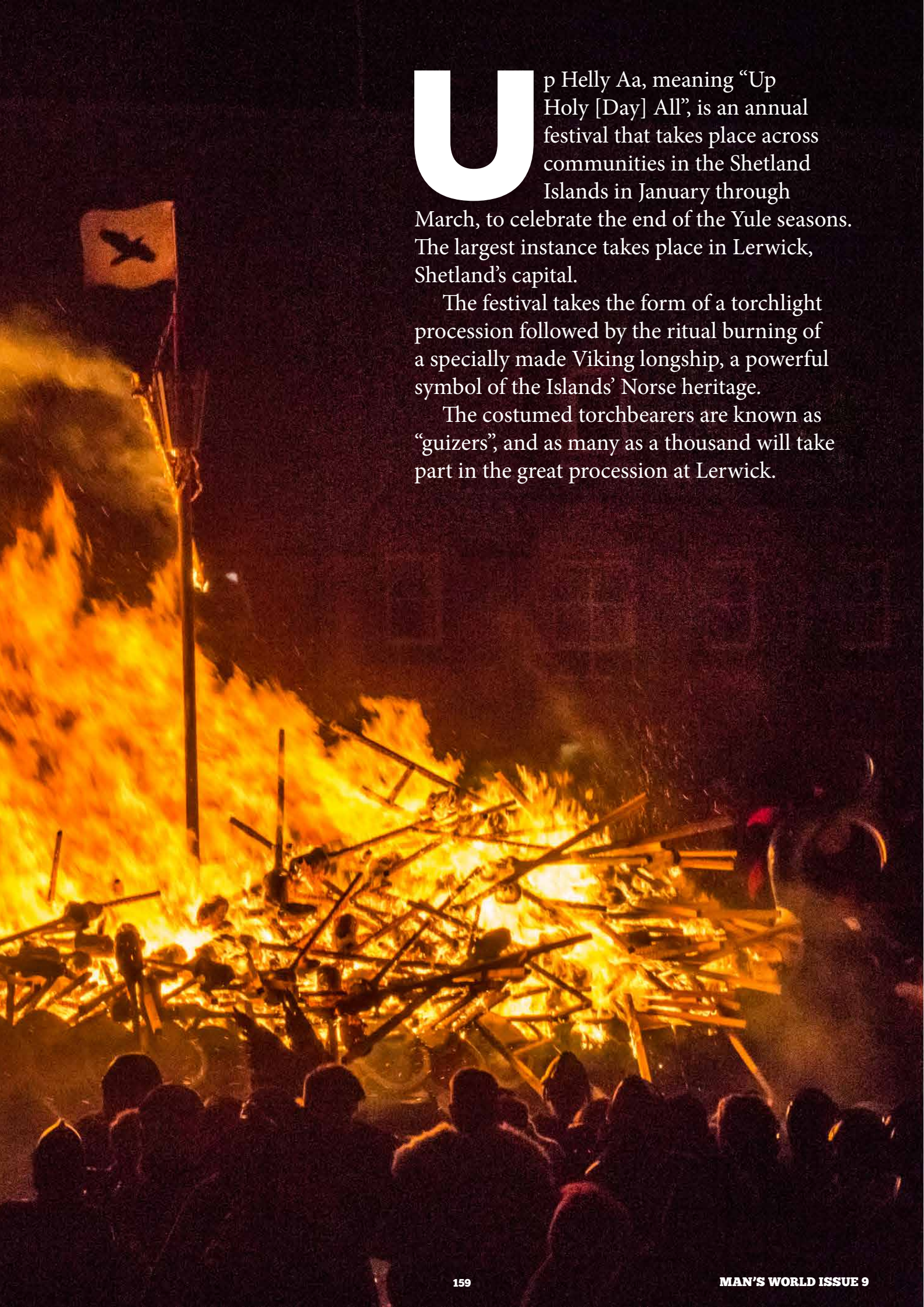
# MW EXPLORE!

## *Up Helly Aa, Shetland Islands, Scotland*



Up Helly Aa, meaning "Up Holy [Day] All", is an annual festival that takes place across communities in the Shetland Islands in January through March, to celebrate the end of the Yule seasons. The largest instance takes place in Lerwick, Shetland's capital.

The festival takes the form of a torchlight procession followed by the ritual burning of a specially made Viking longship, a powerful symbol of the Islands' Norse heritage.

The costumed torchbearers are known as "guizers", and as many as a thousand will take part in the great procession at Lerwick.

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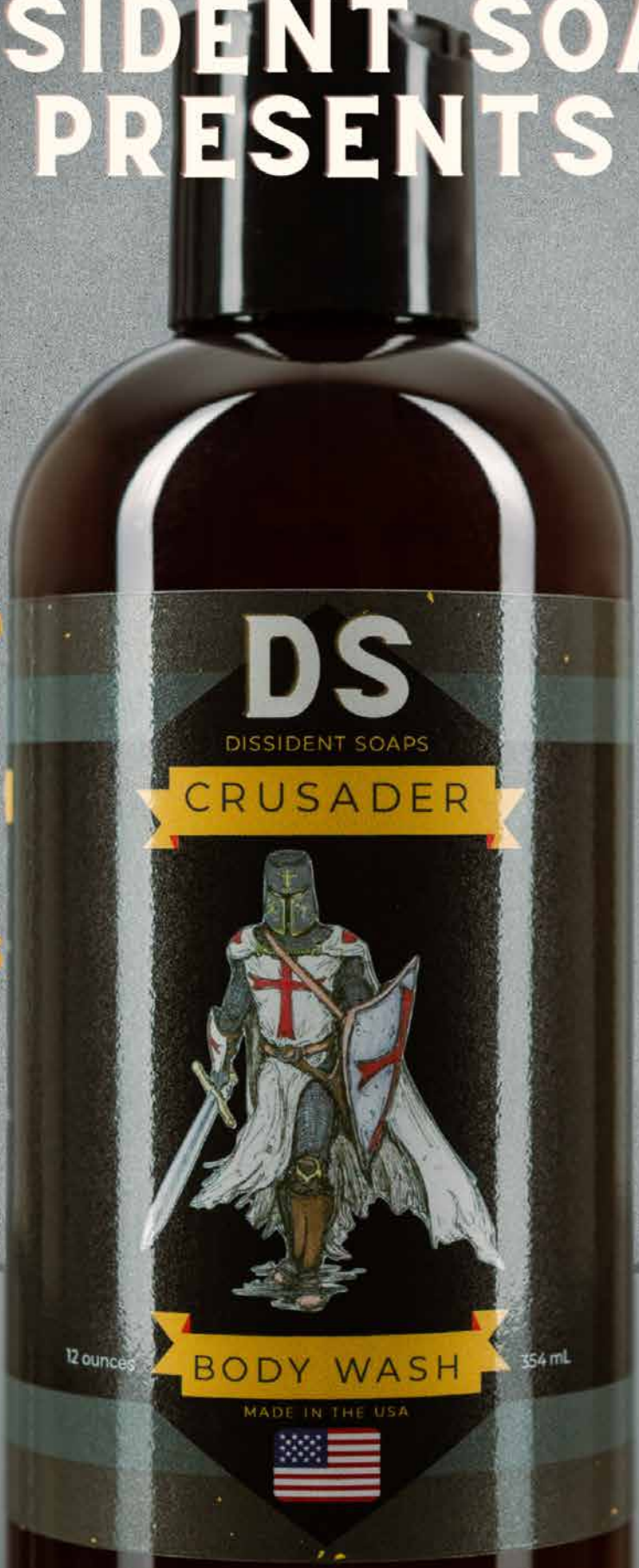


# ALL NATURAL BODY WASH

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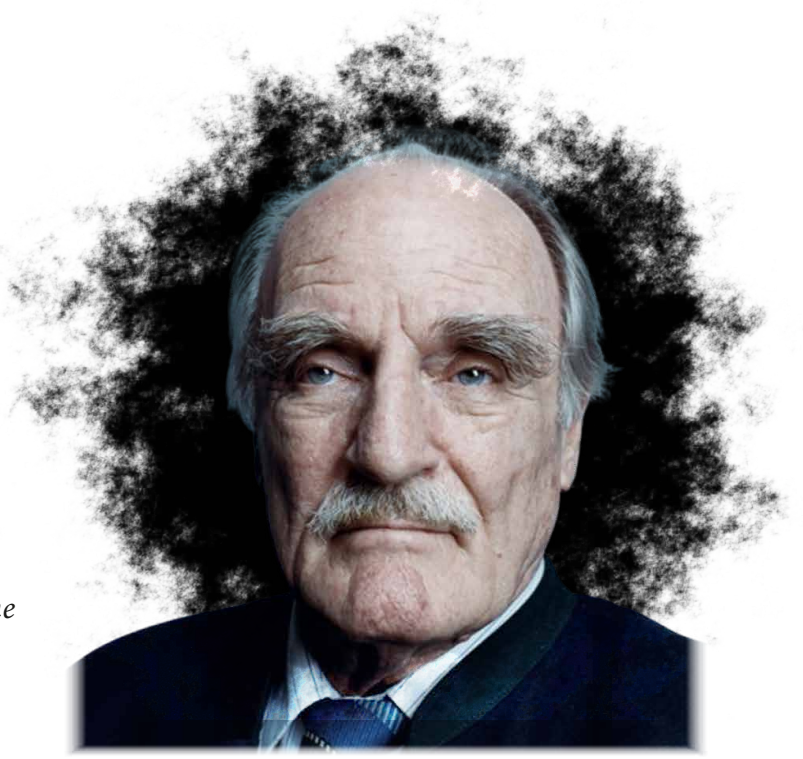
# Sugar-coated Blackpills

*literature*

by Pascal-Emmanuel Gobry



*Seven riders left the City at dusk, by the Western Gate, which no longer had guards…* Thus begins perhaps the bleakest, one of the most haunting novels by Jean Raspail. The opening sentence is also the title, although it is typically referred to as *Seven Riders* for short.

In the Anglosphere, Raspail is best known as the author of *The Camp of the Saints*, the prophetic novel that envisions France and Europe overrun by third-world immigration until it becomes a dystopic slum (so, fiction). But in France, to former teens with reactionary parents and grandparents such as yours truly, he is better known as the author of historical adventure novels, often featuring members of the fictional noble family of Pikkendorff.

Raspail is truly a great writer, in every sense of the term. With its Latin roots, French rewards brevity and precision, and yet its complex grammatical structure and numerous tenses allow for the construction of sentences of great complexity, giving the writer a wide palette from which to draw. (This also means that French is uniquely suited for the expression of complex philosophical thought, in the opinion of this writer and many others, not all French.) And Raspail does so masterfully, managing to be both highly readable and profound. You plowed through the books as a teenager for the stories of adventures and battles, and you read them again as an adult for the literary merit. Raspail is not completely averse to a few winks at postmodernism, including when he appears as a character in one of his novels. In the endnotes of another novel, he references the work of a real, famous anthropologist as a source on the fictional native tribe featured in the story.

I start out saying this because *The Camp of the Saints*, since it is the best-known Raspail novel in the Anglophone world, is hardly representative of Raspail's oeuvre, in either form or content. Doubtless he would agree: he said that the book came to him as if in a dream, and that he wrote it "in one go." *The Camp of the Saints* has a rushed, hallucinatory quality, which is part of its appeal, but also makes it unlike the rest of Raspail's polished oeuvre.

(By the way, if someone tells you that *The Camp of the Saints* is "rayciss," I suggest pointing out that Raspail, a lifelong advocate for the rights of all indigenous peoples, wrote another novel, *The Kingdoms of Borea*, which tells the story of an indigenous tribe in Lapland being replaced by industrial white Europeans, with clear sympathy for the tribesmen. Is this also "rayciss"? Why, why not? Tell me what your interlocutor responds…)

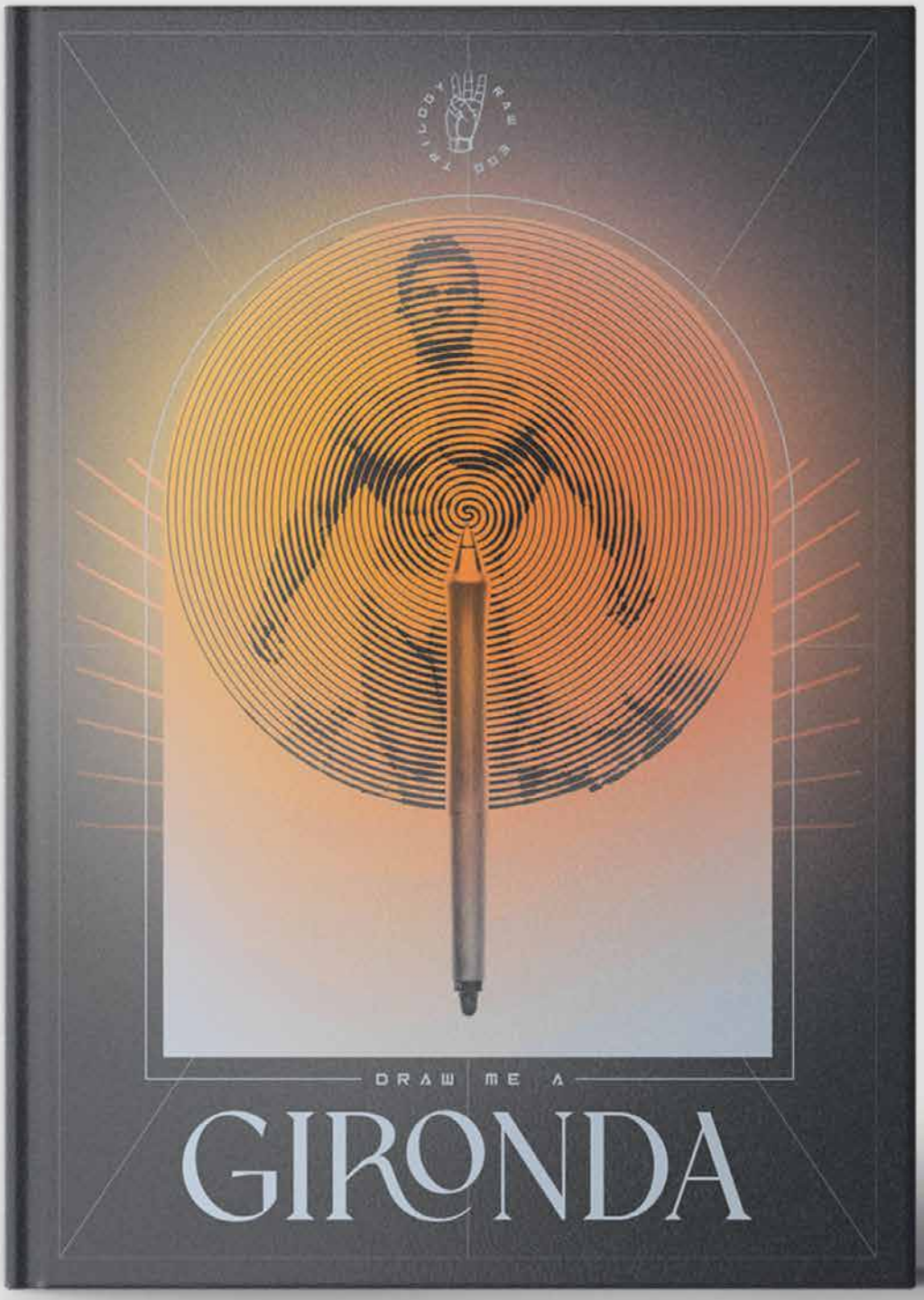
There is one way, however, in which *The Camp of the Saints* is representative of Raspail's work: it is hopeless. The good guys never had a chance, the bad guys were always going to win.

When you plow through Raspail's books, as I tend to do when I'm on vacation, at first you marvel at the inventive stories and the writing, but then you realize this. Raspail is a writer of despair. In every Raspail novel, the world is fundamentally aligned with the forces of evil, and the good guys are relentlessly ground down. It's not just that they lose, it's that they never had any hope at all.

Raspail is a blackpill merchant.

*Seven Riders* may be the best example of this. It is, to my mind, one of his most beautiful novels; certainly his most haunting. It is set in a fictional European kingdom, it is not clear where, though several hints point to the Caucasus, or perhaps the Balkans, the hard, mountainous edge of Europe

EGGS

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anyway, and it is not said specifically when, but people move by horse and steam train and defend themselves with six-shooters.

Organized life has collapsed following "the Events." It is also never quite clear what the Events are, except that it entailed a near-complete destruction of society. The reader pieces together that it began with children going feral, violently insulting and physically assaulting parents and teachers – using words no small child should know, drawing blood with their teeth, poking eyes out with forks – for no discernible reason. Then arrived "ammonite", a highly-addictive hallucinatory mushroom which in a matter of months causes violent insanity and then death, whose spread was enabled by the pusillanimity and corruption of government authorities. Mysterious epidemics followed. And then, for reasons that are never quite clear, the entire realm descended into protests, chaos, mob violence, pillage, and a generalized orgy of destruction.

The Margrave, the monarch of this little kingdom, a kindly old Christian man who was caught completely out of his depth by the Events and now waits for death in the remains of his once-glorious palace, sends out the eponymous Seven Riders from the capital City – because seven horses are all that is left in the palace stables, and there aren't many more men left who could ride them anyway – to investigate the causes of the Events, to try to make contact with civilization, if any is left outside the borders of the realm, and to find the Margrave's only daughter, the beautiful Princess Myriam, who was sent away from the City at the beginning of the Events and not heard from again; she is also the woman the head of the expedition, Colonel Silve de Pikkendorff, is secretly in love with.

As the Seven Riders progress through the stricken land, they find little but desolation. Some scenes will grip your heart with a hand of ice, and stay stuck in your memory for ever, as when the riders find the remains of children in a chapel, who had carried out a kind of ritual sacrificial orgy with the seeming goal of breaking as many commandments of God and man as they could. Even rays of hope turn dark, as when they unexpectedly find an intact, wholesome family that has escaped the Events by taking refuge in the lighthouse manned by the father, only to find that their ten year-old son is seized by the mysterious hatred that has gripped so many children, and in the end successfully plots the demise of his family. The only priest in the story is one who does not believe in God.

There are a few actual points of light: hard times have made some strong, and a few have carved out bits of land, some for plunder, but some to rebuild, protecting the women and the weak from outsiders by meting out frontier justice. This is the exception, however, and it is clear that if this is where civilization is to be rebuilt from, it will take longer than the last Dark Ages, if at all. As the Riders progress, they read poetry, and meditate on God, and hope, both of which seem to have vanished.

The Riders reconnoitre a large Oriental army, with its trains of African slaves, preparing to invade the stricken land, indicating by its wealth and organization that only white European man is stricken by the strange curse that caused the Events. The Riders, who seem to forget their past over time, die or fall away one by one, and time seems to stretch and contract in dreamlike ways – all four seasons are described as occurring, even though by the calendar's reckoning the action takes place over a few weeks – and by the end, the two remaining horsemen, who have lost their by-then starving horses, scarcely even remember who they are or what mission they are supposed to carry out.

I will not spoil the breath-stopping ending, only to say that it makes explicit the not-too-implicit message running through the whole story, that this remote ancient kingdom of the Events is not some fairy land, but is really a metaphor for the current West. Oddly for men who all come from the same place, the characters have names from all over Europe: Pikkendorff, Van Beck, Clément, Kostrowitsky… It doesn't take a doctorate in French literature from the Sorbonne to decipher the symbolism.

*Seven Riders* is, as I say, beautiful, captivating, and haunting. I have read it several times and will read it again with pleasure.

It is also spiritual poison.

It is dark, dark, dark, and hopeless. The message for the current day is hard to miss. In every Raspail novel, the blackpills come in industrial quantities, so effective because they are coated in such delicious sugar. The eponymous men who build *The Camp of the Saints* have no hope of success, do not even imagine the possibility of success, fully accept their defeat and the end of their civilization, and simply have a good laugh as they shoot at the hordes of barbarians until they are finally overwhelmed.

The same goes with the rest of Raspail's novels, all of which are great, and equally poisonous. *Sire* tells the story of the Return of the King – the rightful King of France, that is. Except that the country no longer recognizes or remembers its king, not that the king expects any different or tries to do anything about it. The climax of the story is that he gets crowned at a surreptitious ceremony, in the middle of the night, with no witnesses, and then vanishes into oblivion again. The useless beau geste, we are told, is all that matters.

*The Fisherman's Ring* tells of a 700 year conspiracy whereby the Pope in the Vatican is a false Pope; but thankfully, true believers have created a succession of Real Popes in secret. The possibility of somehow fixing this situation never occurs to anyone in the story. It's taken for granted that This Is Just How It Is.

*Hurrah Zara!* tells the history of the Pikkendorff family which so often features in Raspail's novels, as told by a contemporary Pikkendorff to Raspail acting as narrator. It begins with the foundress of the dynasty, Saint Zara, a Gothic warrior-queen who converted to Christianity in-between smashing Roman legions, and goes on in numerous beautiful, sometimes side-splittingly funny, vignettes. But as the story progresses, the fate of the contemporary Pikkendorff storyteller, who loses his money, goes into poverty, and eventually dies of a grisly cancer, serves as a clear metonym for the decline of the line, itself a metonym of the decline of Europe. In the end, one learns that the Pikkendorff family can only keep the decrepit family seat because a niece has opened a successful chain of pizza restaurants, and the remaining Pikkenddorffs, whose ancestors were dashing knights, mercenaries, and administrators, are now lawyers, doctors, and accountants, which one senses is worse than extinction.

Even though *The Camp of the Saints* was a huge best-seller, Raspail received critical acclaim with *I, Antoine de Tounens, King of Patagonia*, which won the highly prestigious Grand prix du roman de l'Académie française. This tells a fictionalized version of the true story of a French lawyer who tried to found a kingdom in South America, only to fail miserably, return home to widespread mockery, and die in poverty. In Raspail's novels, everyone aspires to greatness, but every actual attempt at greatness turns out to be a pathetic failure, or a lie, or a mirage. If you had to summarize Raspail's message, it would be: It Would Be So Beautiful If We Could RETVRN, But We Cannot. The best that a good man can hope for is to meet inevitable Fate with some combination of Roman stoicism and French aristocratic laughter.

I think the point I'm trying to make is that young men should read Raspail, but that his books should perhaps come with a health warning, like a pack of cigarettes (while packs of cigarettes shouldn't). "Known To Increase Risks Of Blackpilling." Raspail's mentality is sadly one which we encounter too much in right-wing circles. The blackpilled doomer, the it's-all-for-nothing-anyway mentality, and associated copes. It is, perhaps, more characteristic of men of a certain generation, but I also encounter it too frequently among young men. The problem with this mentality is that we know it to be false, since it is human will that shapes history, and therefore nothing is ever doomed. More seriously, it risks creating a self-fulfilling prophecy.

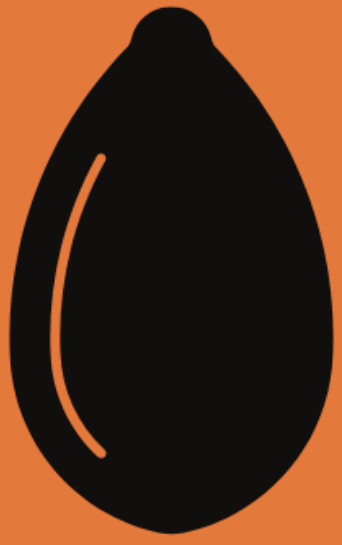
Though Raspail deeply loved Christian civilization, he was not a believer himself, and there is a little of the pagan about him. Not so much the joyful Dionysiac lover of the real (which comes standard with French genes anyway), however. Rather the grim fatalist, who believes we are all ruled by the pitiless Goddess Fate, or else we are trapped in a material world destined to end in fire, before an endless, deterministic cycle of rebirth and death.

I recently read a memoir by a French special forces doctor, who tells of one of his patients, a young NCO, who was reading Raspail in-between shooting terrorists. At first I felt a burst of pride, that my country still produces people like that, young men of power with little formal education who read books of reactionary ideology and high literary quality in their spare time. But then I was not so sure. If that kid, who I don't know but who in many ways embodies the best possible future of the nation, gets merely literary nourishment from Raspail, then great. But if he spiritually imbibes his Roman sense of hopelessness, then not so great. For all our sakes, I really hope the former and not the latter.

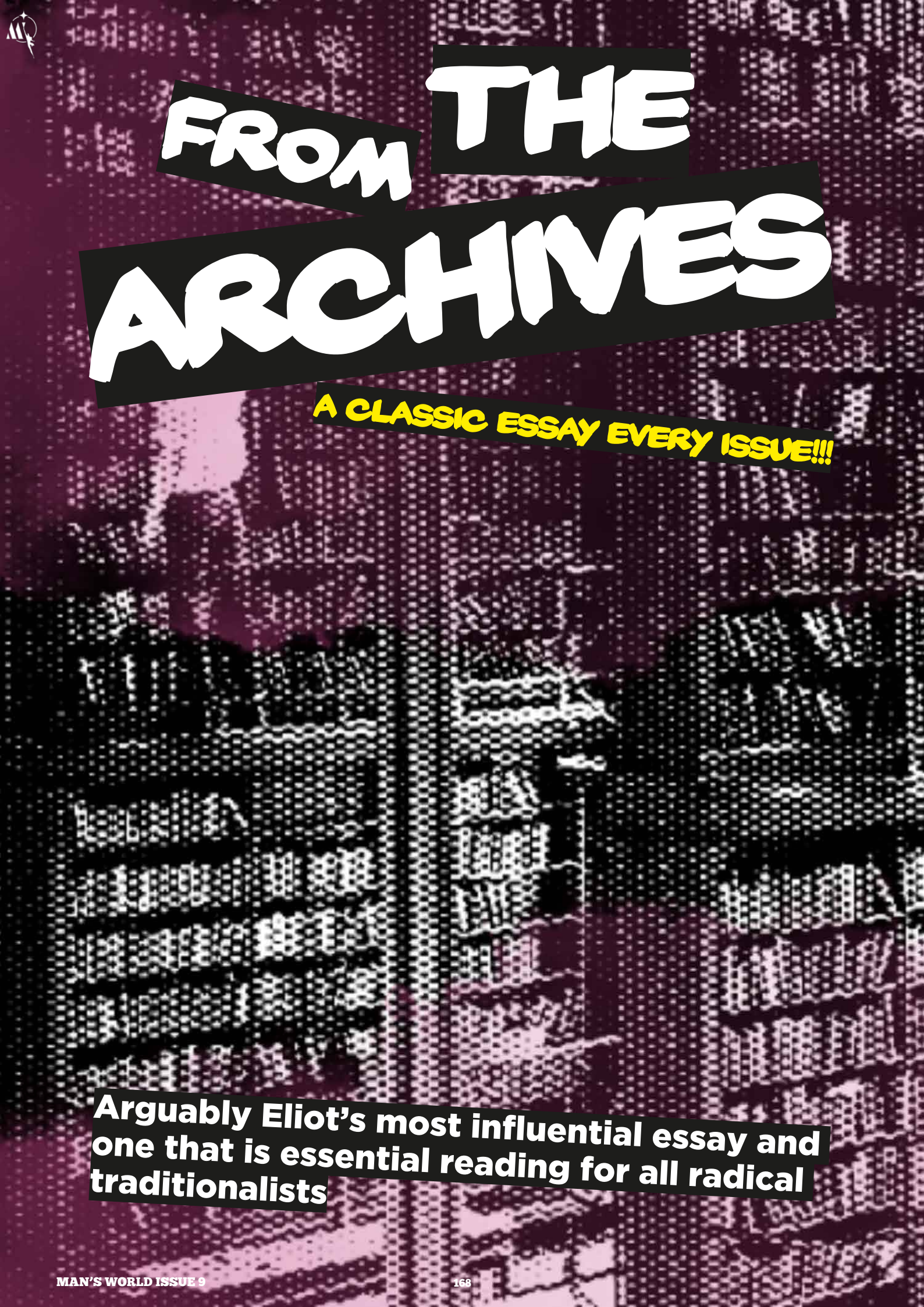
Seven riders left the City at dusk, by the Western Gate, which no longer had guards… In my story, they return victoriously, at the head of a large army, Princess Myriam riding sidesaddle next to Silve, banners glittering in the rising sun. ■

# JUST STOP

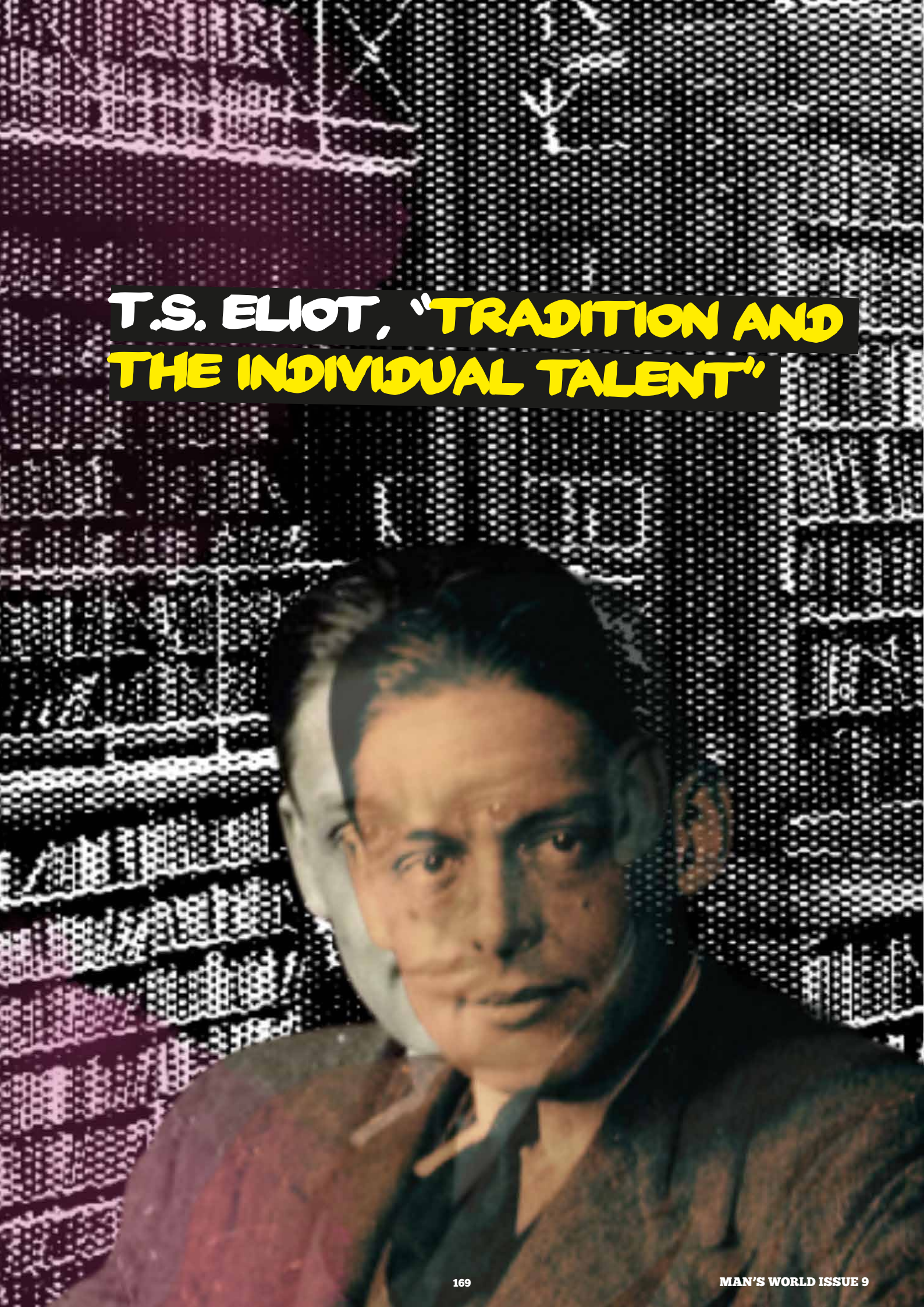
# SEED OIL



THE PLANET HAS HAD ENOUGH.


FROM THE ARCHIVES
A CLASSIC ESSAY EVERY ISSUE!!!
Arguably Eliot's most influential essay and one that is essential reading for all radical traditionalists

# T.S. ELIOT, "TRADITION AND THE INDIVIDUAL TALENT"



*Following on from last issue's inaugural* From the Archives *essay, we have T.S. Eliot's "Tradition and the Individual Talent." Arguably Eliot's most influential essay, "Tradition and the Individual Talent" is essential reading for all radical traditionalists who want to understand the relationship between the individual — especially but not exclusively the individual artist — and the broader tradition. The essay was first published in 1919, and soon after included in his collection of essays* The Sacred Wood: Essays on Poetry and Criticism *(1920). Perhaps the most important idea, for our purposes, that Eliot develops here is his notion that the past, i.e. tradition, is always actually present in the present. What we do in the present is or must be in reference to all that has come before; but at the same time, what we do retroactively alters tradition (even if only ever so slightly). Tradition, then, is not the dead weight of the past, but a living thing which changes with time.*

---

In English writing we seldom speak of tradition, though we occasionally apply its name in deploring its absence. We cannot refer to "the tradition" or to "a tradition"; at most, we employ the adjective in saying that the poetry of So-and-so is "traditional" or even "too traditional." Seldom, perhaps, does the word appear except in a phrase of censure. If otherwise, it is vaguely approbative, with the implication, as to the work approved, of some pleasing archaeological reconstruction. You can hardly make the word agreeable to English ears without this comfortable reference to the reassuring science of archaeology.

Certainly the word is not likely to appear in our appreciations of living or dead writers. Every nation, every race, has not only its own creative, but its own critical turn of mind; and is even more oblivious of the shortcomings and limitations of its critical habits than of those of its creative genius. We know, or think we know, from the enormous mass of critical writing that has appeared in the French language the critical method or habit of the French; we only conclude (we are such unconscious people) that the French are "more critical" than we, and sometimes even plume ourselves a little with the fact, as if the French were the less spontaneous. Perhaps they are; but we might remind ourselves that criticism is as inevitable as breathing, and that we should be none the worse for articulating what passes in our minds when we read a book and feel an emotion about it, for criticizing our own minds in their work of criticism. One of the facts that might come to light in this process is our tendency to insist, when we praise a poet, upon those aspects of his work in which he least resembles any one else. In these aspects or parts of his work we pretend to find what is individual, what is the peculiar essence of the man. We dwell with satisfaction upon the poet's difference from his predecessors, especially his immediate predecessors; we endeavour to find something that can be isolated in order to be enjoyed. Whereas if we approach a poet without this prejudice we shall often find that not only the best, but the most individual parts of his work may be those in which the dead poets, his ancestors, assert their immortality most vigorously. And I do not mean the impressionable period of adolescence, but the period of full maturity.

Yet if the only form of tradition, of handing down, consisted in following the ways of the immediate generation before us in a blind or timid adherence to its successes, "tradition" should positively be discouraged. We have seen many such simple currents soon lost in the sand; and novelty is better than repetition. Tradition is a matter of much wider significance. It cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labour. It involves, in the first place, the historical sense, which we may call nearly indispensable to any one who would continue to be a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year; and the historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence; the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order. This historical sense, which is a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and of the temporal together, is what makes a writer traditional. And it is at the same time what makes a writer most acutely conscious of his place in time, of his own contemporaneity.

No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead. I mean this as a principle of aesthetic, not merely his-

torical, criticism. The necessity that he shall conform, that he shall cohere, is not onesided; what happens when a new work of art is created is something that happens simultaneously to all the works of art which preceded it. The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the whole existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new. Whoever has approved this idea of order, of the form of European, of English literature will not find it preposterous that the past should be altered by the present as much as the present is directed by the past. And the poet who is aware of this will be aware of great difficulties and responsibilities.

In a peculiar sense he will be aware also that he must inevitably be judged by the standards of the past. I say judged, not amputated, by them; not judged to be as good as, or worse or better than, the dead; and certainly not judged by the canons of dead critics. It is a judgment, a comparison, in which two things are measured by each other. To conform merely would be for the new work not really to conform at all; it would not be new, and would therefore not be a work of art. And we do not quite say that the new is more valuable because it fits in; but its fitting in is a test of its value—a test, it is true, which can only be slowly and cautiously applied, for we are none of us infallible judges of conformity. We say: it appears to conform, and is perhaps individual, or it appears individual, and many conform; but we are hardly likely to find that it is one and not the other.

To proceed to a more intelligible exposition of the relation of the poet to the past: he can neither take the past as a lump, an indiscriminate bolus, nor can he form himself wholly on one or two private admirations, nor can he form himself wholly upon one preferred period. The first course is inadmissible, the second is an important experience of youth, and the third is a pleasant and highly desirable supplement. The poet must be very conscious of the main current, which does not at all flow invariably through the most distinguished reputations. He must be quite aware of the obvious fact that art never improves, but that the material of art is never quite the same. He must be aware that the mind of Europe—the mind of his own country—a mind which he learns in time to be much more important than his own private mind—is a mind which changes, and that this change

# T.S. ELIOT

Few artists and critics have cast quite so long a shadow across twentieth century art and critcism, at least in the Anglophone world, as Thomas Stearns Eliot (26 September 1888 - 4 January 1965).

Born to a patrician New England family, the young Eliot's love of literature developed as a result of a childhood injury that prevented him from engaging in physical activities with his peers.

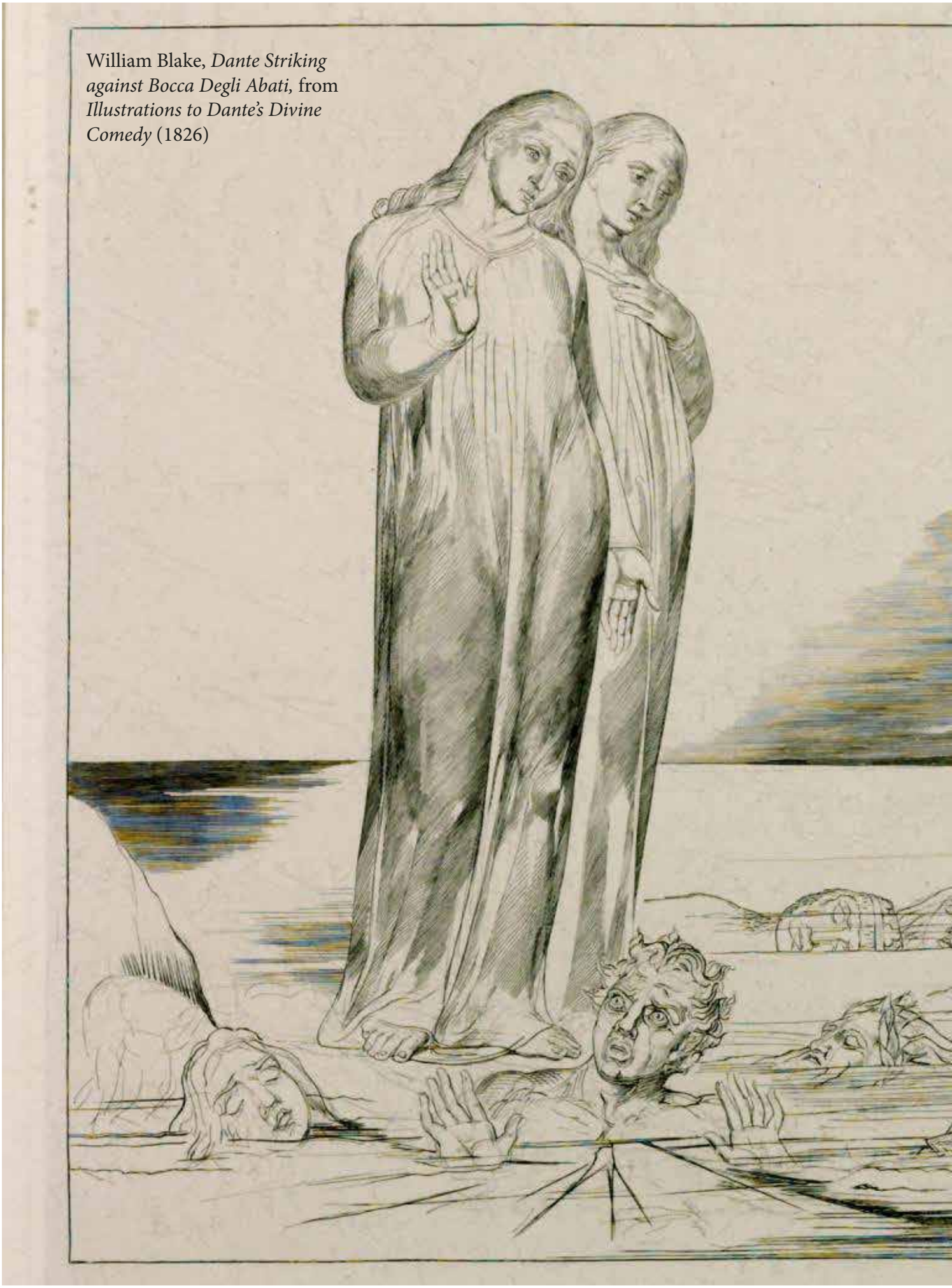
Eliot studied at Harvard from 1906 to 1909, before visiting Paris and then studying at Merton College, Oxford, when war broke out, in 1914. He found Oxford stifling and escaped to London, where he met modernist poets and artists like Ezra Pound, with whom he would have a substantial literary partnership through the 1920s. Pound would famously make stringent edits to Eliot's great modernist poem *The Waste Land*, which defined an entire generation.

Remaining in Britain, Eliot began a "more English than English" transformation, converting to Anglicanism and becoming a British citizen. In a famous essay, he described himself as "classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and anglo-catholic in religion. His growing religiosity and traditionalist orientation put him increasingly at odds with the Bloomsbury literary set, including such notable personages as Virginia Woolf and Bertrand Russell.

As well as providing, in his own poetry and plays, a traditionalist counterbalanace to the wilder experiments of high modernism — for instance with his insistence that poetry must be an "escape from emotion" and his choice of religious subjects — Eliot made significant contributions to the field of literary critcism. His critical essays prefigure the later movement known as "the New Criticism", which placed great emphasis on close reading of texts, as part of an attempt to understand them as aesthetic objects in their own right.

Recommended reading:

*Prufrock and Other Observations* (1917)
*The Sacred Wood: Essays on Poetry and Criticism* (1920)
*The Four Quartets* (1943)



William Blake, *Dante Striking against Bocca Degli Abati,* from *Illustrations to Dante's Divine Comedy* (1826)

is a development which abandons nothing en route, which does not superannuate either Shakespeare, or Homer, or the rock drawing of the Magdalenian draughtsmen. That this development, refinement perhaps, complication certainly, is not, from the point of view of the artist, any improvement. Perhaps not even an improvement from the point of view of the psychologist or not to the extent which we imagine; perhaps only in the end based upon a complication in economics and machinery. But the difference between the present and the past is that the conscious present is an awareness of the past in a way and to an extent which the past's awareness of itself cannot show.

Some one said: "The dead writers are remote from us because we know so much more than they did." Precisely, and they are that which we know.

I am alive to a usual objection to what is clearly part of my programme for the métier of poetry. The objection is that the doctrine requires a ridiculous amount of erudition (pedantry), a claim which can be rejected by appeal to the lives of poets in any pantheon. It will even be affirmed that much learning deadens or perverts poetic sensibility. While, however, we persist in believing that a poet ought to know as much as will not encroach upon his necessary receptivity and necessary laziness, it is not desirable to confine knowledge to whatever can be put into a useful shape for examinations, drawing-rooms, or the still more pretentious modes of publicity. Some can absorb knowledge, the more tardy must sweat for it. Shakespeare acquired more essential history from Plutarch than most men could from the whole British Museum. What is to be insisted upon is that the poet must develop or procure the consciousness of the past and that he should continue to develop this consciousness throughout his career.

What happens is a continual surrender of himself as he is at the moment to something which is more valuable. The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality.

There remains to define this process of depersonalization and its relation to the sense of tradition. It is in this depersonalization that art may be said to approach the condition of science. I, therefore, invite you to consider, as a suggestive analogy, the action which takes place when a bit of finely filiated platinum is introduced into a chamber containing oxygen and sulphur dioxide.

## II

Honest criticism and sensitive appreciation are directed not upon the poet but upon the poetry. If we attend to the confused cries of the newspaper critics and the susurrus of popular repetition that follows, we shall hear the names of poets in great numbers; if we seek not Blue-book knowledge but the enjoyment of poetry, and ask for a poem, we shall seldom find it. I have tried to point out the importance of the relation of the poem to other poems by other authors, and suggested the conception of poetry as a living whole of all the poetry that has ever been written. The other aspect of this Impersonal theory of poetry is the relation of the poem to its author. And I hinted, by an analogy, that the mind of the mature poet differs from that of the immature one not precisely in any valuation of "personality," not being necessarily more interesting, or having "more to say," but rather by being a more finely perfected medium in which special, or very varied, feelings are at liberty to enter into new combinations.

The analogy was that of the catalyst. When the two gases previously mentioned are mixed in the presence of a filament of platinum, they form sulphurous acid. This combination takes place only if the platinum is present; nevertheless the newly formed acid contains no trace of platinum, and the platinum itself is apparently unaffected; has remained inert, neutral, and unchanged. The mind of the poet is the shred of platinum. It may partly or exclusively operate upon the experience of the man himself; but, the more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates; the more perfectly will the mind digest and transmute the passions which are its material.

The experience, you will notice, the elements which enter the presence of the transforming catalyst, are of two kinds: emotions and feelings. The effect of a work of art upon the person who enjoys it is an experience different in kind from any experience not of art. It may be formed out of one emotion, or may be a combination of several; and various feelings, inhering for the writer in particular words or phrases or images, may be added to compose the final result. Or great poetry may be made without the direct use of any emotion whatever: composed out of feelings solely. Canto XV of the Inferno (Brunetto Latini) is a working up of the emotion evident in the situation; but the effect, though single as that of any work of art, is obtained by considerable complexity

of detail. The last quatrain gives an image, a feeling attaching to an image, which "came," which did not develop simply out of what precedes, but which was probably in suspension in the poet's mind until the proper combination arrived for it to add itself to. The poet's mind is in fact a receptacle for seizing and storing up numberless feelings, phrases, images, which remain there until all the particles which can unite to form a new compound are present together.

If you compare several representative passages of the greatest poetry you see how great is the variety of types of combination, and also how completely any semi-ethical criterion of "sublimity" misses the mark. For it is not the "greatness," the intensity, of the emotions, the components, but the intensity of the artistic process, the pressure, so to speak, under which the fusion takes place, that counts. The episode of Paolo and Francesca employs a definite emotion, but the intensity of the poetry is something quite different from whatever intensity in the supposed experience it may give the impression of. It is no more intense, furthermore, than Canto XXVI, the voyage of Ulysses, which has not the direct dependence upon an emotion. Great variety is possible in the process of transmutation of emotion: the murder of Agamemnon, or the agony of Othello, gives an artistic effect apparently closer to a possible original than the scenes from Dante. In the Agamemnon, the artistic emotion approximates to the emotion of an actual spectator; in Othello to the emotion of the protagonist himself. But the difference between art and the event is always absolute; the combination which is the murder of Agamemnon is probably as complex as that which is the voyage of Ulysses. In either case there has been a fusion of elements. The ode of Keats contains a number of feelings which have nothing particular to do with the nightingale, but which the nightingale, partly, perhaps, because of its attractive name, and partly because of its reputation, served to bring together.

The point of view which I am struggling to attack is perhaps related to the metaphysical theory of the substantial unity of the soul: for my meaning is, that the poet has, not a "personality" to express, but a particular medium, which is only a medium and not a personality, in which impressions and experiences combine in peculiar and unexpected ways. Impressions and experiences which are important for the man may take no place in the poetry, and those which become important in the poetry may play quite a negligible part in the man, the personality.

I will quote a passage which is unfamiliar enough to be regarded with fresh attention in the light—or darkness—of these observations:

> And now methinks I could e'en chide myself
> For doating on her beauty, though her death
> Shall be revenged after no common action.
> Does the silkworm expend her yellow labours
> For thee? For thee does she undo herself?
> Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships
> For the poor benefit of a bewildering minute?
> Why does yon fellow falsify highways,
> And put his life between the judge's lips,
> To refine such a thing—keeps horse and men
> To beat their valours for her? . . . [1]

In this passage (as is evident if it is taken in its context) there is a combination of positive and negative emotions: an intensely strong attraction toward beauty and an equally intense fascination by the ugliness which is contrasted with it and which destroys it. This balance of contrasted emotion is in the dramatic situation to which the speech is pertinent, but that situation alone is inadequate to it. This is, so to speak, the structural emotion, provided by the drama. But the whole effect, the dominant tone, is due to the fact that a number of floating feelings, having an affinity to this emotion by no means superficially evident, have combined with it to give us a new art emotion.

It is not in his personal emotions, the emotions provoked by particular events in his life, that the poet is in any way remarkable or interesting. His particular emotions may be simple, or crude, or flat. The emotion in his poetry will be a very complex thing, but not with the complexity of the emotions of people who have very complex or unusual emotions in life. One error, in fact, of eccentricity in poetry is to seek for new human emotions to express; and in this search for novelty in the wrong place it discovers the perverse. The business of the poet is not to find new emotions, but to use the ordinary ones and, in working them up into poetry, to express feelings which are not in actual emotions at all. And emotions which he has never experienced will serve his turn as well as those familiar to him. Consequently, we must believe that "emotion recollected in tranquillity" is an inexact formula. For it is neither emotion, nor recollection, nor, without distortion of meaning, tranquillity. It is a concentration, and a new thing resulting from the concentration, of a very great number of experiences which to the practical and active person would not seem to be experiences at all; it is a concentration which does not happen consciously or of deliberation. These experiences are

Sure, our parents and grandparents stripped the corpse of post-war prosperity until it was totally bare of flesh, but at least we've got vegan eggs that taste like shit.

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Made with engine oil and mungbean slop

Detail from Peter Bruegel the Elder, *The Triumph of Death* (c.1562)

not "recollected," and they finally unite in an atmosphere which is "tranquil" only in that it is a passive attending upon the event. Of course this is not quite the whole story. There is a great deal, in the writing of poetry, which must be conscious and deliberate. In fact, the bad poet is usually unconscious where he ought to be conscious, and conscious where he ought to be unconscious. Both errors tend to make him "personal." Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality. But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things.

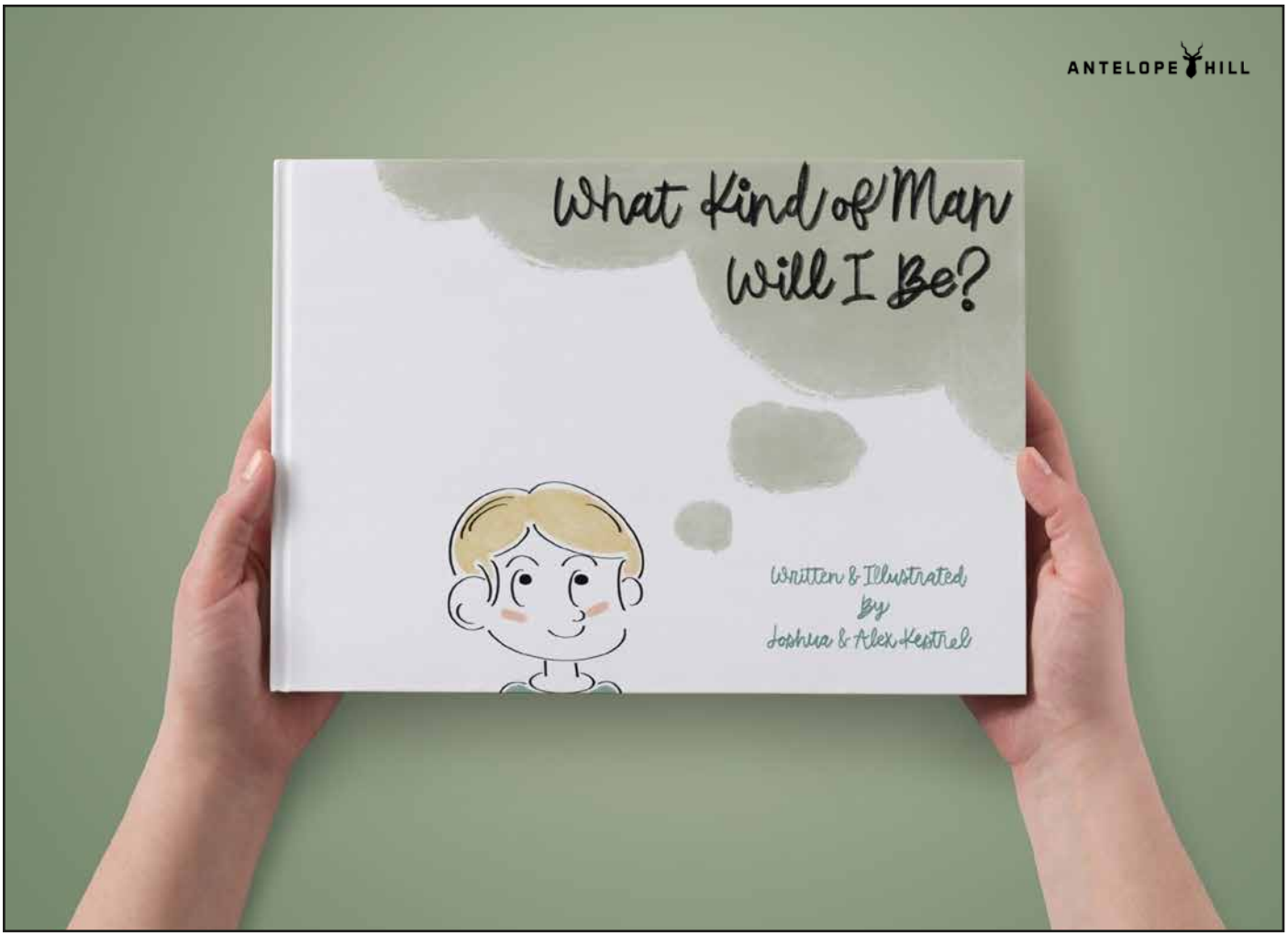
III

*δ δε νους ισως Θειοτερον τι και απαθες εστιν* [2]

This essay proposes to halt at the frontier of metaphysics or mysticism, and confine itself to such practical conclusions as can be applied by the responsible person interested in poetry. To divert interest from the poet to the poetry is a laudable aim: for it would conduce to a juster estimation of actual poetry, good and bad. There are many people who appreciate the expression of sincere emotion in verse, and there is a smaller number of people who can appreciate technical excellence. But very few know when there is an expression of significant emotion, emotion which has its life in the poem and not in the history of the poet. The emotion of art is impersonal. And the poet cannot reach this impersonality without surrendering himself wholly to the work to be done. And he is not likely to know what is to be done unless he lives in what is not merely the present, but the present moment of the past, unless he is conscious, not of what is dead, but of what is already living.

[1] From Cyril Tourner's play *Revenger's Tragedy* (1607).

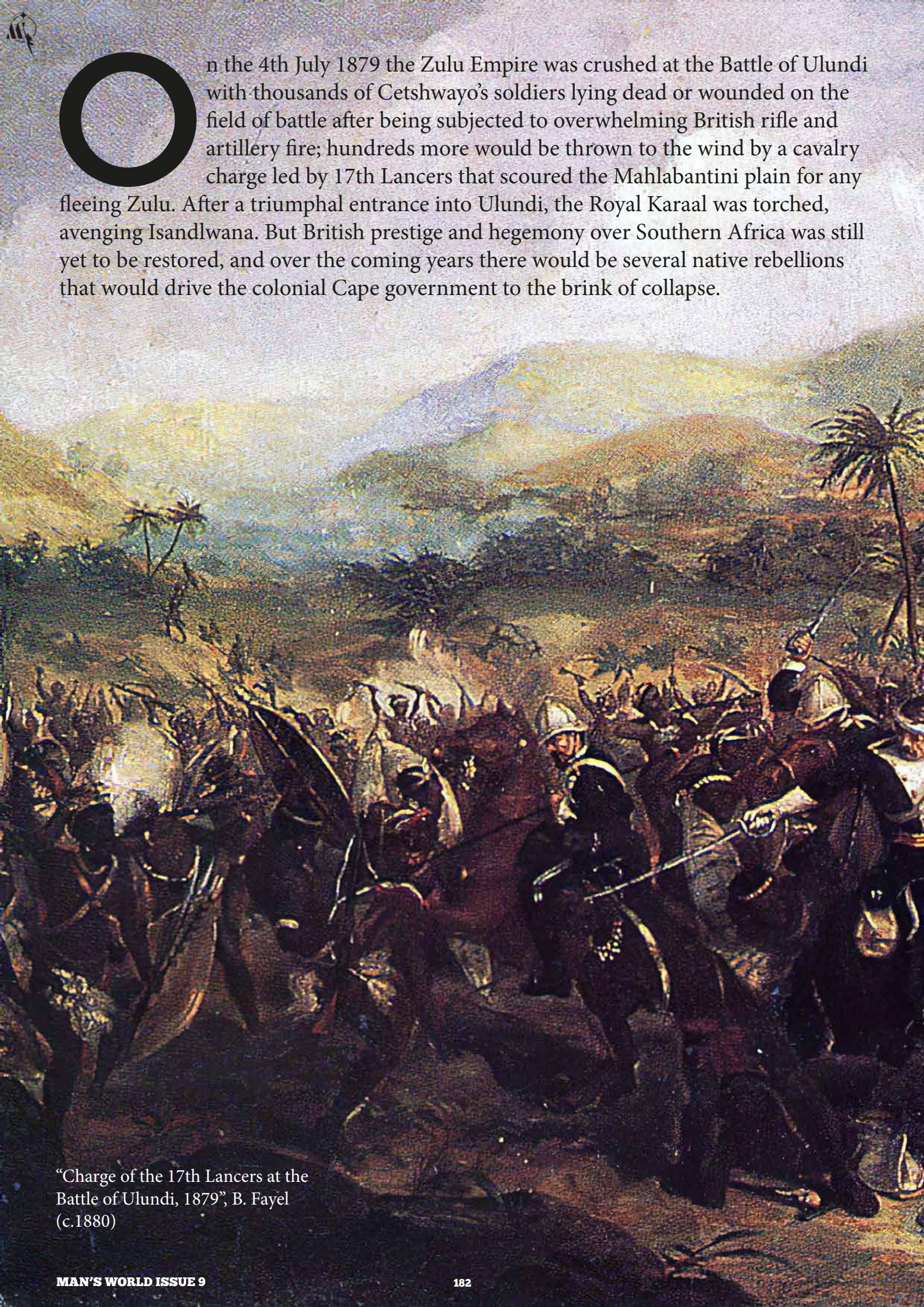
[2] "Presumably the mind is something more divine, and is unaffected." Aristotle, *On the Soul,* 408b.



Where in the world is Hakan Rotmurt?

CAN YOU FIND HIM?

On the 4th July 1879 the Zulu Empire was crushed at the Battle of Ulundi with thousands of Cetshwayo's soldiers lying dead or wounded on the field of battle after being subjected to overwhelming British rifle and artillery fire; hundreds more would be thrown to the wind by a cavalry charge led by 17th Lancers that scoured the Mahlabantini plain for any fleeing Zulu. After a triumphal entrance into Ulundi, the Royal Karaal was torched, avenging Isandlwana. But British prestige and hegemony over Southern Africa was still yet to be restored, and over the coming years there would be several native rebellions that would drive the colonial Cape government to the brink of collapse.

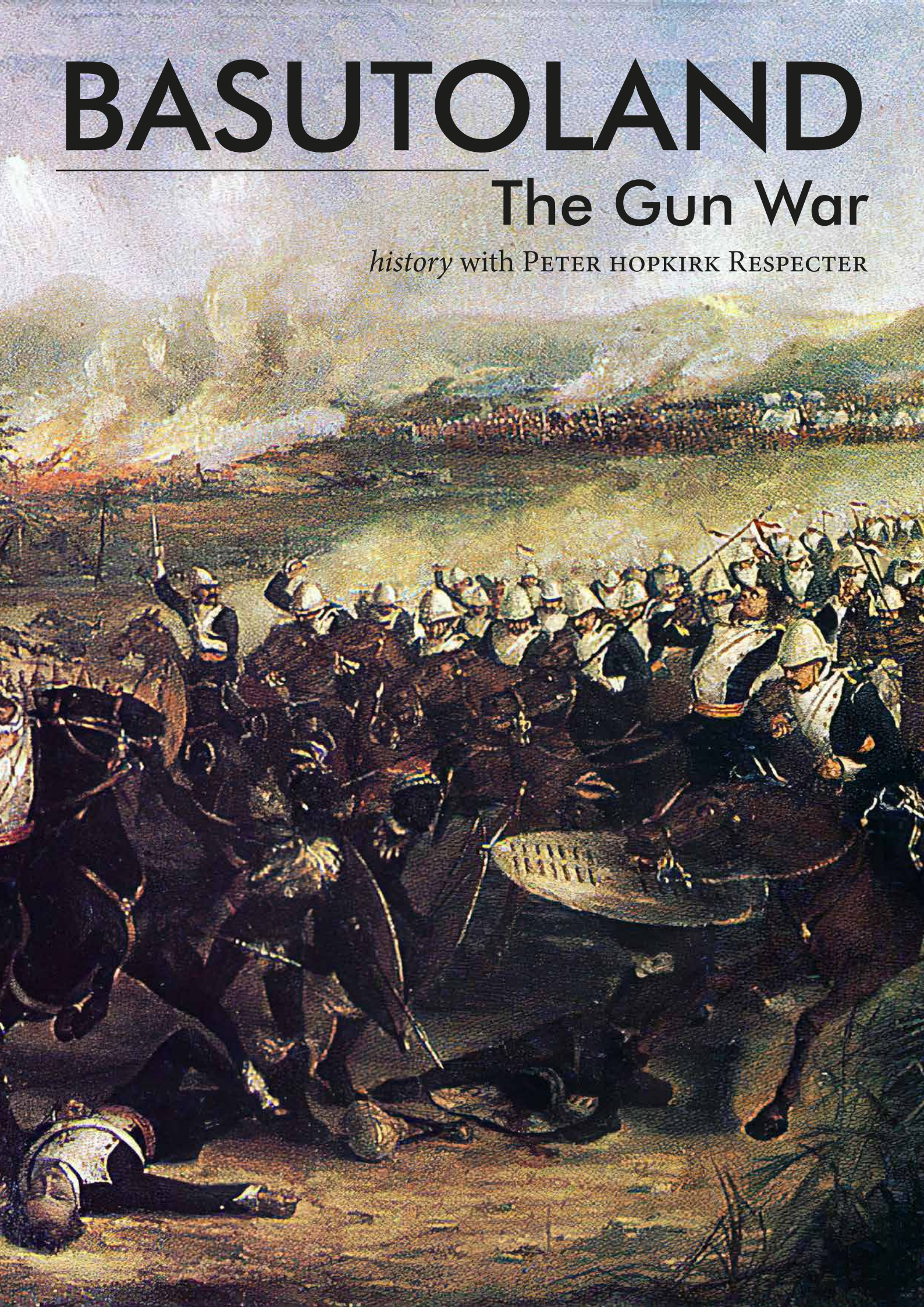


"Charge of the 17th Lancers at the Battle of Ulundi, 1879", B. Fayel (c.1880)

# BASUTOLAND

## The Gun War

*history* with Peter hopkirk Respecter



The seemingly unstoppable rise of the Zulu empire had led to a proliferation of rifles among other Bantu tribes in South Africa who had either been armed by the government or armed themselves for defence against the rapacious Zulu. The outbreak of the Anglo-Zulu war had accelerated this as modern weapons were handed out to native levies with the aim of making them more effective soldiers. The Basuto were the most militarised tribe and were equipped with modern breach loading rifles, but more importantly they had adapted their way of war and fought mostly as mounted infantry.

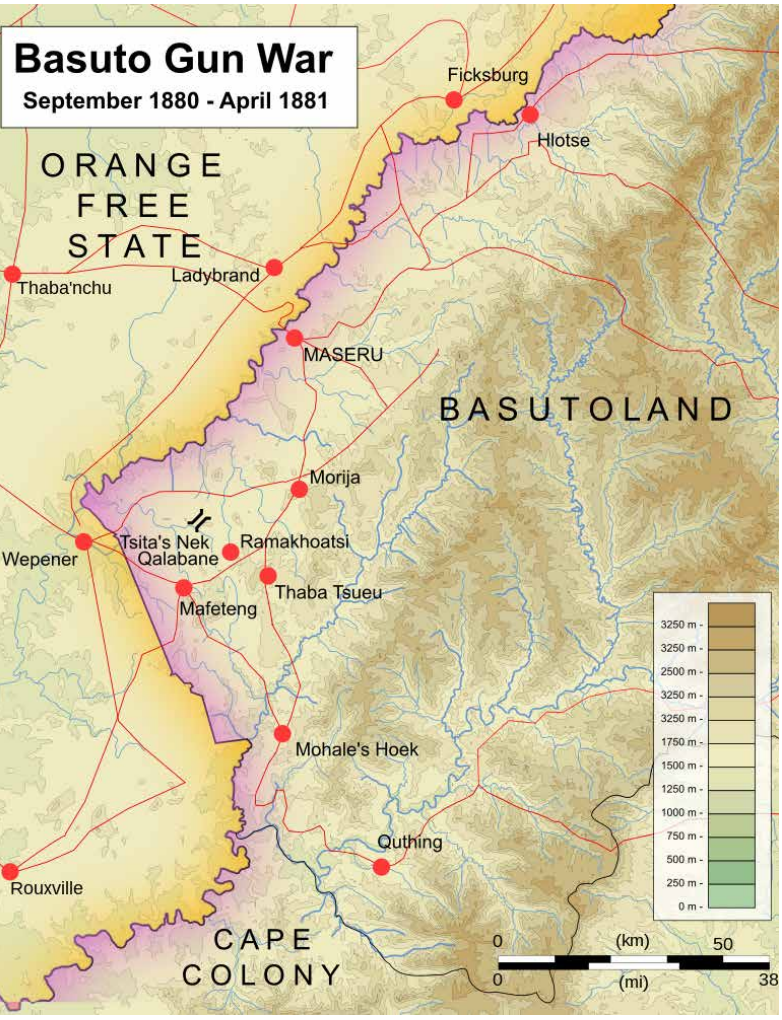
The Basutoland Rebellion, or Basuto Gun War, started when British control in South Africa was at its weakest. The annexation of the Transvaal in 1877, smaller wars against the Gaikas, Galeks and Sekukuni from 1878-1879, compounded with the defeat at Isandlwana and the eventual subjugation of the Zulu, left Imperial and colonial forces vastly overstretched as the decade came to a close. The situation was so perilous that Imperial authorities stated that they would be unable to provide any assistance if war broke out with the Basuto. The Basuto are a Bantu tribe that inhabit modern-day Lesotho. Basutoland had been declared a British protectorate in 1868, after the Basuto ruler, Moshoeshoe, had petitioned Queen Victoria, in the face of encroachment by the Boers during a series of wars known as the Free State-Basuto Wars. A British administration was set up on the Maseru, the Basuto capital, to deal with foreign affairs and defence, while internal administration was left to the Basuto.

The main cause of rebellion was the attempt by the Cape Colony government to disarm the Basuto. When attempts were made to enforce the disarmament law, the insurrection began with a string of isolated magistrate posts being destroyed with the British residency in Mafeteng town being besieged. Almost all the fighting taking place in Mafeteng district. In early September 1880, Lieutenant Colonel Fredrick Carrington crossed into Basutoland to reinforce the magistrate within Mafeteng town. Carrington crossed the border the border near Wepner on the 13th of September, 10 miles from Mafeteng, with 200 men of the Cape Mounted Rifles. They reached the town after fending off a 300-strong Basuto raiding party, but after a series of escalating running gun battles and raids the town was again effectively besieged. On the 17th, a 1,200 strong Basuto forced raided a village held by a small British detachment on the outskirts of Mafeteng. The village was captured at the cost of 100 dead and wounded tribesmen, and in response the British launched attacks across the Maseru, Mafeteng, and Mohali's Hoek. It was clear the whole Cape military would have to be mobilised, and a 2000 strong force was assembled which included 1,200 mounted troops, 700 infantry and five artillery pieces as well as a handful of other native levies and scouts. Contingents of Boer volunteers, or Burghers, from the Cape were attached to the column. Other British detachments were garrisoned in the towns of Maseru and Thloste under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Bayley further to the North. They served to occupy significant numbers of Basuto that would have otherwise been used against Carrington's force. There was limited fighting on this front, with most actions being small scale patrols to ensure the heights around the towns remained in British hands.

The war drained the Cape of all its best regular and volunteer mounted units, meaning that when the fighting started in the Transvaal towards the end of 1880, the Natal Field Force would have a fatal deficiency in cavalry. Carrington's foe was Basuto chief Lerothodi, who had marshalled at least 9,000 men in the Madeteng area. All of Lerothodi's men were mounted and armed with modern rifles, but from across his tribal domain he could call upon another 14,000 men. Besides previous donations from government armouries the Basuto acquired modern rifles while working in railways and diamond mines across Griqualand making themselves the best armed tribe in the whole of Southern Africa.

On the 19th of October Brigadier General Charles Clarke arrived at Wepener with 1,600 men and began his attempt to reach Mafeteng. The main obstacle facing him was the imposing Kalabani Kop, which was occupied by an estimated 3000 Basuto riders. When the British column's vanguard of 100 men from the 1st Regiment Cape Mounted Yeomanry advanced towards the ridge they came under rifle fire. Pinned down, the rest of the 1st under Captain Dalgety was dispatched around the left of the Kop to clear the summit but as they dismounted they were charged by hundreds of tribal cavalry and their advance was halted. The 2nd Regiment of the Yeomanry was ordered to restore the attack's momentum, they captured a village near the base of the Kop and then advanced up the up the hill in skirmish order until the summit was stormed. The road had been cleared but at a heavy cost in terms of men and morale: 40 Basuto were killed for 39 men of the Yeomanry either dead or wounded.

The rest of year was spent clearing the hills around Mafeteng of Basuto to secure lines of communication and supply; although Carrington was able to make a small advance to Morija in November.



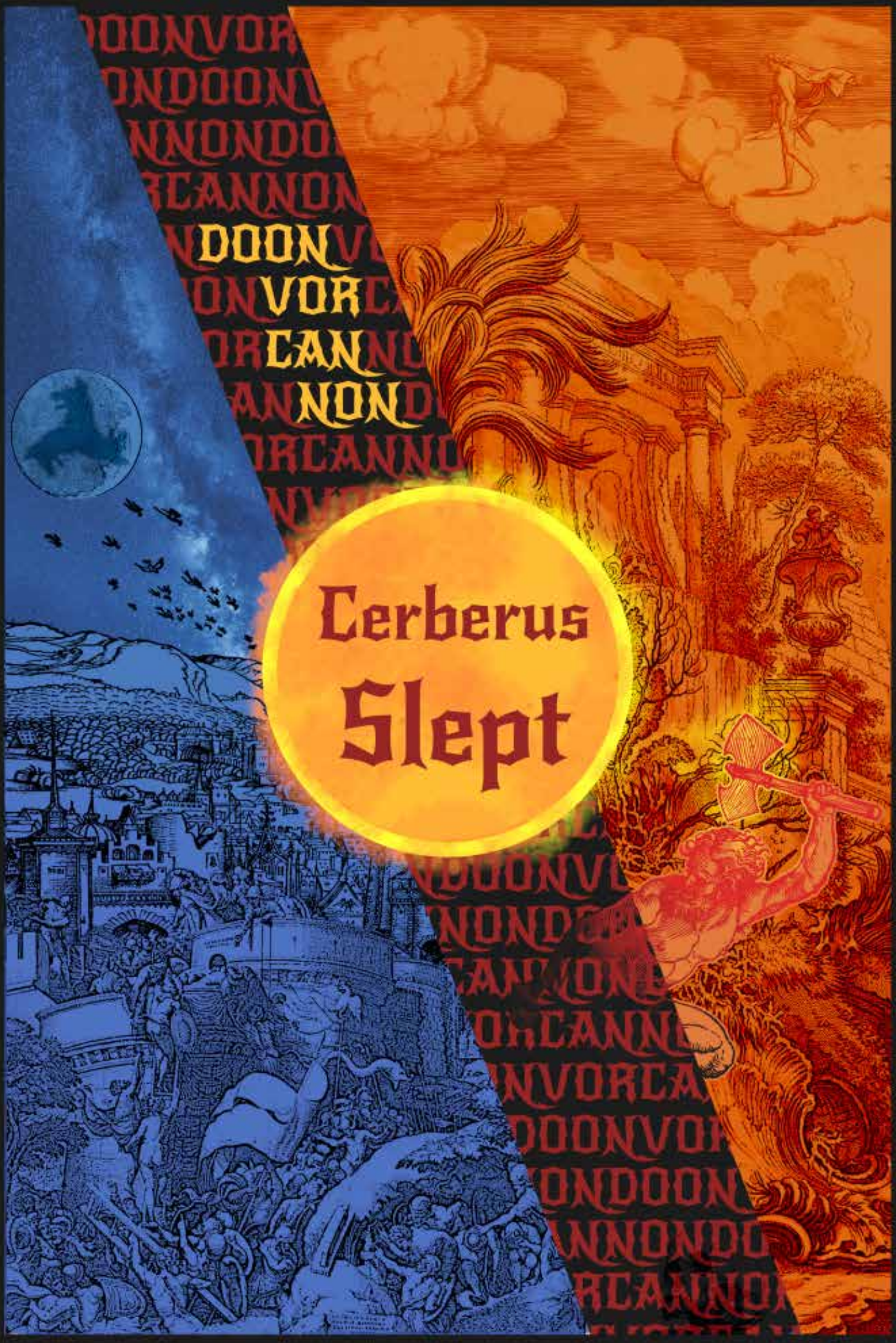
A modern-day Basuto horseman; below: Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Carrington, who was a Lieuetnant-Colonel in the Basuto Gun War

Troops would continue to arrive in this disturbed area of the Cape Colony and by the 29th of November 12,800 troops, including 8,000 Europeans, were either engaged in combat operations or were on route to the provinces.

*"Present position critical. All Basutos on east side of Drakensberg and both sections Pondomese tribe under Umhlonhlo and Umgitshwa have joined rebellion. Griquas in Griqualand East and Bacas have not joined. Umquiliso Pondo Chief very doubtful. Umquikela paramount Chief shows signs either way. Gungelizwa paramount Chief Timbuland professes loyalty, but many of minor chiefs under him in open Rebellion. Countr between Kei and Bashee, magistrates at Isola and Gatberg in imminent danger. Colonial Government raising irregular corps to meet this emergency, numbering 500, and 3500 Burghers. Clarke gone to Wepner and returned to Wepner with 10 wagons unopposed. Leribe district of Basutoland unsettled, but no fighting yet."*

**A Telegram to London from Cape Town describing the severity of the situation**

The next major round of fighting began on the 14th of January when Carrington led a 1000-strong force supported by two 7-pounders, and including 400 Burghers, toward Thaba Tseue. After marching through boggy terrain they reached Sepechele village. The Boer were ordered to attack Radiamari village, which they successfully stormed and put to the torch. Disobeying orders, they pressed on with the attack, but by this point the weather had turned and a heavy rain and dense mist cloaked the field. As a result, they did not see the two thousand Basuto that had been sent to attack. The Burghers were forced to retreat to the main British line. The Basuto charge was broken by rifle fire, but this signalled the rest of the native army to start firing from positions in the broken ground across the whole front. In response, 140 soldiers of the Yeomanry attempted a charge to drive the tribesmen back, but they could not advance under the heavy fire and were forced to fight dismounted. After a five-hour gun battle, where the average expenditure of ammunitions was 66 rounds per man and the two artillery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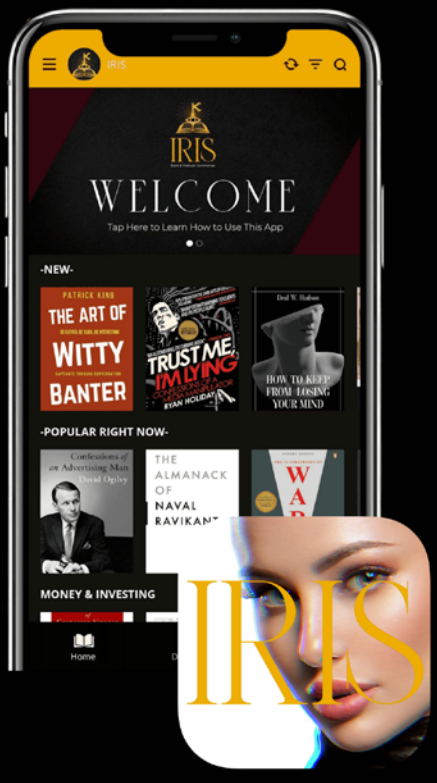


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# STAMPING IT OUT.

**A painful necessity both for John Bull and for the Afghan Scorpion.**

**An image of Boer soldiers from** the Second Boer War (1899-1902). Although Boers fought with the British in the Basuto Gun War, the British were already fearful of a Boer uprising.

pieces had fired 84 shells between them, the British were able to defeat the Basuto and clear the road to Ramakhoasti at the cost of 51 men dead and wounded.

By January the Cape was reaching its breaking point, as it struggled to suppress the Transkeian Rebellion the had started in neighbouring Bechuanaland, while at the same time as dealing with the political fallout of severe setbacks for the British army in attempting to crush the Boer in Transvaal. The cost alone of paying for these wars was becoming untenable, with expenditure reaching the huge sum of £3 million pounds. Fears about the loyalty of the Boers living in the Cape had become so great that no new Burgher volunteers were allowed to join any of the armies fighting native uprisings. Pressure to end these wars was mounting on the Cape prime minister Gordon Sprigg to end the war, even by political means if necessary. Sprigg was harshly criticised in the press at the time for waging what was deemed a wasteful war that imperilled broader colonial interests. Garnet Wolseley was equally critical of the Cape government's policy, because he saw little point in confiscating the rifles of tribes that had been supportive of the British during the Zulu wars. This broader strategic situation had very little impact on Carrington, however, who was planning his next operation.

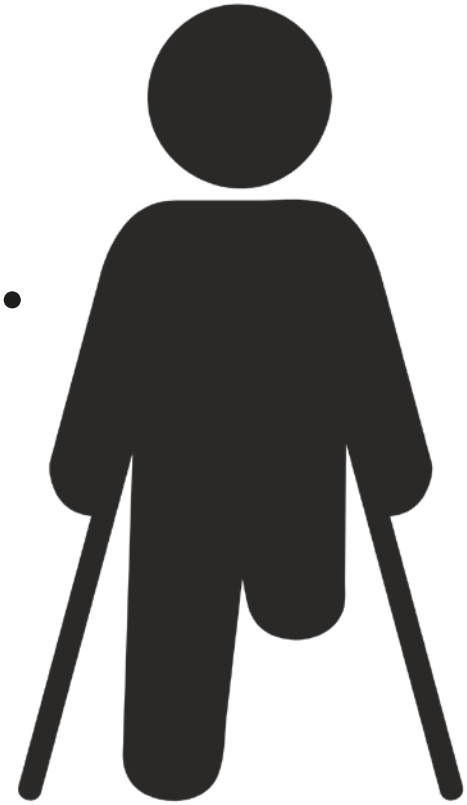
On the 14th of February Carrington captured Ramakhoasti ridge, which controlled the main road to Morija. The settlement of Ramibidikwa was the next objective. A column of 500 men under the command of Captain Giles set out to find a suitable path towards the settlement. The force crossed a spruit below the camp but almost immediately a great mob of Basuto descended on them. The British forces had just minutes to form a square and repel the onslaught. After letting loose four volleys, killing or wounding 138 men, Carrington's men marched steadily forward till night fell. Carrington then moved the main camp to the site of the battle 12 miles away from Morija, but by then men and resources were being diverted to other fronts, and on the 22nd of March he was badly wounded near the camp. The last action of the war was fought on the 11th of April when Clarke captured Boleka Ridge. On the 28th of April a war weary Cape Government agreed to an armistice: they no longer had the men or cash to continue the war.

Sprigg's decision to disarm the Basuto was entirely correct as he was upholding the law of his government; however attempting to do it just as British prestige and power had reached their lowest ebb, after Isandlwana, was foolhardy. Sprigg had little support from figures in the army who saw no good reason in aggravating these seemingly compliant tribes while London wanted an end to these costly wars. This war also exposed several failings with the colonial military in the Cape, from its overreliance on short-term volunteers to its inability to mobilise sufficient numbers of troops to supress the Basuto. The British were unable to get to grips with and defeat an enemy that fought as mounted infantry and were armed with modern rifles. The Gun War marked a great period of uncertainty for British rule that never truly went away. Beset by numerous small biting threats, as captured in the satirical cartoon "Stamping it Out" (which depicts the Second Anglo-Afghan war), the colossus would find precious little peace in the decades to come.

# "The Vision to the Young Bartholomew"
Mikhail Nestorov, 1889-90

Oil on canvas
Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow

# MANLINESS... DISABLED?



## An essay by Henry George

It is hard in times of such decay to say what it is to be a good man. Who are you meant to look to as a model, to emulate and aspire to be? The fact that we can hardly accept any significant differences between men and women in the public square points to the degraded state of manhood itself. This seems even more the case from where I stand, trying to navigate not only what it means to be a man in modern times, but to do so while living with an inherited disability. Under the guise of kindness to the oppressed and marginalised, our culture tells people like me that we don't need to worry about the old conceptions of masculinity and manliness, as these are a) unobtainable and b) toxic for their exclusivity against anyone who doesn't fit the cishetero-patriarchal model of a man.

This is what I've come to see as the disabling of manliness, producing men and a society that are as crippled in soul and spirit as I am in body. This is the way cultures die. Being born with genetic fragile skin condition like epidermolysis bullosa, as I was, adds several layers of complexity and challenge to growing and maturing as a man, layers that rest atop the constrictions that modern society places on masculinity. These can serve to suppress the lust for life that is the mark of all who truly accept and appreciate the totally unearned gift we have received through being pulled from Chesterton's wreck of non-being through birth into life itself. The disabling of manliness being pursued by the ruling class and the liberal clerisy is as much a potential disaster for someone like me as for the strongest bodybuilder.

I would contend that not only do what used to be called the manly virtues hold out the best hope for our cultural recovery, but that this may be even more so for people like me to live as good a life as we can within the confines of our limits. The idea that these virtues are not just obsolete but toxic, even fascistic, is one that has descended like a dense fog over our societies, suffocating those who would otherwise wish to excel through the extension to the utmost of their talents and the improvement of their character.

To take one example. Stoicism has played a vital role in keeping me moving forward through some bleak times. As such, the designation by the American Psychological Association of stoicism as an element of toxic masculinity felt like an attack on something fundamental, not just to men in general but myself in particular. This effort to re-socialise men into something that they are not is bad enough when one's body works, but when it doesn't, a source of support like stoicism being kicked away is even more disheartening.

It is obvious, witnessing the incessant messaging and propaganda from the Cathedral of academia, NGOs, non-profits, and their foghorns in the media, that the managerial state wishes to turn men into docile, de-virilised consumers who pose no threat to absolutely anyone, least of all those in power. We can see the effects of this in the fragility of college stu-

dents and the products of academia, who parade as the new revolutionaries but dissolve in tears any time reality bites. This mass inculcation and celebration of weakness, because that is what it is, makes my skin look strong, and this comes apart like tissue paper!

Many on the vitalist Nietzschean right who rightly push back at these attempts to neuter non-compliant masculinity lay the blame on Christianity itself, for its valorisation and sacralisation of the weak over the strong, the low over the high. Yet as Anthony Esolen shows in his book *No Apologies*, the Bible is full of imprecations for men to show courage and grace in service to Jesus Christ. Why else would Paul, in 1 Corinthians 16:13 write "Acquit yourselves like men" as a farewell? The Bible does indeed emphasise the importance of forgiveness and love of neighbour. But it also calls us to engage in the great battle for the souls of man, to strap on the spiritual armour of faith to fight the good fight. The Jesus Christ who threw the traders and moneychangers from his father's house in righteous and terrible fury was no soft weakling. The Son of God came bearing a sword, rose again in glory on the third day of Easter, and will divide the righteous from the damned at the end of all things. This is not a faith for the faint of heart.

**...our culture tells people like me that we don't need to worry about the old conceptions of masculinity and manliness...**

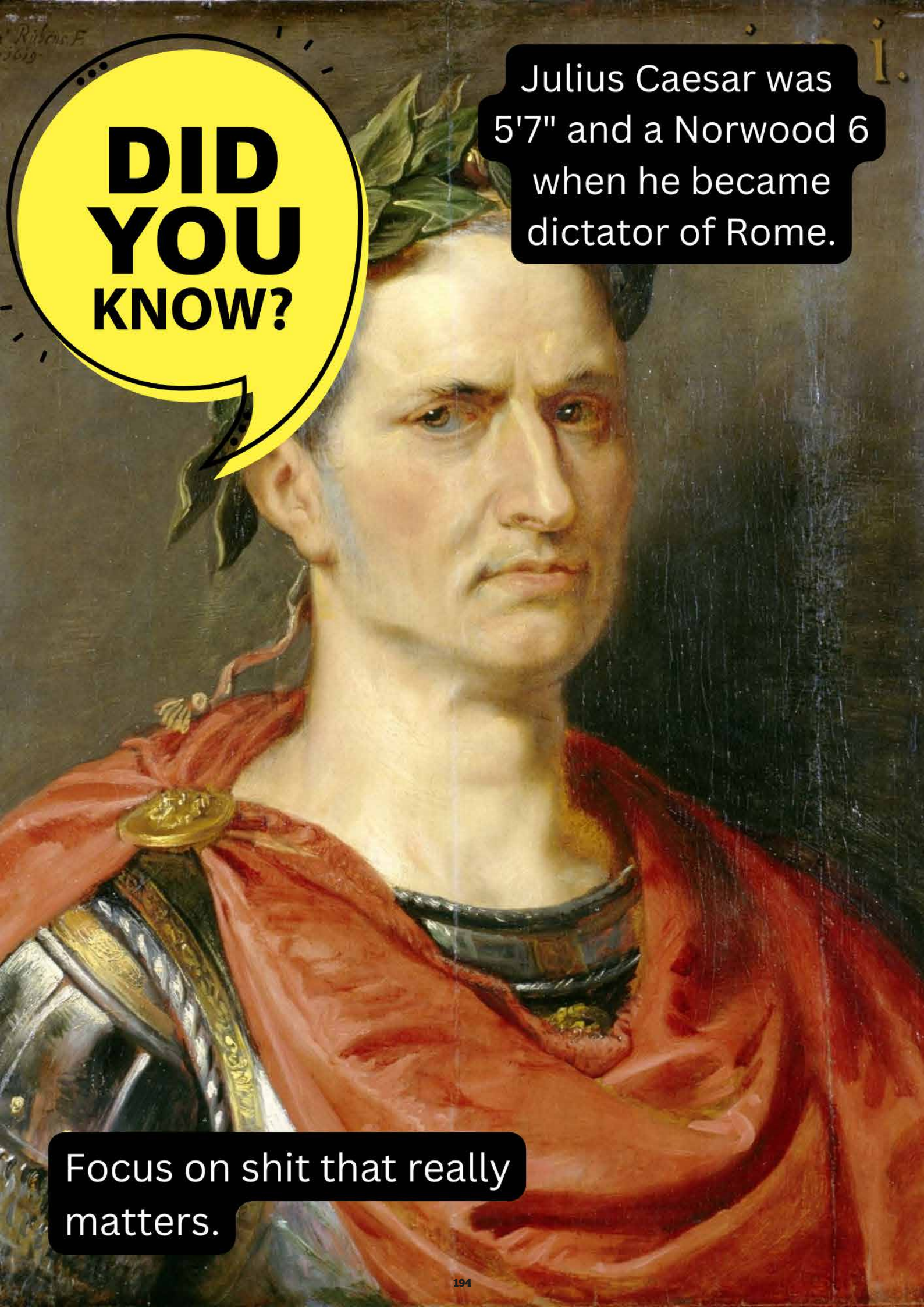
MAN'S WORLD focuses on the physical aspects of manhood and the need for men to exert themselves to their limit, then just a bit more. At a time when physical prowess is denigrated and demeaned for its retrograde focus on strength and commitment, this pursuit of the nobility found in the cultivation of one's body into a honed instrument of one's will is desperately needed. However, I would gently suggest that this is insufficient. The ancients, back to Aristotle, saw the soul and body as indivisible, intertwined in the symphony of existence itself. Our status as embodied souls means that cultivating the outward form cannot come at the expense of the substance. This battle for men's souls must be waged, as Solzhenitsyn saw that our hearts are forever cleaved between good and evil.

Now, lest some readers sigh in exasperation at the expected lecture that focuses on the formation of the spirit over that of the body, as a way for me to undermine the need for such physical formation to compensate for my physical debility, there is nothing to concern you. I am very well aware than I cannot hope to achieve the forging and tempering many readers will be engaging in. Nor do I wish to castigate the rise in attention paid to male physicality and the need for its strengthening. Leon Kass, in *Leading a Worthy Life: Finding Meaning in Modern Times*, praises the classical sporting life for the virtues it embodied and the good it was reaching for through the celebration of beauty. The fanaticism for levelling that has gripped our culture, whereby the strong are pulled down and the weak are discarded, is absent from my way of seeing things. The fact that young men are pushing themselves as hard and far as they can, while investing in nutrition and healthy eating is all to the good, and for me marks an enrichment of life itself.

But this is the key: our state as embodied souls means that we cannot neglect one part of ourselves without the other withering, because this in turn leads to a withering of the whole. We must always ask ourselves: to what end am I moving through life? What is the purpose, and what is its meaning? Ultimately, we come to the question of virtue, what it means to live a good and moral life. Plato named his cardinal virtues as wisdom, courage, moderation, and justice. Aristotle added prudence, the virtue of cautious and discriminating judgement that allows for full engagement with the demands of our social and therefore political nature. Aristotle argued that the embodiment of these virtues in one's life led to a sense of beneficence and satisfaction that was its own reward: eudaimonia. Christianity mediated these virtues through the teachings of the Bible and united them in the act of following Jesus Christ, redeeming the time given to us on this earth and making ourselves worthy of his sacrifice for our manifest sins.

One of these potential sins that sits in the hearts of men is our greater propensity, grounded in our physiology, for violence, revealed in the male rates of violent crime: murders, assaults, rapes, armed robberies. Add to this the passion for armed conflict that men have periodically loosed on the world, and one can draw up a lengthy indictment sheet. But as Sebastian Junger writes, "The cause is not just poor socialization, however: Male violence is a problem across all societies, communities, and races, and the primary driver is testosterone."

Yet the same biological substrate that can produce evil can also be channelled and trained towards


DID YOU KNOW?
Julius Caesar was 5'7" and a Norwood 6 when he became dictator of Rome.
Focus on shit that really matters.

the good, the true and beautiful. Defending one's family, community or nation from attack is a worthy and honourable thing, as is rushing to the aid of those in distress, even at risk to life and limb. Less heroical but just as noble is working to build a life, family, community and country. Junger recounts "one study [that] found that 90 percent of 'bystander rescues,' in which a person tries to save a stranger, are performed by men." As Junger further writes, "During the mass shooting in Aurora, Colo., four of the twelve victims were young men who died protecting women with their bodies; there were no examples of the opposite." This is not to denigrate women's willingness to protect children, but as Junger points out, the reverse of the above situation, where women protect men from bullets, is basically non-existent. He quotes anthropologist Joyce Benenson who says that "The definition of a man is someone you can count on when the enemy comes."

Now, I'm obviously not able to fulfil such a vision of manhood in the same way. So, there is a loss of something important there, which it's pointless to deny. Even so, the question still remains of how to life a good life, one that reaches for virtue and grasps it even in the face of the tragic nature of our existence in a broken and fallen world. For myself, I can say that the cardinal virtues listed above have all been essential to me at one time or another, all aided and undergirded by God's grace. It has taken courage to go out into the world as much as I have, rather than submitting to the temptation to hide away at home. Going to, and then completing, university when few with the severity of my condition have or do again required courage, but also prudence in accepting what was and was not possible.

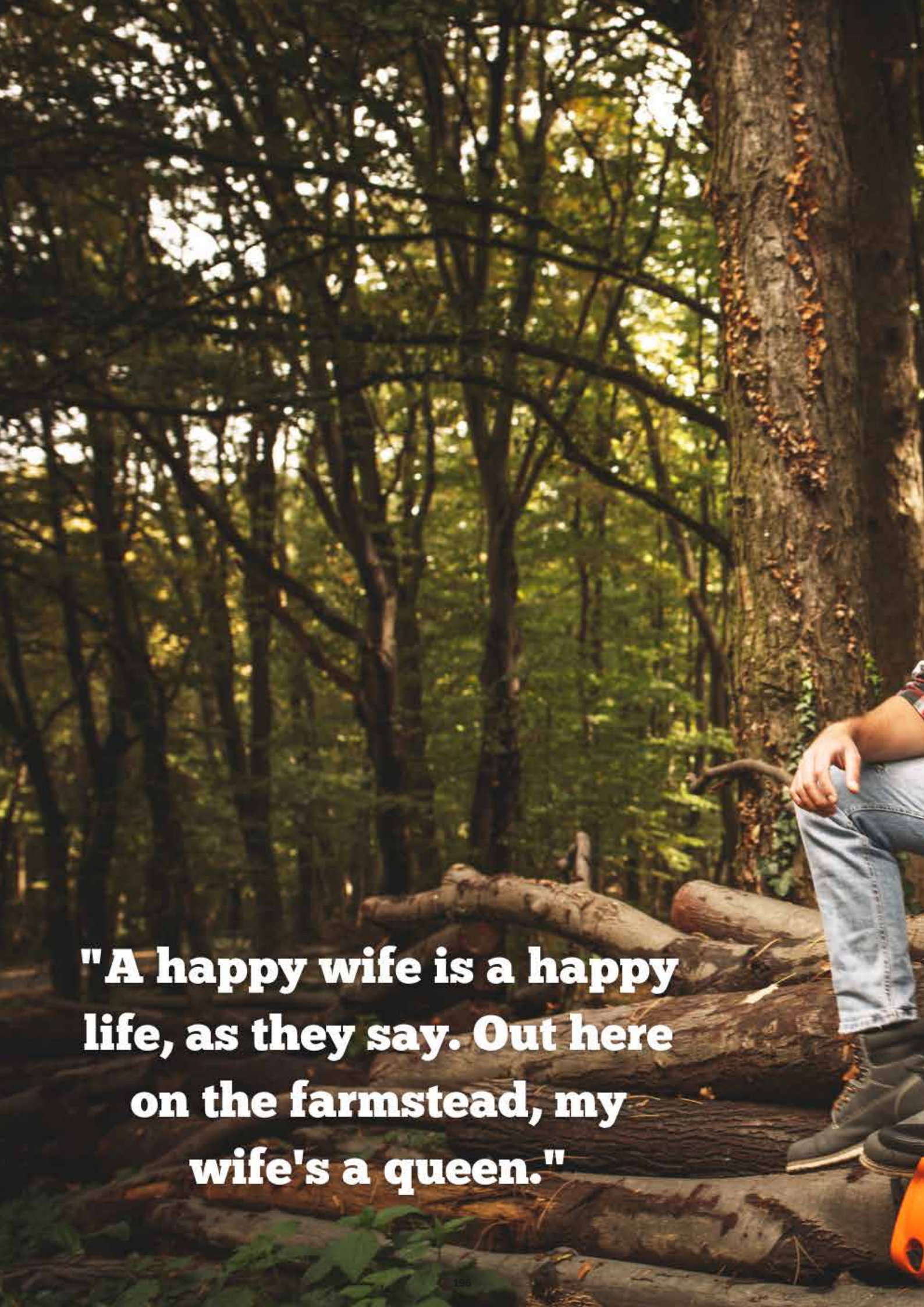
At base, however, lay a yearning for more from life, to reach as far and high as my existential limits will allow, that has driven me forward to this day. The drive for infinite space that Spengler defined as the foundational metaphysic of the Faustian spirit might sound grandiose. But it also speaks to something mythically true, and which I can only explain in my own circumstances as the dogged unwillingness to let my disability be the master, even if my complete mastery over it is unobtainable. A reconciliation with one's limits is in fact one of the most liberating things.

This acceptance of existential finitude is illustrated by the fact of my reliance on others to live as full a life as possible. We are interdependent, but this does not have to mean imprisonment. The bonds that bind can also set us free for even greater things. The reliance on others in my case has both necessitated and cultivated moderation and temperance in negotiating the path between accepting needed physical help and learning spiritual helplessness. The sin of resentment is one always looking for soil in which to grow, and a condition like mine and the difficulties it entails offers it plenty of sustenance if one allows it.

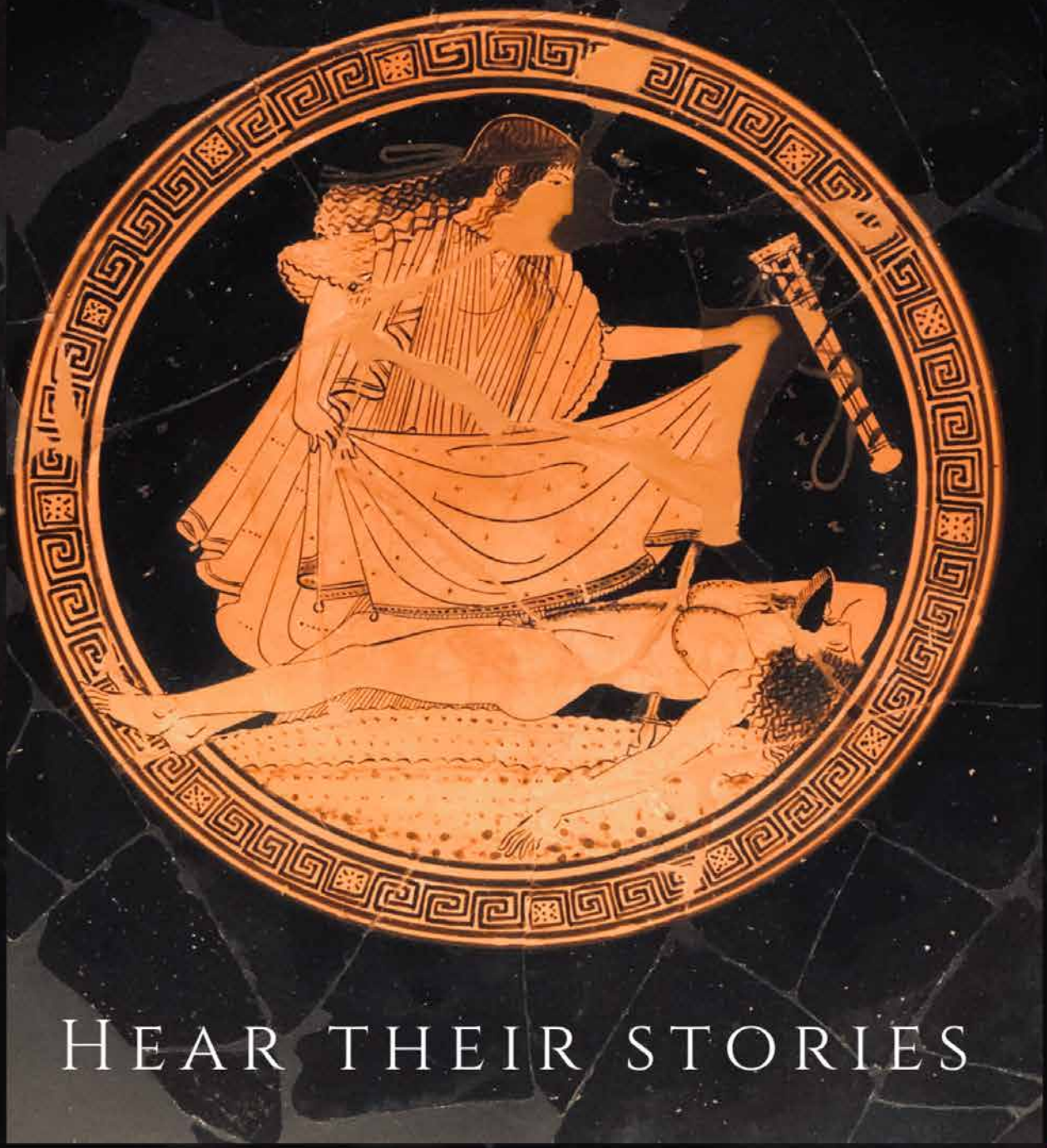
I like to think that the result of facing the circumstances as described has led to a growth in wisdom that only comes with age and experience of life's tragedies and triumphs. However, humility is also needed: this accrual of wisdom is a slow and precarious thing, but it can come, even if only in the knowledge of what not to do again following past errors and lapses in judgement and character. This points to the need to be honest and pursue truth, which is as important as Jordan Peterson has always said and is one of the few core messages that has come through his travails over the last few years. Cleaving as closely to the truth as possible is all the more necessary in the face of the suffering attendant on living with a disability.

What does any of this have do to with you, dear reader, the egg-slonking bodybuilder? Just this. You may not be limited by the same physical constraints that I came into the world with. But constrained by existential limits you surely will be, whether through illness, injury or infirmity. The brute reminder of our finitude that my condition represents is just a particularly concentrated example of the universal reality of our limited nature. This does not mean that I call for giving up the striving towards greatness in body that this magazine praises in favour of intellectual aestheticism. I find this commitment to renewed physicality admirable when trained towards virtuous ends, and I've endeavoured to live a life of as much honour and decency as my flawed nature and flawed body will allow.

My closing message is this: the acceptance of limits makes the transcendence all the sweeter, for a limitless life is flat and dehumanised. The life of the soul and the body are joined as one, and the neglect of one or the other wears away at the joy and satisfaction that comes from a life well lived, disabling manhood from within. We are all internal exiles in today's world, pilgrims in a foreign land that tries to disable manhood from without. The aim should be to avoid stepping off the forest path of the soul away from the good, the true and the beautiful. This, in turn, leads to the final virtue, the one that has sustained me at the darkest times: that of hope. There will be a final triumph and homecoming, when we at last know the rest our souls have longed for. For now, our duty is only the trying. The rest is not our business.


"A happy wife is a happy life, as they say. Out here on the farmstead, my wife's a queen."

# THE COST OF GLORY



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# DID GEORGE V BETRAY HIS COUSIN THE TSAR?

*history*
by Richard Poe

In his 1923 memoir, Sir George Buchanan, who was British ambassador to Russia from 1910 to 1918, devoted sixteen pages to denying that Great Britain had orchestrated the Russian Revolution.

Why did he need to deny this?

The reason is that prominent Russian exiles were accusing Britain of complicity in the Revolution, among them Princess Olga Paley, widow of the Tsar's uncle Grand Duke Paul.

In the June 1, 1922 *Revue de Paris*, Princess Paley wrote: "The English Embassy, on orders from [Prime Minister] Lloyd George, had become a hotbed of propaganda. The Liberals, Prince Lvoff, Miliukoff, Rodzianko, Maklakoff, Guchkoff, etc., met there constantly. It was at the English Embassy that it was decided to abandon the legal ways and embark on the path of the Revolution."

When Princess Paley identified the British Embassy as the nerve center of the Revolution, she was not just passing along gossip. She had inside knowledge of British operations in Petrograd.

Grand Duke Paul, the Princess's husband, was deeply involved in the intrigues leading up to the Tsar's abdication. Her stepson Dmitri had taken part in the assassination of the "mad monk" Rasputin, a British-led operation, according to Andrew Cook's *To Kill Rasputin* (2006).

## Milner's Ultimatum to the Tsar

In February, 1917, Lord Alfred Milner – a high-ranking British statesman – traveled to Petrograd to deliver an ultimatum to the Tsar. Russia was on the brink of revolution, Milner warned. To save the monarchy, the Tsar must lay down his traditional autocratic powers and institute democratic government.

Nicholas refused.

The real reason for Milner's demand was that he knew the Tsar was negotiating a separate peace with Germany. As Princess Paley had observed, the Duma leaders were largely under British control. If the Tsar turned over power to the Duma, Britain would gain effective control of the Russian government.

## Palace Coup

The overthrow of the Tsar was, in effect, a palace coup, engineered by Nicholas's own relatives, working closely with the British Embassy.

On March 14, 1917, British ambassador George Buchanan met with the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich, the Tsar's brother. They discussed plans to force concessions from the Emperor.

Prime Minister Rodzianko was planning to meet the Tsar when he arrived by train that evening, and to demand his signature on a manifesto relinquishing his autocratic powers and instituting a constitutional monarchy, just as Lord Milner had demanded in February.

The manifesto had already been signed by Grand Dukes Paul, Michael and Cyril.

Only the Tsar's signature was needed now.

## King George V Endorses the Revolution

During their meeting of March 14, Grand Duke Michael asked Buchanan if he had "anything special" he would like to convey to the Emperor.

Buchanan states in his memoirs, "I replied that I would only ask him to beseech the Emperor, in the name of King George, who had such a warm affection for His Majesty, to sign the manifesto, to

show himself to his people, and to effect a complete reconciliation with them."

I must assume that Buchanan would have obtained the King's approval before daring to speak "in the name of King George" on such a grave matter.

This raises the possibility that King George V of England—through his ambassador—may have officially endorsed the Russian Revolution while it was still in progress.

## Who Gave the Order?

There is some mystery as to why the Tsar ended up abdicating, rather than signing the manifesto creating a constitutional monarchy.

Buchanan states in his memoirs that the Tsar never saw the manifesto, because the Emperor's train never arrived that evening.

By the time the Tsar telegraphed Rodzianko the next day (March 15), agreeing to sign the manifesto, Rodzianko told him, "Too late." Abdication was now the only course left.

Why did Rodzianko change his mind?

Buchanan says the demand for abdication came from the Petrograd Soviet, a group of socialist agitators who had suddenly announced their existence on March 12.

There is a problem with this story, however. Rodzianko did not take orders from the Soviet. He took orders from Buchanan.

## Revolution from Above

The Tsar's overthrow had been well-planned. It was a revolution from above, not below.
When the soldiers mutinied, they did not rampage through the streets. They marched straight to the Tauride Palace, where the Duma met, to pledge their loyalty to Russia's new rulers.

The London *Daily Telegraph* of March 17, 1917 reported: "On Tuesday [March 12] the movement rapidly spread to all the regiments of the garrison, and one by one they came marching up to the Duma to offer their services."

And who led the Duma? They were Buchanan's men, the same ones Princess Paley accused of conspiring at the British embassy— "Prince Lvoff, Miliukoff, Rodzianko, Maklakoff, Guchkoff, etc.."

Buchanan also had weight with the mob. Following the Tsar's abdication, he was seen leaving the Winter Palace. Recognizing Buchanan as a friend of the Revolution, the mob in the street "greeted him with loud cheers and escorted him back to the [British] Embassy, where they gave a rousing demonstration in honour of the Allies," reported *The Times* of London.

## "Dictator" of Russia

On March 24, 1917—nine days after the Tsar's abdication—a Danish newspaper correspondent reported that Buchanan now wielded the power of a "dictator" in Russia.

He wrote: "England's domination over the [Russian] government is complete and the mightiest man in the empire is Sir George W. Buchanan, the British ambassador. This astute diplomat actually plays the role of a dictator in the country to which he is accredited. The Russian government does not dare to undertake any step without consulting him first, and his orders are always obeyed, even if they concern internal affairs. …When Parliament is in session he is always to be found in the imperial box, which has been placed at his disposal, and the party leaders come to him for advice and orders. His appearance invariably is the signal for an ovation."

The imperial box which had been "placed" at Buchanan's "disposal" was formerly reserved for the Emperor himself.

Given these facts, we must regard with some skepticism Buchanan's claim that the Petrograd Soviet – during its three-day existence – had somehow acquired more authority than Buchanan to tell Rodzianko what to do.

## Milner's Revenge

The British press made no effort to conceal its glee over the Tsar's downfall. On the contrary, British journalists implied that the Tsar had gotten what he deserved, for failing to heed Lord Milner's warning.

"Every effort was shattered by the obduracy of the Tsar," reported the London *Guardian* on March 16, 1917. "It is noteworthy that the outbreak [of the Revolution] followed promptly on Lord Milner's return from Russia, where his failure was generally understood to mean that nothing could be hoped from the Tsar, and that the people must seek their own redemption."

On March 22, 1917 – with the Tsar and his family under arrest, and their fate uncertain – Great Britain granted recognition to the revolutionary government.

Prime Minister David Lloyd George sent a telegram that day to Russia's new premier, Prince Lvov, stating, "It is with sentiments of the most

Leon Trotsky, who may have been a British agent; a scene from the Russian Revolution

profound satisfaction that the peoples of Great Britain and the British dominions have learned that their great ally, Russia, now stands with the nations which base their institutions upon responsible government."

Meanwhile, former Prime Minister Asquith declared in the House of Commons, "Russia takes her place by the side of the great democracies of the world. …We… feel it our privilege to be among the first to rejoice in her emancipation and welcome her into the fellowship of free peoples."

## Did the British Back the Bolsheviks As Well?

I have written more extensively on this subject in my article, "How the British Invented Communism (And Blamed it on the Jews)," available at richardpoe.substack.com and RichardPoe.com.

Among other questions, my article explores the persistent rumor that Leon Trotsky was a British spy, a charge of which he was actually convicted in a Soviet court (in absentia).

Trotsky personally led the Bolshevik coup on the night of November 6-7, 1917.

He was able to do this only because MI6 had mysteriously released him from a Canadian internment camp six months earlier.

In Moscow, Trotsky reportedly had a fling with Clare Sheridan, reputed British spy and Winston Churchill's first cousin.

Trotsky's first act as Commissar for Foreign Affairs was to repudiate Russia's interests in the Persian oilfields, leaving it all for the British. This windfall greatly increased the assets of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, later known as British Petroleum.

All things told, a lot of our history seems in need of rewriting.

Things are just not what they seem.

*Richard Poe is a New York Times bestselling author and journalist. He co-wrote with David Horowitz* The Shadow Party: How George Soros, Hillary Clinton, and Sixties Radicals Seized Control of the Democratic Party, *and is presently writing a history of globalism. Poe's work appears at richardpoe.substack.com and RichardPoe.com.*

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# THE FROG'S GUIDE TO COLLEGE

If you're reading this, you're probably past the stage of reading lukewarm, vague, ambiguous guides on "How to Get Into College." You may be following some forums, discussing with friends, or planning with teachers. But ultimately, just as women will give you terrible advice on how to deal with women, colleges will give you terrible advice on how to get into college.

You see, colleges are really just glorified 'businesses of academia' - these days just as with any Mega ZOG-Corp, they don't fill positions; they fill quotas. And the painful truth is that while you worked so hard on those applications, spent those months writing essays on "the most worthwhile experience you ever had" and on the grinding SAT prep, the admissions office's Holy Grail homeless child of a gang-banger and feisty baby-momma took your place long ago.

**Essay by TRAVIS (@pontgomery)**

It's unfair, and in this article I'm going to discuss how to play the game. I have some funny stories and great tips that will get you into college. And not just any college; but the college that your 'college counselor' has determined as your 'reach' college, or even further. I won't say any more because I don't want this to sound like a click funnel for Hustler's university - just know I'm not selling you this advice (or anything for that matter). If you want to speak, just DM me.

I'll begin with the fairer ways of getting in. You may not be beating the pigmentally-privileged just yet, but at least you'll be beating the nerds who have college stickers all over their computers. You know, the ones that won't shut up about that 'dream college' of theirs, and go to all the 'learn more about us!' university events. Fortunately for you, this type has zero social awareness; they haven't realised at the ripe age of 18 that broadcasting your life goal of getting into a college with a 7% acceptance rate will only result in embarrassment, humiliation, and misery (or even worse, Cornell).

What you want to do here is a little bit of research. Your competition thinks they have a chance based on 'merit' (whatever that means), and really believe they're going to get in. Spoiler alert: they won't. Because a) a 7% acceptance rate is really a 2% acceptance rate, b) if they haven't already jinxed it then they've relaxed into complacency, and c) because you are going to take their place and then rub their nose in it.

You start by looking up the university's regional admissions officer. Take some names and make sure you know about their background. Find their Twitter feed, their Facebook, their LinkedIn, and so forth. Then you have two choices. If you know a lot about a particular subject, find a few professors whose work you're 'interested in' and do the same digging as before, but read some of their papers (the abstract, introduction and conclusion will suffice). If you don't know a lot about a particular subject, start learning about the regional admissions officer's subject of study. This may be boring as hell, but when you eventually meet them you can frame it as a mentor/mentee situation and they'll immediately take a liking to you.

Once you finish the initial research stage, send an email to them. Say a few things, keep it short, but basically along the lines of "Hi, I hope you are well. My name is Undercover Frog and I'm really fascinated about X, Y and Z at the University of Brainwash. I was reading *insert professor's name* study and was intrigued by your Propaganda department. If you have any time I'd love to come by campus and discuss further." Then you visit them, and sweet talk them.

I have a funny story here. A good friend of mine at the university I was at (consider it top 5 US), used this exact tactic. Again, his main competition was a nerd who was obsessed with said university. One day, all students received an email that mentioned a 'regional admissions officer would like to take a tour of the school.' He pounced on the opportunity, and next thing he knew received the letter of admission.

A very similar situation arose with a severely under-qualified friend. He recognised his liabilities and drove out 5 hours to where the Dean of the College was speaking, had a conversations with him an hour prior to the event, and breezed in.

So congratulations! If you've gotten this far, you have now beaten the nerd for his spot. Now you're at the Hunger Games stage of the college application process.

It should be clear you're not competing with the field on the basis of talent and preparation. You're competing with rivals on oppression. And there's a direct and generous exchange rate between oppression points and qualifications. Being of negro descent, for example, exchanges you enough oppression points for roughly a 0.4 GPA leeway or 120 SAT score deficit - Vijay Chokal-Ingam's

Harvard experiment shows only the outer layer of this phenomenon.

So, you play the game! Keep your head held high as you explore the dirty underground of GNC morality. Anything goes: remember, your opposition will be searching down the back of the sofa cushions or in the 23-and-me genetics feedback report for some firmament from which to hoist their made-up sob stories about how you have oppressed them.

**"It should be clear you're not competing with the field on the basis of talent and preparation. You're competing with rivals on oppression"**

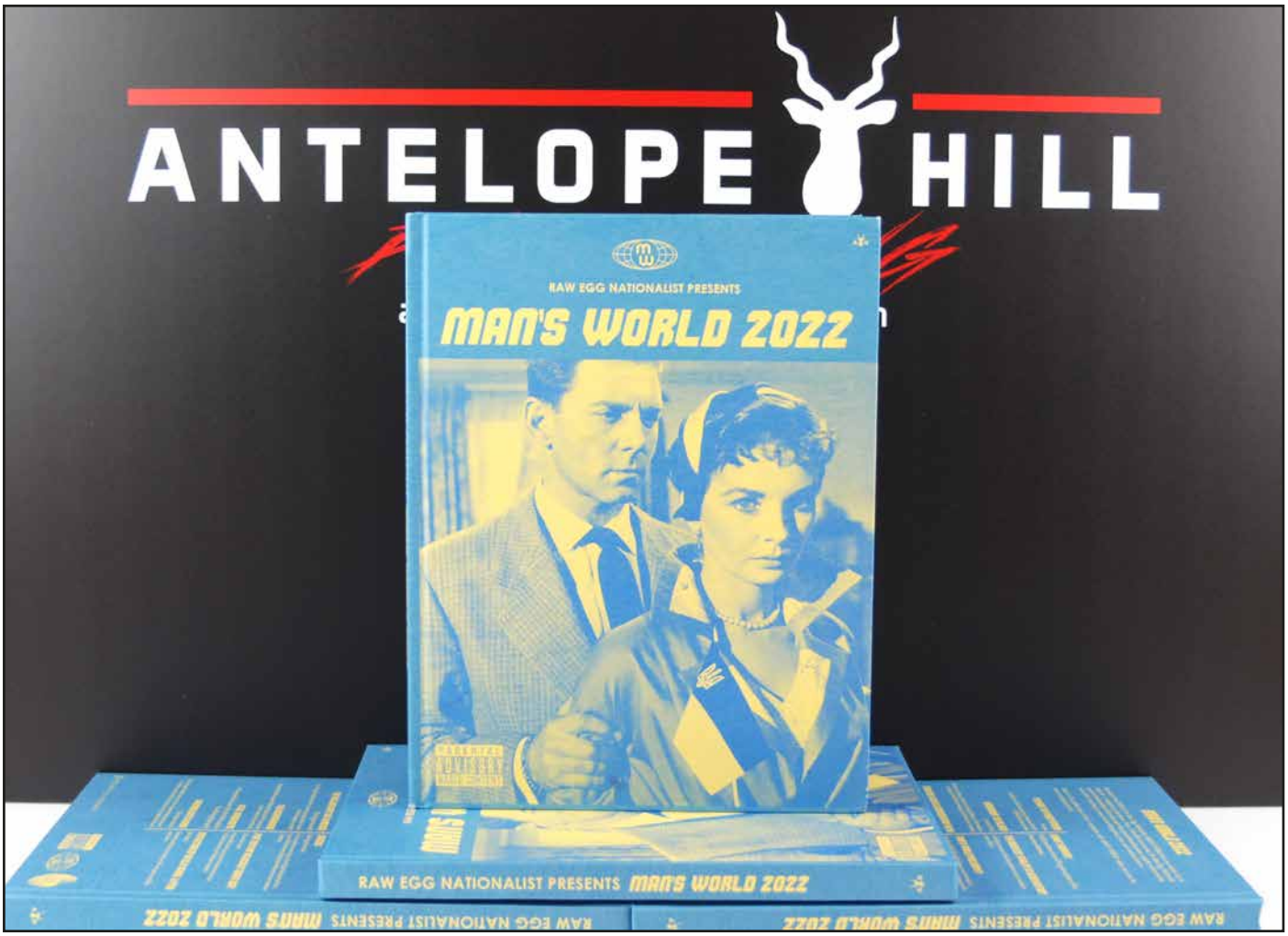
And what else works in your favour is that the people reading your application don't check. Often they're people who can't conceive of prospective students just making shit up. If they start asking questions, you remind them that doing so brings back personal or ancestral trauma.

I advise going all-in on this one. Tick off every minor component, such as race. I have two pieces of advice. Firstly, do some research into which ethnicities each university is trying to admit, and make your selection based off of those. Secondly, make sure your choice is ambiguous - an aboriginal group is often the perfect choice as that DNA is largely bred out by the time you Zoomers have come around.

Then, I would suggest a hard-hitter. You've dazed them with the jabs - now finish off with an uppercut. I'm talking 'cancer survivor at the age of five' kind of uppercut. I promise you, so long as your grades check out, if you write (or even better, hire someone to write) an essay about how you survived cancer at five years old you will get into an Ivy or similarly-placed school.

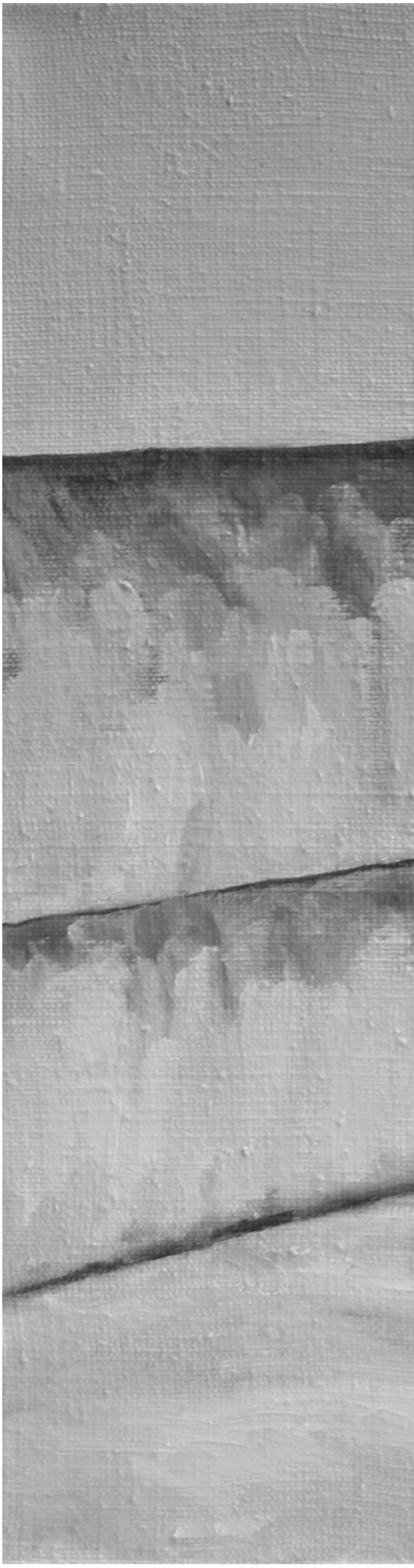
I can go into detail on how to frame these essays, but in brief: oppressed, oppressed, oppressed. Make sure you're not writing anything short of an inspirational hardship tale; started from the bottom (your indigenous ancestors & cancer), now I'm here (half-decent grades and did some extracurriculars). Good luck.

*Visit pontgomery.substack.com for more of Travis's writing.*



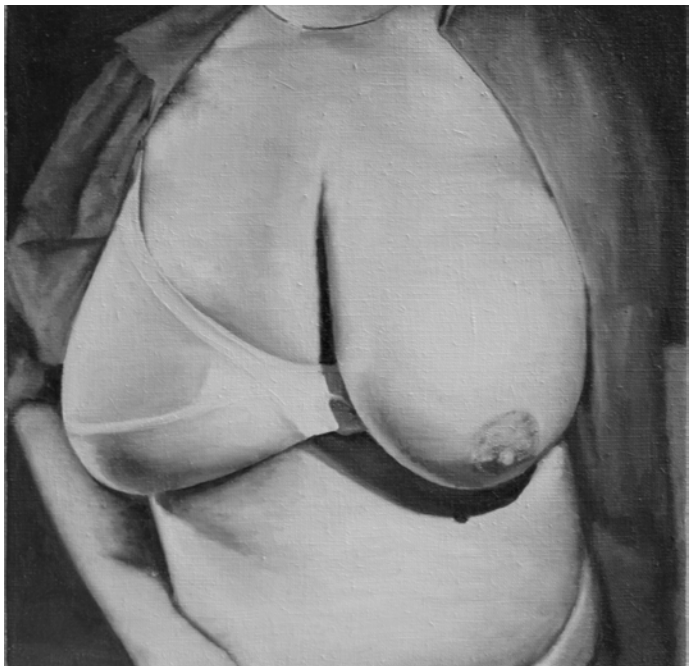
*The beautiful is always strange. I do not mean that it is coldly, deliberately strange, for in that case it would be a monstrosity that had jumped the rails of life. I mean that it always contains a touch of strangeness, of simple, unpremeditated and unconscious strangeness, and that it is this touch of strangeness that gives it its particular quality as Beauty.*

Charles Baudelaire



# A STRANGE BEAUTY

*art* by Alexander Adams



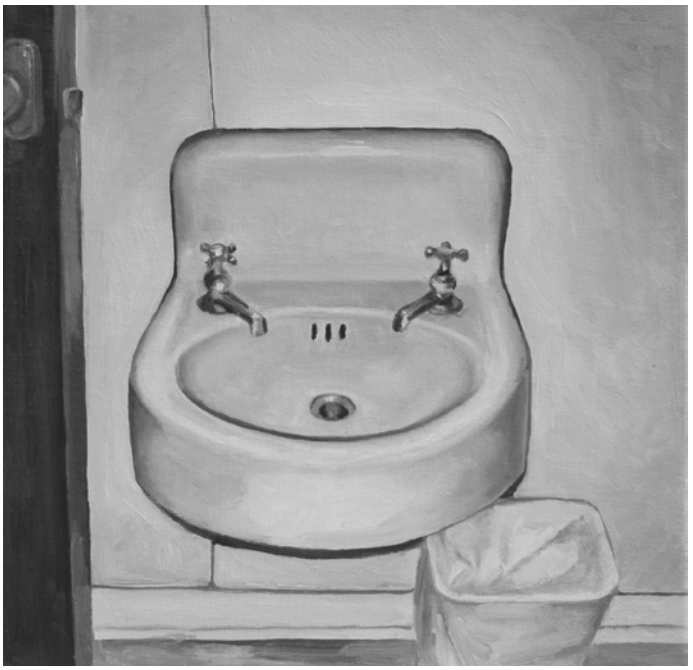
**I interspersed the series with paintings of interiors, which acted as a form of punctuation, relieving the viewer from the unending sequence of genitals and coquetry**

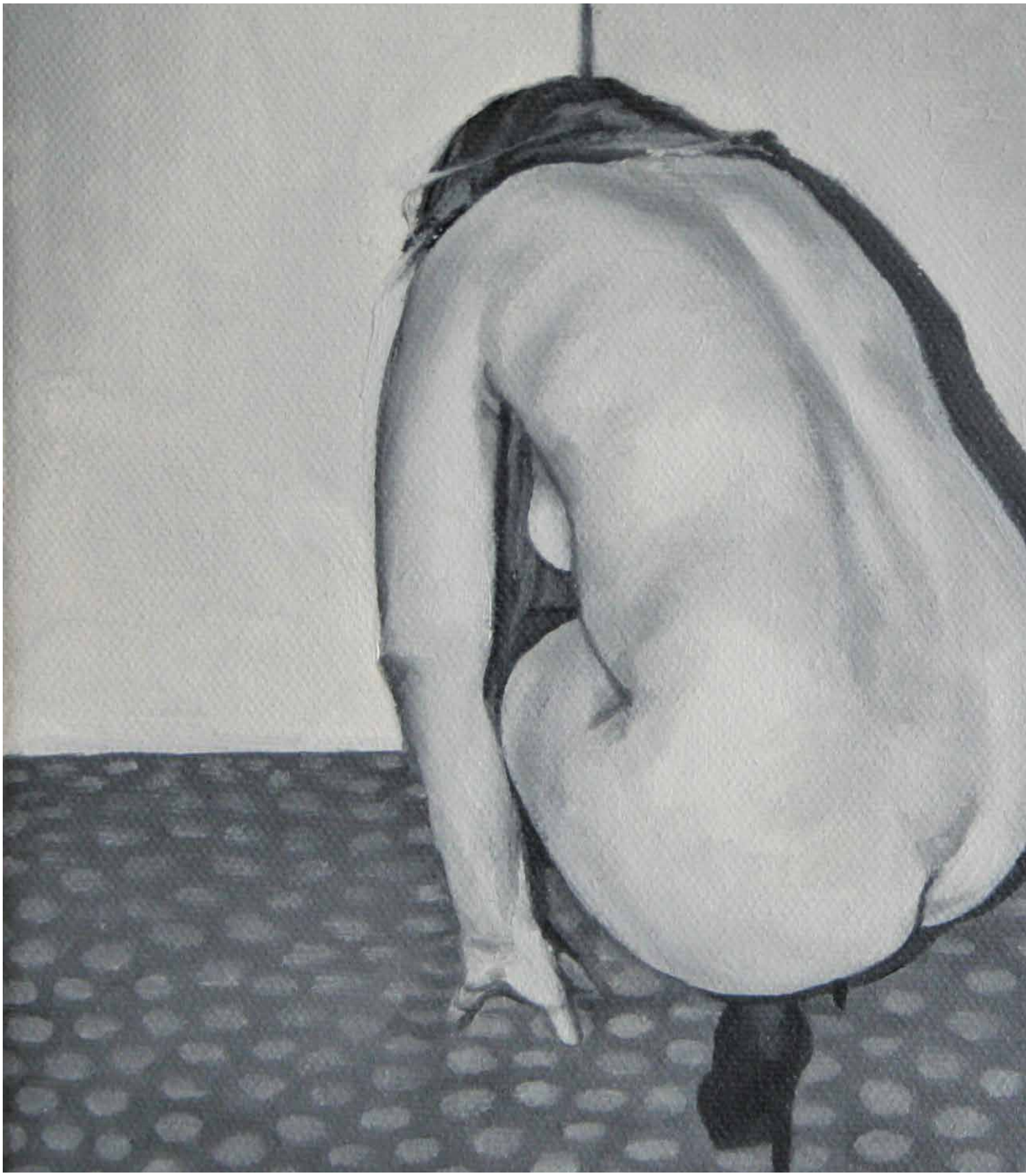
In the year 2000, I started to make the Square Nudes, a series of paintings of nudes on square-format canvases. These nudes would be based on amateur photographs; they would be prosaic, compromised, flattened by harsh light, awkwardly cropped, badly composed. In pictorial and aesthetic terms, they would be crude. I don't mean ugly – although many of the paintings would become tender paintings of ugliness – because there would be beautiful paintings and beautiful subjects. The art would be animated by an uninhibited attitude of a sexual underworld, as stark as it was compelling, something brutishly direct. Most of the photos came from contact magazines, where people advertised for sexual partners.

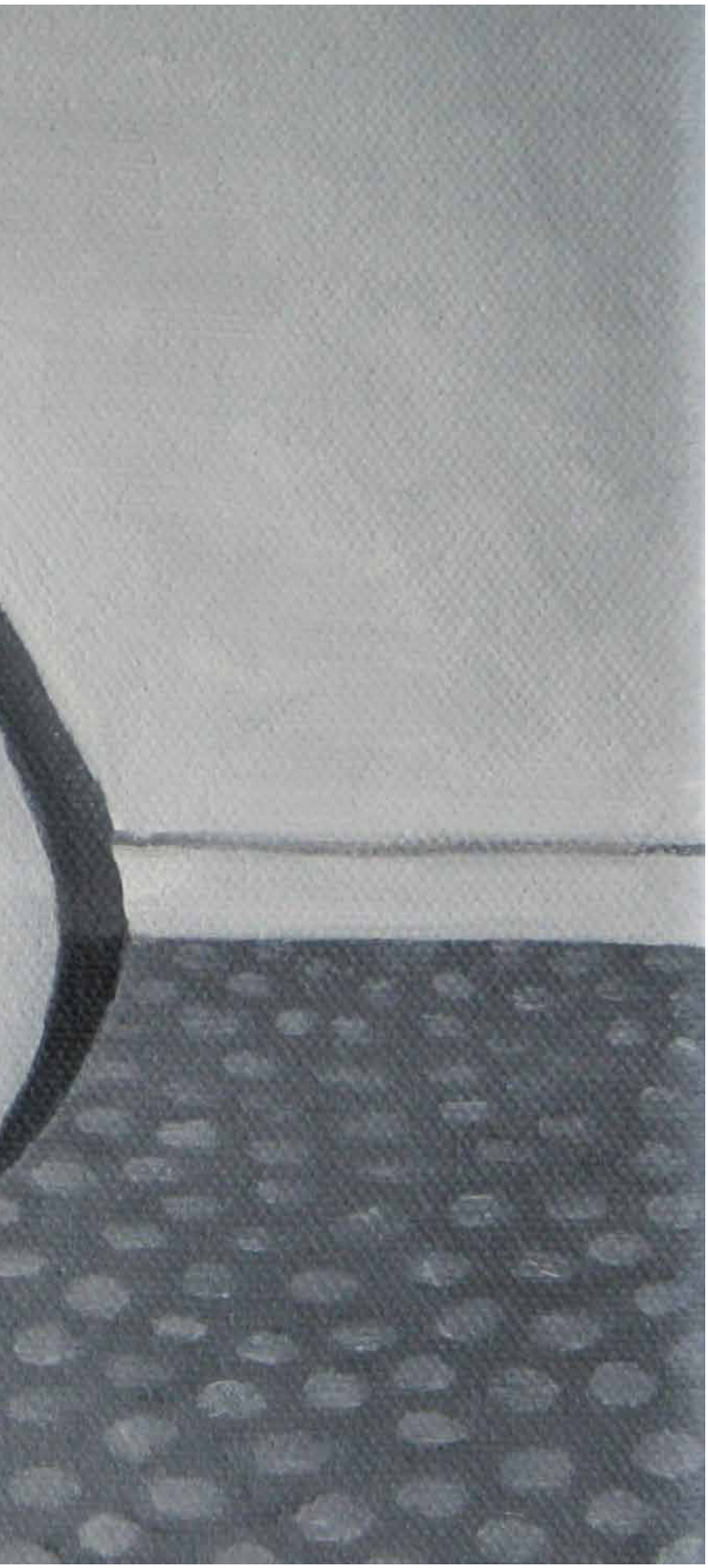
The aim was to make nude paintings that could not have been made at any other time. These Square Nudes would make would be conditioned by modernity. The trappings would be domestic, banal and contemporary – sagging velveteen sofas, clamshell mobile phones, cheap lingerie, Ikea furniture, strongly patterned carpets. The bodies would also be compromised by modernity. They would be overweight, tattooed, pierced, spray-tanned and with pubic hair modified, as well as some subjects being muscular, slim or athletic. I found myself fascinated by photographs that, although aimed at appealing to others, seemed hopelessly unflattering. Were my standards awry or were these images intended to be squalid? Were these images made to be aggressively, unrelentingly obscene? I did not paint any images of sexual acts, because these seemed to me to distractingly primal, short-circuiting the possibility of disinterested appreciation through the generation of an instinctive visceral attraction or repulsion within the audience.

In the source images, I kept seeing shades of figure paintings by Pierre Bonnard, Edgar Degas and Walter Sickert, no doubt because I am an artist and my memory automatically noticed and compared these photos to those paintings. The project seemed an idle occupation, as I could not imagine any gallery exhibiting the art I was making. It was simply too explicit and tawdry. So, I was painting for my own satisfaction, documenting a cross-section of the adult population who chose to expose their bodies but not their faces. (Contact magazines tended to conceal the faces, which added a dimension of modern anonymity to these nudes.) I interspersed the series with paintings of interiors, which acted as a form of punctuation, relieving the viewer from the unending sequence of genitals and coquetry. The paintings of sinks referred to bodily functions indirectly. The shoddy sinks and public-house urinals became mundane counterparts (even symbolic stand-ins) to the bodies I painted.

As I worked, I could not decide what my responses were to the paintings I made. I found them funny and absurd, yet some figures I painted were undeniably attractive; I developed a protective, paternalistic attitude to the subjects. This happens when you make art. You develop a sympathy with the subjects, even if you consider them ugly or repugnant. When you concentrate and document, you start to lose your distance and pretensions to moral superiority (actual or false). If you stare at a thing long enough, you begin to empathise, forming a peculiar bond. It is the human condition, perhaps. I did not see as attractive the bodies







**The modernity I was painting was not just in the bodies and domestic settings: it was within myself.**

that were elderly, ugly, fat or unsympathetically modified by tattoo or piercing, but I felt compassion, even sadness, towards the subjects. The more faithful I attempted to be in my task of compiling a pictorial encyclopaedia of the contemporary human form in Europe of the 1990s and 2000s, the more my distance from these subjects evaporated. I became deeply ambivalent about the art I was making and my view of the subjects.

Looking back on this series of about 250 paintings (some of which were published in a textless book in 2005, entitled *Noctes*) – and which ended roughly around 2014 – I am still unclear about what I achieved, if anything. Some of the paintings trouble me with their rawness; others seem to have acquired the mantle of a classical nude from ancient Greece or a rococo painting of a court concubine. Although the paintings were made to neutrally record, they also celebrate by raising to the level of fine art the most compromising and crudest of images.

Is the best of contemporary art an artist asking himself questions and hoping to understand himself and the world through the process of working, rather than constructing definitive coherent statements? I used to think that. There seemed something utterly modern in this anomie, this sense of being cut adrift from the certainties of tradition, this lack of centre, this acceptance of the ugly, compromised and squalid alongside the beautiful and correct. Maybe that is truly what modernity consists of and that is what I now reject. Today, I see such relativism and tolerance as a manifestation of society-wide conditioning, from which I was not immune.

The modernity I was painting was not just in the bodies and domestic settings: it was within myself. I was a painter willing to record and re-present these extreme images without condemnation and even without commentary. In a pre-modern era, could any artist have worked in such a way with images considered so graphic, obscene and degrading? I don't know. Viewing this series at a distance, I am coming to understand myself better now. When I think of these paintings, I cannot help but see myself at work on them: unconsciously rejecting my repugnance, overcoming doubts and making images anyway. I am not sure if I still am that artist or that man. I present the paintings again, without individual comment.

*Visit alexanderadams.art. He tweets @adamsartist*

MAN'S WORLD
MOTORING

# WELCOME TO THE FUTURE OF THE AUTOMOBILE...

## *YOUR VEHICLE IS WATCHING YOU!*

*An exclusive essay by HBP, in collaboration with Countere Magazine (@countere)*

Artificial intelligence is already an insurgent in the most sacred of household products, but by the year 2027, it will fully invade the civilian automobile. One will no longer need to become lost in the pages of dystopian literature to imagine a world where deeply entrenched bureaucratic forces have the power to disable any motorized vehicle at any time. This move will be implemented under the guise of public safety and fighting drunk driving. Born of supposed social necessity, these forces will make a push to restrict freedom of movement through AI-powered vehicle monitoring technology.

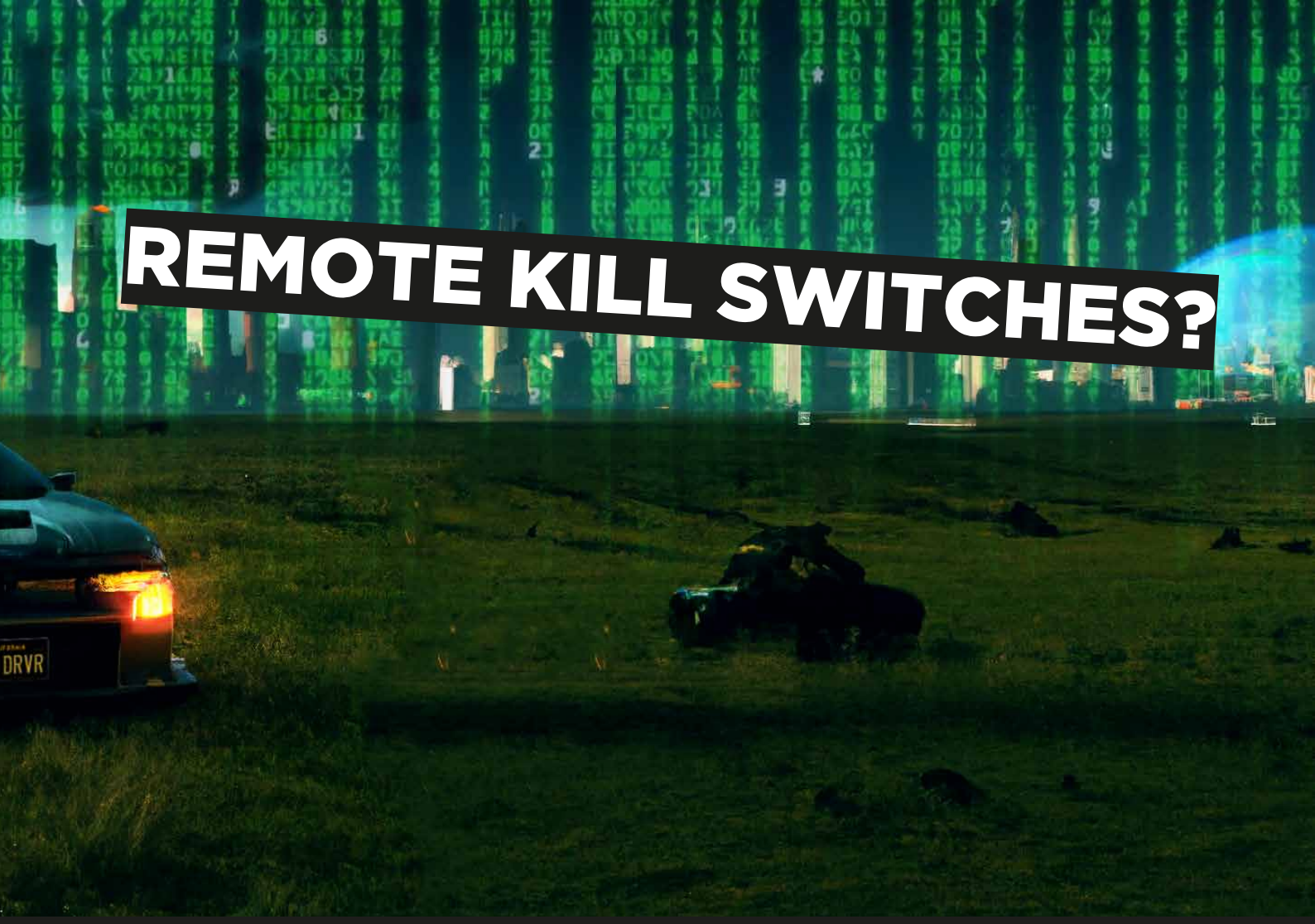
Your car will have a “remote kill switch” — the law has already mandated it. It is only a matter of time.

### Section 24220: The Beginning of the End

Section 24220 of the Infrastructure Investment and Jobs Act, passed into law through bipartisan approval by the US government in November of 2021, snuck in a requirement for car manufacturers to install remote kill switches and "advanced impaired driving technology” that will “prevent or limit motor vehicle operation if an impairment is detected.” This technology will allow vehicles to be remotely controlled or disabled through the decision of AI or an actual human actor.

Section 24220 mandates that the US Secretary of Transportation establish this requirement no later than November 15, 2024. After that, car manufacturers have three years to fully comply. All new cars manufactured for sale in the United States by the year 2027 will be equipped with technology that will passively monitor the impairment of the driver through various sensors, such as:

- Driving performance monitoring systems that monitor the vehicle movement using cameras and sensors that are outside the vehicle, such as lane departure warning and attention assist;




-Systems that monitor the driver's head and eyes, typically using a camera or other sensors that are inside the vehicle;

-Alcohol-detection systems that use sensors to determine whether a driver is drunk and then prevent the vehicle from moving.

Once the vehicle detects possible impairment through 24/7 surveillance of your "head and eyes," it can disable itself using a local system onboard. The vehicle will first give the driver the opportunity to cease oper ation voluntarily. However, if the driver does not respond, autonomous driving technology can take control of the vehicle by force until it is disabled. Most ominously, there will also be an ability for law enforcement agencies to remotely disable vehicles using a built-in kill switch that is able to render the vehicle inoperable.

Though its scale is monumental, backlash to Section 24220 has been muted, mostly due to its anti-drunk driving justification. MADD (Mothers Against Drunk Driving) hailed it as the "single most important legis lation" in their organization's history and "the beginning of the end of drunk driving." It could be — at what cost?

Prophetically, French sociologist Jacques Ellul paralleled this future in The Technological Society (1954), lamenting, "The supremacy of technical instruments is a result of their exact correspondence to social neces sities." Ellul goes on to state the collection of rational methods which he referred to as "technique" eventually "causes the state to become totalitarian, to absorb the citizens' life completely." However, few heeded this warning of total impending takeover by rational techniques and the ever-blossoming instruments humans create in support of the narrative of eternal progress. In an age where AI is invading consumer electronics and haunting domestic life beyond the will of any person to resist the temptation of various "smart devices," this is proving to be crushing.

Somewhat disturbingly in retrospect, it is likely that remote modification of vehicle operation has been possible for far longer than previously thought. It is probable that these powers have already been used in high-profile incidents: specifically, the crash that killed investigative journalist Michael Hastings in June of 2013. This incident comes to mind as the most obvious example of electronic systems in modern vehicles potentially being used for nefarious purposes.

# SURPRISE, SPEED, AND VIOLENCE OF ACTION.

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### The Suspicious Death of Michael Hastings

Michael Hastings was a high-profile journalist and vocal critic of government agencies. He was preparing a story that would incriminate high ranking officials when his 2013 Mercedes C250 Coupe suddenly sped to what onlookers described as "maximum speed." The vehicle then spun out of control and collided with a palm tree near the intersection of Melrose Avenue and Highland Avenue in Los Angeles, CA. The engine block of the vehicle was found well over 100 feet away from the car, having been launched in the explosive crash that killed Hastings instantly. Days prior to this crash, he told people close to him that his car seemed like it was being tampered with. He then asked to borrow a friend's Volvo, as he was afraid to drive his Mercedes to leave his apartment.

At the time of the crash, Hastings was getting ready to release a profile of CIA director John Brennan for Rolling Stone while also working closely with Wikileaks, raising major questions about potential perpetrators that might want to silence him. He also told close confidants that he was being investigated by the FBI. While the FBI denied having Hastings under an active investigation, they eventually released their 2012 files on him, having kept tabs on him for some time leading up to the crash. One of the most incriminating pieces of evidence in the death of Hastings is a statement by Richard A. Clarke, former U.S. National Coordinator for Security, Infrastructure Protection, and Counter-Terrorism. When asked to comment on the matter, Clarke said what is known about the crash is "consistent with a car cyber-attack." He was then quoted: "There is reason to believe that intelligence agencies for major powers — including the United States — know how to remotely seize control of a car."

Regardless if this technology is on the horizon or was already used in the death of Michael Hastings, the supposed technological "progress" implied by these systems ushers in a new era of meddling and AI systems controlling every aspect of human life. All cars and farming equipment will come with remote kill switches and 24/7 surveilling technology, a fact most recently evidenced by the twenty-seven Ukrainian tractors disabled by John Deere after they were stolen by Russian looters. While many cheered on this act of cyber-sabotage, others foresaw the dystopian implications of such an action — it's not so crazy to imagine the same, crippling fate awaiting organic farmers who refuse to participate in the global agricultural system, or small dairy farmers who don't comply with the government's emissions crackdown (a current reality for Dutch farmers).

Soon, a person won't even be able to drive their own vehicle in a slightly erratic manner without being stifled by the leviathan of safety authoritarianism. One must not give in and fall victim to the bludgeoning of this safety worship enabled by modern technology. There are ways to evade these electronic monitoring systems.

### How to Evade

One prudent step is to acquire classic automobiles and farm equipment which lack rampant over-utilization of computer chips while these machines are still available in good working condition. Any vehicle without an ECU (engine control unit) is prime for evasion of an impending technological hellscape. These vehicles can be found in varying conditions and price ranges, but some models from the 1960s and 1970s can be found in various markets for less than $10,000 at present time of writing. Specifically, any vehicle built prior to 1981 will not have an ECU that would allow for any sort of cyber-attack.

Simple machines allow people to provide for their families and their community

The most secure route will always be total avoidance. While it appears overly cautious to avoid any computer systems in personal vehicles or farm equipment, lack of an ECU simply ensures that a vehicle can function autonomously and be repaired much more easily in a way that gives the average consumer the most control possible. Simple machines allow people to provide for their families and their community. The dedicated will enjoy life with older technologies, confident in their working knowledge of the machine, emboldened by their self-sufficiency.

### Conclusion

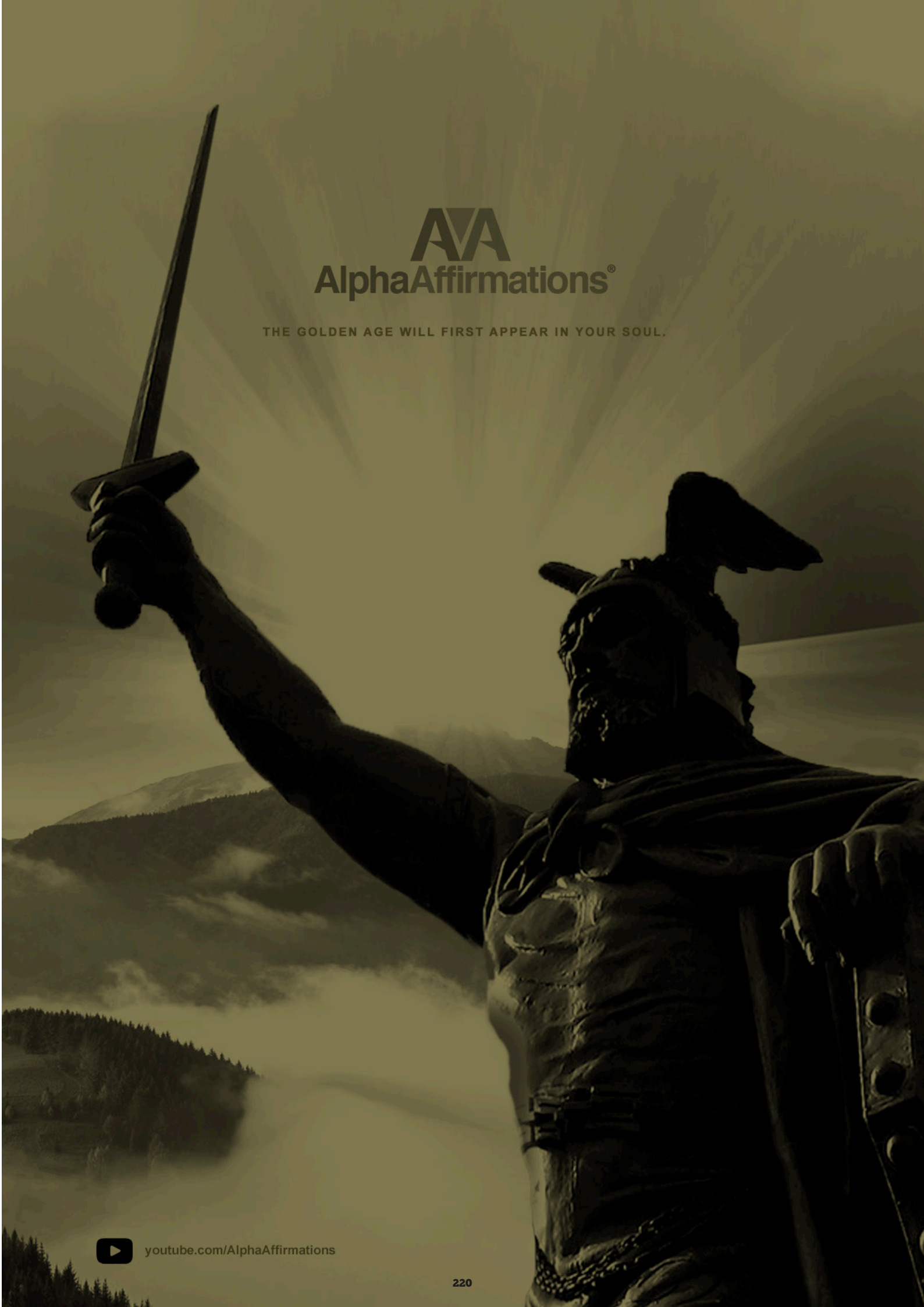
When will the infringement of rights by the technological system be so crushing that resistance movements fighting against these instruments of safety authoritarianism may rise to push back against their proliferation in the public treadmill of consumption? Will it take place in the mood and fervor of the finale

of Fritz Lang's Metropolis, where technologies are totally destroyed by those most oppressed by them? One scenario is passive co-existence with these technologies born of Section 24220, mixed with rare evasion by those who value a somewhat autonomous life. The other route is total heresy from the system itself — a return to an analog life of privacy similar to that before the events of September 11, 2001. One can now only remember a time before mass surveillance and anti-privacy technology gripped the world so tightly in a chokehold. However, a life apart is still possible.

"Etymologically, heresy means choice. Thus, the heretic is one who commands free choice: the courage to deviate from orthodoxy…it is more urgent than ever to heighten heretical consciousness." —Byung-Chul Han, *Psychopolitics*

**Reading List:**

*Society of The Spectacle*, Guy Debord
*The Technological Society*, Jacques Ellul
*Psychopolitics: Neoliberalism and New Technologies of Power*, Byung-Chul Han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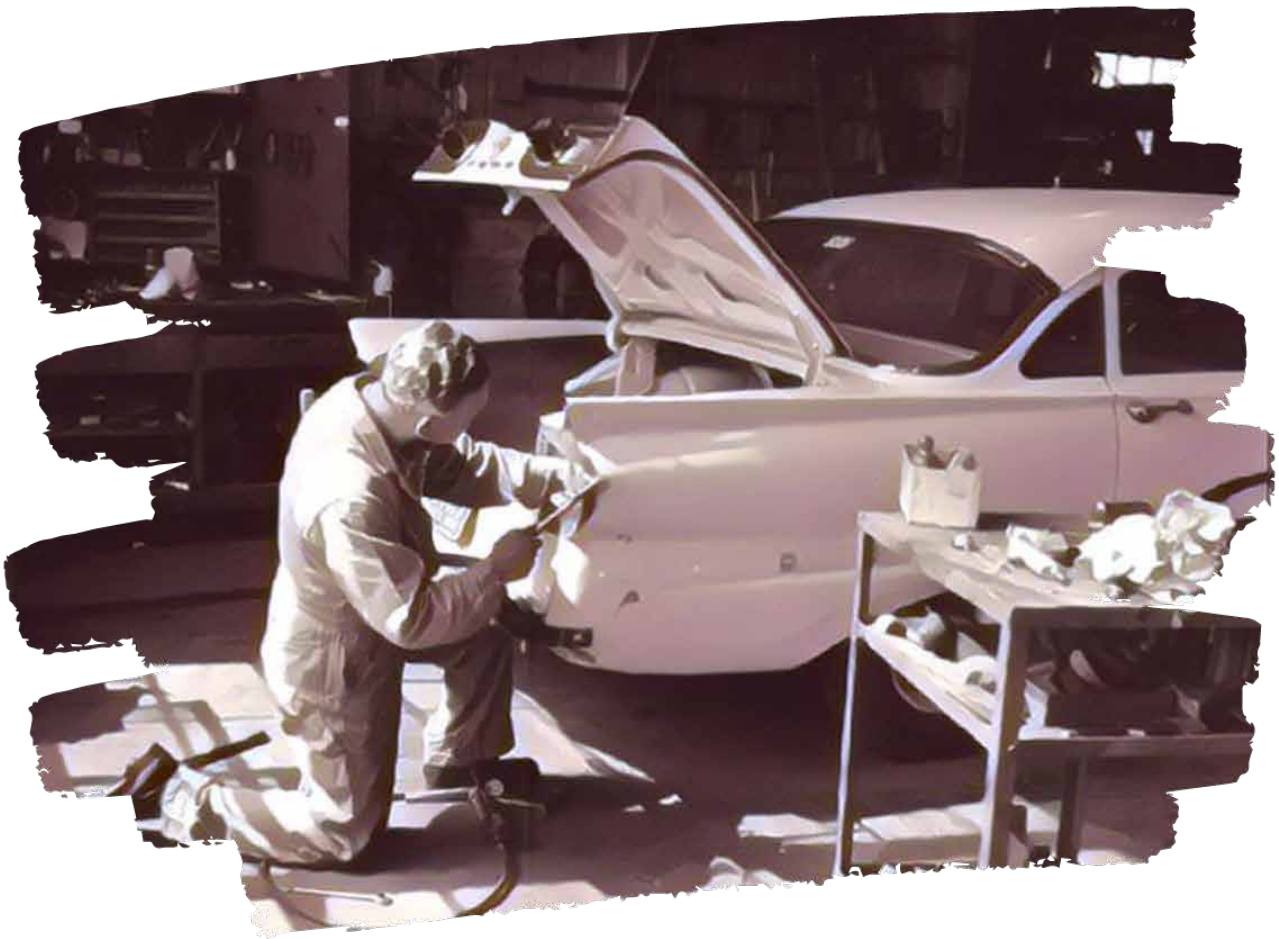

# BUILT NOT BOUGHT

*non-fiction* by American Savage 1776

> ...ELITES ARE CREATED AND THEIR SKILLS HONED; THEY ARE NOT SIMPLY BORN.

We're able to see with our own eyes the planned efforts to make us submit to a global tyranny where our existence depends on the scraps the Davos elite throw at us. No man would accept such imposition because it means submitting to slavery. Those of us who do not wield ruling-class status are left to build our own culture to carve out as much liberty as is prudently possible. Each man must fulfill the higher parts of his nature by creating his own space. This is a grand task. Men who do this are frogs by temperament: they are masculine.

I grew up learning that men are obligated do things and need to do real work for themselves. They do not wait around to be saved. To develop a masculine nature, my father encouraged me at a very young age to know what it meant to do real physical work that also challenged and cultivated my mind. I split shifts changing hand line pipes on ranches and wheel lines, bucked bales, fed acres of cows, and cared for race horses. My own family raised cows, hunted deer, fished, and most of all managed our gardens, producing most of our food for the winter through old-fashioned canning. The work was physically demanding, but took the ability to learn how the world works in nature.

Eventually, I got into working on automobiles. Even if you lived in the city, working on your vehicle what any normal post WW2 boy did on the auto intense west coast. If this sounds boomer to you, rest assured, we rejected the boomer mindset because we were more concerned with our family and the community that arose out of that. As Harry Neumann used to say to me in graduate school, I was a "pious rustic."

When I was a young boy, what chariot you chose, and how well you maintained it, drew the attention of feminine women because it was a physical representation of your character. Working on your car or truck seemed like never-ending work. The attempt

to perfect one's ride required not just knowledge and skill, but fitness to accomplish. Most autos up to the mid '80s were heavy, and working on these beasts required strength.

Almost everything on a modern car is made of plastic or aluminum. The engine used to be made of cast iron, and thick sheet metal for the body. The potential for pain was always present because there was ample opportunity to hurt yourself even if you were careful. In fact, this was unavoidable. Turn a wrench for a long time and you'll experience bloody hands. All boys who hoped to become men need to learn what it feels like to do such work.

The lessons I learned in these formative years never left me, and so, when I joined academia, something was missing. Something was absent. Academic life encourages soft living. Life in this world seemed like an hallucination, as Marshall McLuhan might exclaim. Sitting behind a desk all day is contrary to our nature. In a recent interview with Victor Davis Hanson, the interviewer said that he always found the best professors were those who did something other than teaching.

One ought not live by computers and books alone. Socrates did not.

Academics seldom, if ever, note that Socrates fulfilled his duty to his city in the military, and certainly none mark the importance of him working with his own hands to build fortifications for a 3-year siege at Potidaea. This is why all modern schooling is inferior: because it lacks the requirement of manly pursuits – learning the basic skills of forging in fire. Socrates had many friends who engaged in manly pursuits, yet his reputation for being manly is overlooked. It was because he had something in common with physical men that he could speak so freely with them, and why they sought out his opinions. They had manliness in common. Socrates' example should be the stark reminder for all pedantic teachers – physical work with one's own hands is necessary for the soul as much as contemplation. In fact, each has a reciprocal influence on the other.

As Charles Haywood rightly noted in Man's World #7 "such work is meaningful because it is useful. Making real things in the real world confers power, knowledge and wisdom." Not everything is valuable because it is useful, however. Take modern architecture. Most of it was designed because modernists deemed it useful. But its ugly construction defies humanity, and that is the reason most modern architecture is eventually torn down or vandalized. As Roger Scruton noted, the beauty of Michelangelo's work is soul-transporting in and of itself.

What does any of this have to do with working with own hands? And, what can a man do to secure his own owned space? There are real and valuable endeavors frogs may undertake depending on the situation they are in and where they live. Such effort is more important than waiting for some elite to save them.

Curtis Yarvin recently got it wrong in this regard – elites are created and their skills honed; they are not simply born. In fact, they are likely to come from outside the present elite classes. Whether we're talking about the founders of Rome or the American Founders, such men were not considered great by the elites of their day. Saving a regime, or improving it, will come from a community of manly men who have experience at doing, are prudent, and have a concern for the Good. Who they might be, and their qualities, will be revealed over time by trial and tribulation. The elites of our day will scoff at them. This will be their downfall, just as it was Byzantium's end to constantly underestimate Osman (the founder of the Ottoman Empire) as a mere goat herder.

So what can men do to prepare? How can they, in some small way train themselves for the coming decline and fall of the west? Here's one thing: rescue a classic truck. Trucks are the epitome of manliness. They are also useful.

You will notice I employ the word "rescue" instead of "salvage". This is because I honor man's honorable productive past. Much of what man created with his own hands is lost. Fewer and fewer works of literal automotive art are being sent to the graveyard known officially as the "pick and pull". Yet, think of how you react when you see a classic car like a 1968 Stingray, or 1973 Ford Bronco: you take a second look. You admire the past and feel the power that your fathers could do something that you cannot. You may also admire the beauty of the classically built auto. No modern vehicle is able to summon such thoughts. The modern vehicle is like a copy of a copy. Plato called such things inferior and lacking in form. The phrase "they don't make them like that anymore" is a lament for something lost.

Modern vehicles are made so cheaply that they are as discardable as a Bic lighter. This was not the case for cars made up to 1986. After that year the cars got lighter, and the aerodynamics pushed the front into a rounded nose design so as to displace airflow more efficiently. None of this was done out of a concern for beauty. As a result, all modern cars are quite ugly and lack character – they are designed for "green" purposes, and "efficiency". Like in modern architecture, there are made to be "useful". No-one

today has a fond attachment to the modern chariot.

But why would someone want an older vehicle, much less a truck?

Let's work from the anticipatory to the practical. Modern cars are highly susceptible to EMP attack. Because almost everything is electronically controlled by a computer on modern vehicles, their functioning depends on computerized electric current. While even older cars have an electric element, through the distributor providing spark to the engine charged by a stator, the electrical system is minimal by comparison. Couple that with the fact that all modern cars have electronic fuel injection (EFI), and you increase your risk of possessing a useless unworkable car in such a situation. An EMP will wipe out all your electronics. Your new car will not start, and if running, it will soon come to a halt. Older vehicles were carbureted and so wouldn't not suffer from this weakness. Old tech beats new tech. Sorry, nerds.

Modern cars are also plugged into the global internet system, and highly susceptible to being tracked and hacked. Not many people fully consider the grave consequence of this. Modern vehicles can literally be shut down (or controlled) through hacking or the flip of a switch, not to mention they can be tracked by GAE. If your car is turned off by an invisible force, there is nothing you can do about it. Enjoy being stranded. If you have a new vehicle, you are enjoying your transportation only because you are allowed to, that is, until you are not. All of our global corporations are making sure we really don't own anything. You may think you "own" your car, but the ultimate control over it rests on the goodwill of a global class which can technically shut it off at will.

Practically speaking, for anyone considering going more off-grid, homesteading, prepping, or even just trying to live a more self-sufficient life growing healthy foods on a farm, you need an old vehicle that can be repaired if need be. Acreage demands something that has payload, can tow, and otherwise make manual work easier. Manual shift with manual locking hubs (yes, you need a 4x4) is a must in this endeavor. Automatic transmissions are notoriously difficult to repair, but they are also the lazy man's vehicular option. There is something more interactive to drive a stick, and it is more manly to know how to shift, clutch, and brake. This requires self-reliance, timing, and strength.

I wanted to do something to create my own space and prepare for a worse future. I began searching for a classic truck as a means to this end. Even today, when newer overpriced used cars are crowding the middle class out of ownership, older vehicles are quite affordable because it takes time and effort to rescue them to restoration.

When I purchased my 1980 truck, I immediately began working on it. Many of my neighbors thought I was crazy not just to buy something that old, but to purchase it when it required much effort to restore. The most common comment I heard was, "too much work." My reply? "When a man stops working and creating, he dies." One person shuffled off without a reply. Many boomer mindset "men" have lost the very thing that distinguishes them from women – the desire and drive to show off their work and talent. Most men retire to my community only to die months after. The reason? They have given up pursuing the very thing that defines their manhood. With nothing left to live for they die. GAE rejoices in this.

My project took 6 months of work every day for 4-6 hours a day. The knowledge and skills for such a project include electrical troubleshooting, metal fabrication, mechanical repair, welding, chemical application (acid to neutralize rust), searching auto graveyards and knowing where to look, comprehending tech manuals, and finally, body work. In the case of body work, this is when the restorer must have some knowledge of art, because body work is art.

All of this takes time and patience. Attention to detail is required. Rushing such technical work is bush league and will force the discerning man to redo the work done. If you want to do something of lasting value, you have to do it right the first time.

I undertook this project not only to reclaim space. I wanted to learn how to develop a new skill and bank it for the future. Some things I could already do well; others I wanted to add to my arsenal. For example, I had never painted a car before. This is a difficult skill that must be learned and, like all traditional art, is difficult to master. Since I was not going for what restorers call "concourse" level restoration, I wanted to at least begin my learning so that I might achieve that level one day. The lessons I learned through practicing a useful skill will be called upon again in the future.

Let us make sure the last gasp of the ruling class ends in miserable defeat by training ourselves for the hardships of life. One must prepare for necessity. One way to do that is to dig into a grand project and develop skills to solve unexpected problems. Not only will you gain more confidence in yourself, you will be able to receive the honors that come with a talent well applied. Don't be like all the average Joes. Don't just buy: build.

The debate you've all been waiting for...
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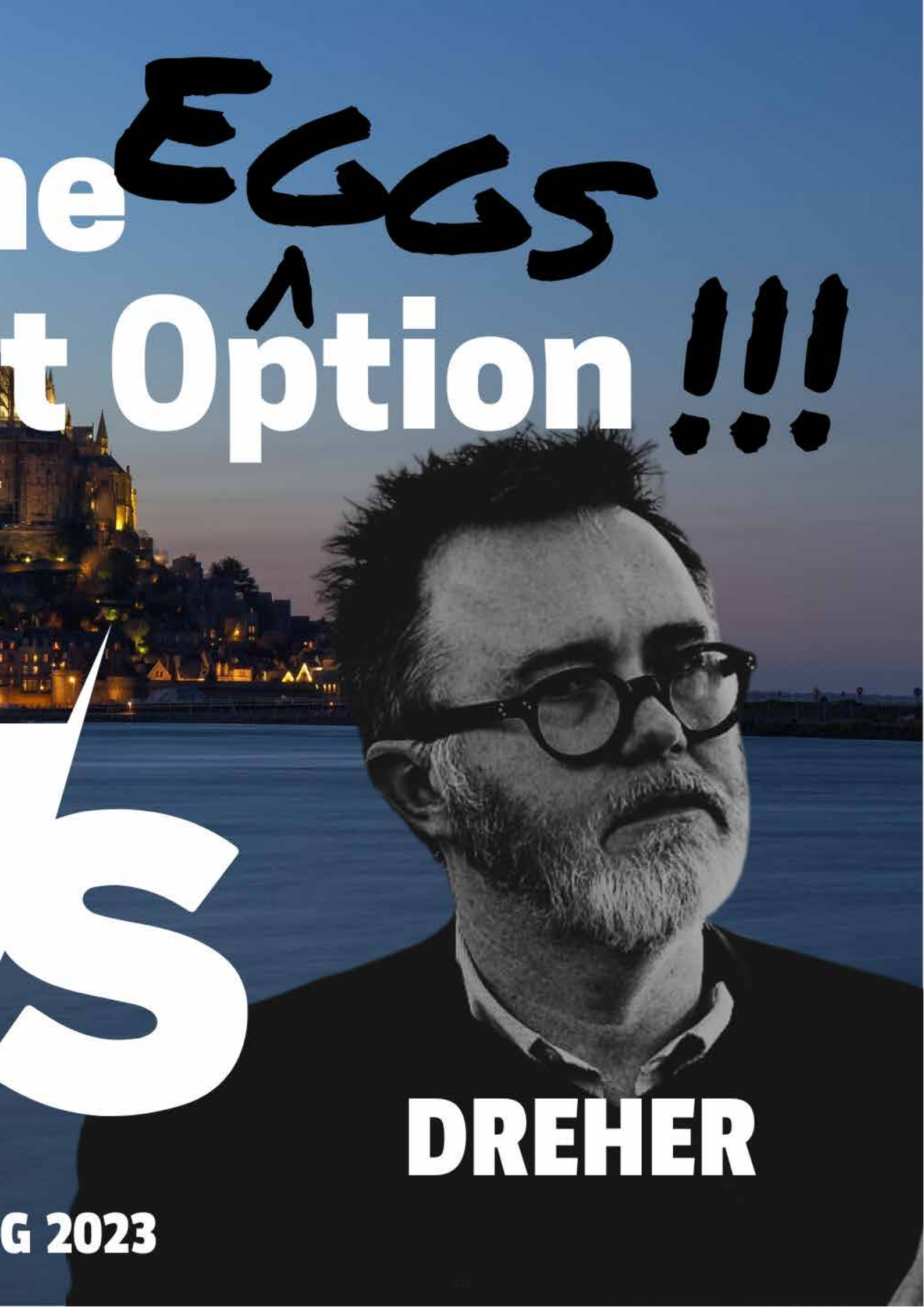
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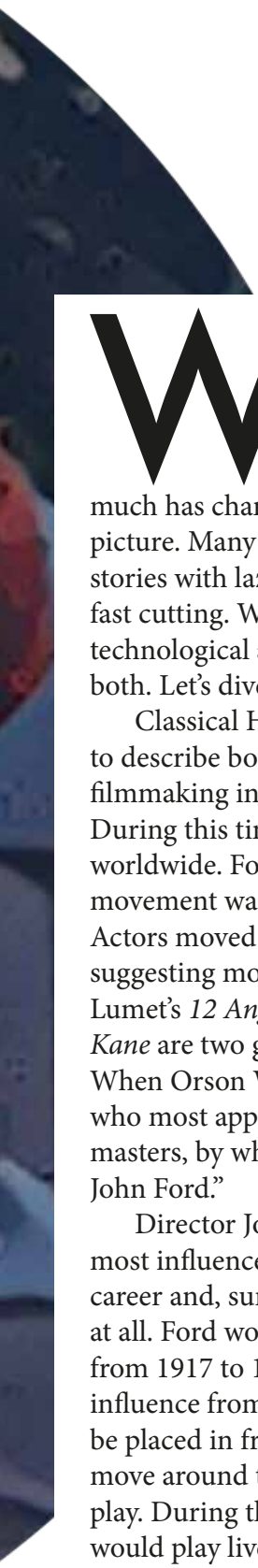
# THE STORIES WE TELL

## *film* with Crusader



We are all aware of what type of stories modern Hollywood has been telling, but many don't know about how these stories are crafted on a technical level and how much has changed since the inception of the motion picture. Many Directors today tend to craft their stories with lazy blocking and staging and extremely fast cutting. Was this due to cultural change or technological advancements? The answer, actually, is both. Let's dive in.

Classical Hollywood cinema is a term used to describe both the narrative and visual style of filmmaking in American cinema from 1910-1960s. During this time it became the most influential style worldwide. Focusing on the visual side, the camera movement was subtle or sometimes non-existent. Actors moved within the frame in creative ways suggesting mood and character dynamics. Sydney Lumet's *12 Angry Men* and Orson Wells' *Citizen Kane* are two great examples of blocking and staging. When Orson Wells was asked to name the directors who most appealed to him, he replied, "I like the old masters, by which I mean John Ford, John Ford and John Ford."

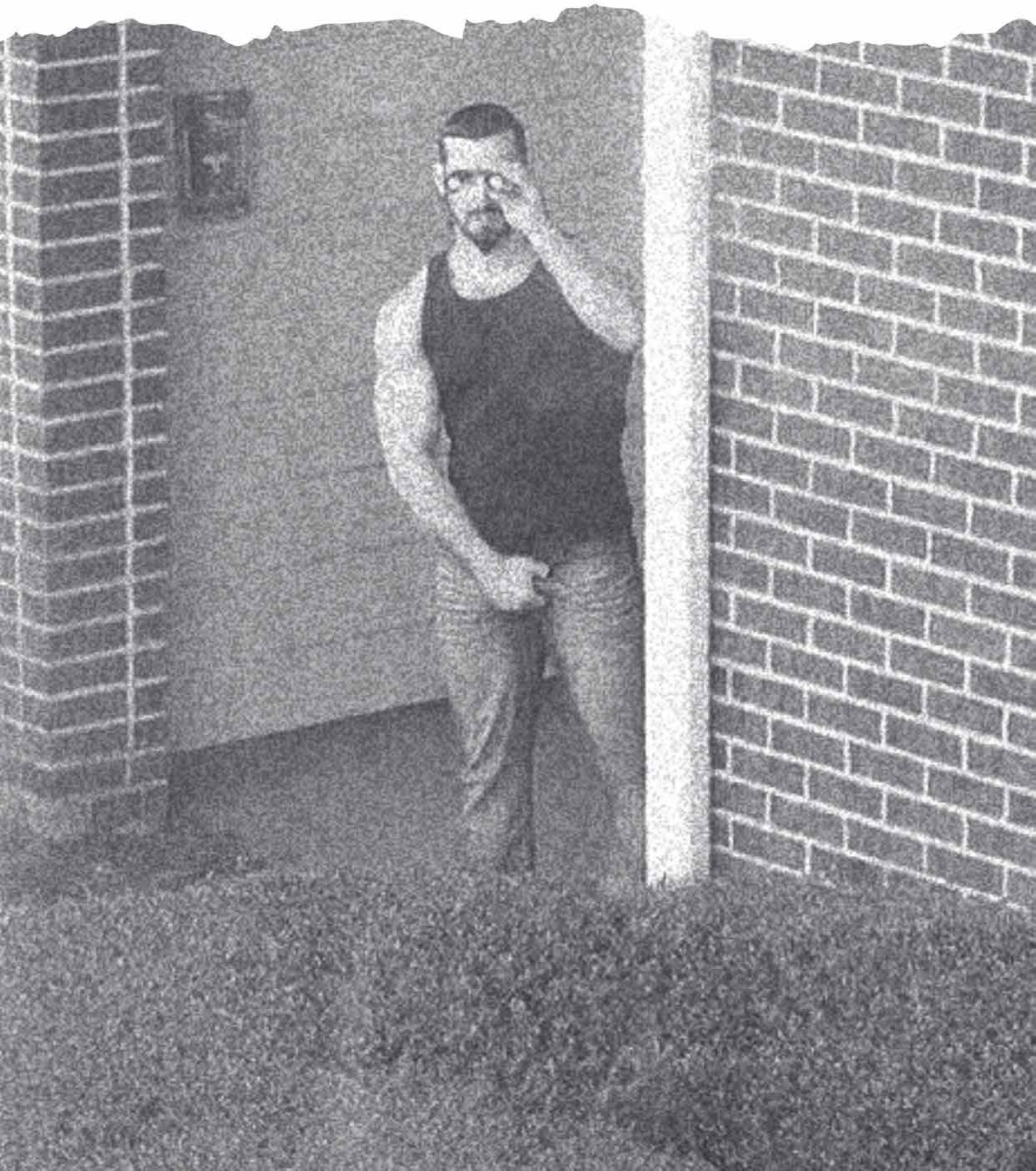
Director John Ford (1894-1973) had perhaps the most influence on other directors throughout his career and, surprisingly, he rarely moved his camera at all. Ford worked on more than 60 silent films from 1917 to 1928. Much of the silent era took its influence from Vaudeville plays. The camera would be placed in front of the subject and the actors would move around the frame as if you were watching a live play. During the screening, pianists and orchestras would play live music and sometimes improvise.

With the inception of sound in 1927, John ford said this, "I fear the art of telling stories by motion picture is becoming lost: it is too simple to take the easier way of telling the story through dialogue, and thus lose the most vital part of the motion picture, the motion." Telling stories without dialogue is the most purified form of cinema and the masters of early cinema knew this. Take a look at John ford's *The Searchers* (1956). John Wayne's Character, Ethan Edwards, returns to find his homestead in flames from a Comanche attack. Aaron, his wife Martha, and their son Ben are dead. Ford never shows the audience the bodies. Only the reaction of the characters. This is the "show, don't tell" film philosophy, not nearly as prominent today. Information is relayed to the audience through expositional dialogue. All of John Ford's characters spoke through their actions rather than words. Hitchcock said "If it's a good movie, the sound could go off and the audience would still have a perfectly clear idea of what was going on."

The next time you sit down to watch a modern film, be aware of information that could have simply been shown. Unmotivated camera movement plagues almost all modern film. In classical cinema, the camera would follow the actor as he stood up or sat down. Frank Capra, the director of *It's A Wonderful Life*, once said, "The audience must never become aware that there is a camera within a thousand miles of a scene." Modern Hollywood seems to make sure that you are aware that you are watching a movie. I'll use Marvel as an example. You'll have two characters in a room sitting down, no blocking or staging. The camera will pan to the left or right without purpose while spoon-feeding us information. You'll also notice one camera behind person A's shoulders, the other behind person B. In the editing room they cut between these two shots. It's uncreative and simply lazy. Director Akira Kurosawa (*Seven Samurai*, *Yojimbo*, *Rashomon*) had a tendency to "cut on motion", which was to edit a sequence of a character or characters in motion so that the action is smoothly depicted in two separate shots, rather than an interrupted one. You'll see this same technique in William Wyler's Mrs Miniver and Ben-Hur. David Lean (*Dr Zhivago*, *Lawrence of Arabia*) would use audio transitions between cuts matching the sounds of a man dropping a thermometer in a beaker in the first shot to a train beginning to move in the next. This smoothes the cut. These techniques were highlighted with complexity in movement and composition.

The development and ease of digital cinema, starting in 2002, has allowed directors today the ability to shoot as much footage as possible, while keeping costs low. During the classical era, film rolls were costly and every take was a worry for producers. This made the preparation of each shot much more

Who watches the watchman?



important. The weight and size of the cameras has changed, allowing filmmakers like Joseph Kosinski to mount cameras inside of the cockpit of an F-14 Tomcat for 2022's *Top Gun Maverick*. The ease of creation in modern cinema has allowed companies such as Netflix to produce 371 movies and tv shows in 2018 alone. Add that to all of the other streaming services and you have thousands to choose from. Now you have 500 different directors not hired for skill or talent but to fill a role.

The cultural upheaval and change in the film world deserves its own essay, but I'll briefly describe three of the biggest changes. The system now operates with 1. Nepotism and diversity hires. 2. The extinction of an all-male film crew and camaraderie. 3. The obviously forced cultural propaganda written into every frame. All three have severely affected the quality of entertainment and kept modern cinema stagnant for the past decade. Only a few movies squeak through the cracks that are worth watching. These films all seem to slow things down with their edits. With our attention spans disappearing, editors are forced to "trim the fat" so that 15 year old Sally with her brand new iPhone can pretend to pay attention while she endlessly scrolls Tik-tok.

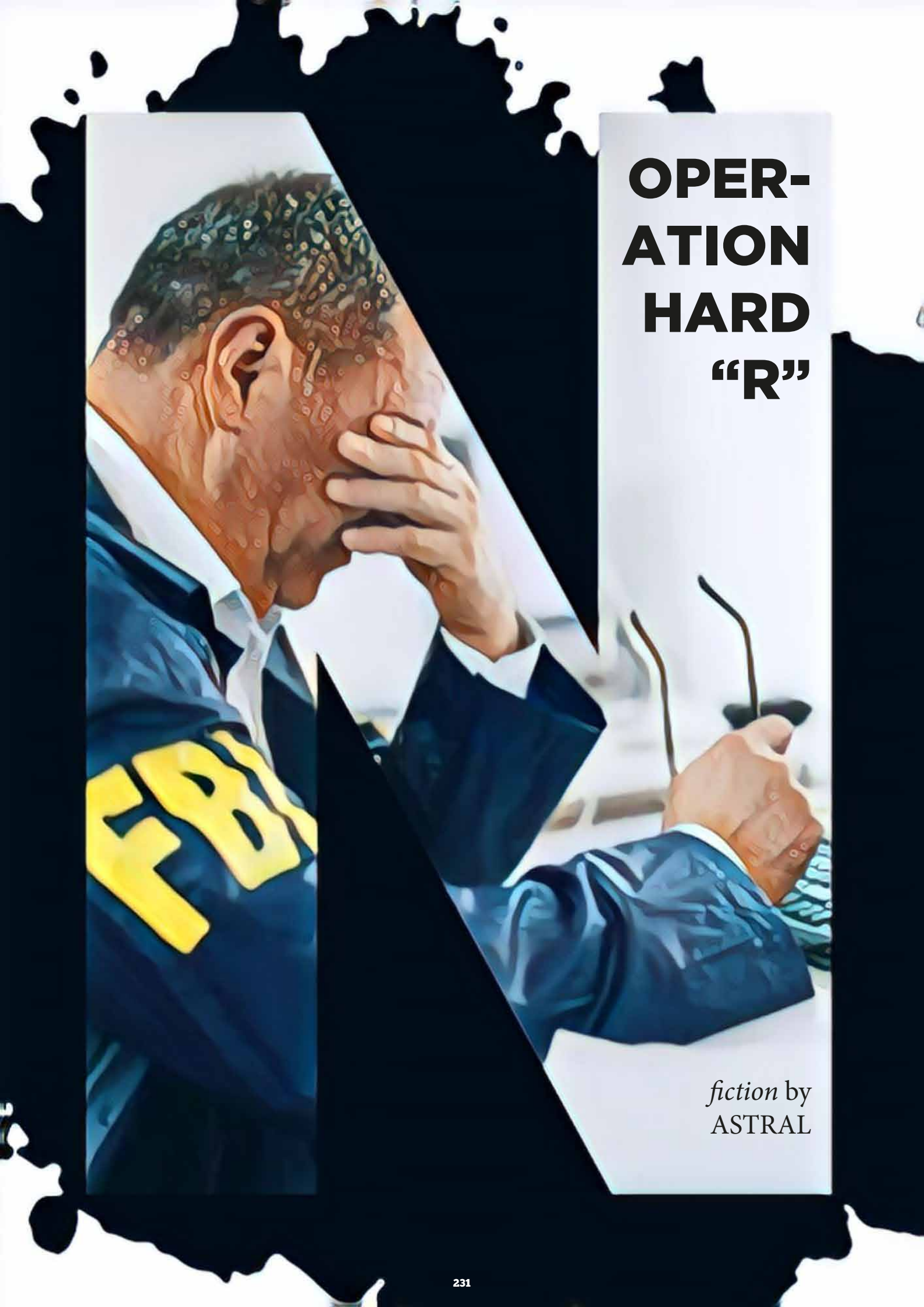
This also affects the music as composers can no longer write fleshed out melodies and motifs. Look at the early work of Hans Zimmer (*Gladiator*, *Prince of Egypt*, *The Last Samurai*) compared to his later work on *Inception* and *Dune*. Now we have repetitive synths. Cuts have become much more frequent. Classical cinema saw long takes and used cuts to emphasize a moment. Today some shots are only shown for a fraction of a second, especially during action sequences. Movies like *John Wick*, *The Kingsmen* and *Mad Max: Fury Road* all use longer shots, with the action depicted in the center of the frame. When you watch your next modern movie take note of how long each shot is shown. We also see directors like Alfonso Curon and Alejandro Inarritu taking things to the extreme and not cutting at all for minutes, as in the car sequence in *Children of Men* or the nine-minute scene in *Gravity*. The entire movie *Birdman* was shot in one single take. The most recent example being Sam Mendez's *1917,* with a few hidden cuts. This also feels unnatural because we cut our own lives every day when we blink. I think there is a balance between a long shot and using cuts to your advantage, but the ultimate goal should be to transport the audience into your world (escapism).

There are only a few filmmakers today who practice the classical style: David Fincher, Paul Thomas Anderson, the Coen Brothers, Francis Ford Coppola and Steven Spielberg. Spielberg is rightly criticized for his sentimental films that give the audience all the answers wrapped in a nice bow, but on a technical level his films are the closest you are going to get to classical cinema. His takes are long, his camera movement is motivated, he utilizes complex blocking and staging. He builds tension like Hitchcock and uses deep space like Orson Wells. Unfortunately he has been making "old-man movies" lately, as Tarantino puts it, but you cannot deny how fun Indiana Jones is or the magical quality of *E.T*.

One of David Fincher's favorite movies is *Jaws* and you can see Spielberg's influence in his own work (*Seven*, *Fight Club* and *Gone Girl*). You must look at Spielberg's influence to understand the greats of modern cinema. Spielberg's favorite filmmakers are John Ford, Kurosawa, Frank Capra and David lean. It's worrying, but expected, to see many young filmmakers list their favorite directors and find that all of them come from the 90s-today. Is there room for the classical style today? Yes. Robert Eggers (*The Witch*, *The Lighthouse*, *The Northman*) doesn't employ complex blocking and staging but he allows scenes to breathe with minimal cuts and long shots. He uses very little coverage, sometimes one camera shooting at a time.

Is the classical style the right or only way to make movies? No, but I think it's a style that would complement a modern visionary very well. We just need more men making films. Men like John Milius and Mel Gibson. You don't have to be blatant with your ideology. You just have to convey values of heroism, strength, family, etc. *Gladiator*'s first screen tests scored just as high with women as they did with men. This was because you had a masculine character driven by the loss of his family. Men want to emulate him and women want to be with him. We just don't see these types of characters today. As BAP and others have mentioned, cinema is a tremendous way to influence culture. "No saint, no pope, no general, no sultan, has ever had the power that a filmmaker has; the power to talk to hundreds of millions of people for two hours in the dark", said Frank Capra. So let's get talking.

It's over.




# OPERATION HARD "R"

*fiction* by
ASTRAL

**Quantico, VA: FBI Headquarters, January, 2019.**

Special Agent Collins approached the conference room with uncharacteristic trepidation. He'd been summoned by his superior, Agent Sullivan, as he had so many times before, but being called to the conference room was different. Usually they met in Sullivan's cramped and out-of-date office, stacks of papers and files going back at least until the 80's hemming him in at the formica desk he'd refused or neglected to have replaced. Sullivan always preferred to meet in private, where they could speak freely about what needed to be done on the next mission, what was really important, and even joke about their peers or make lewd remarks about the women they worked with. To meet in the conference room worried Collins. His instincts had been honed over the years to know when a threat loomed, when something was out of place, before his mind was able to put it into words.

He turned the corner to the vestibule outside the conference room, which appeared through the doorway like a cavern, whispered talk coming from a distant corner. He went in to see rows of blank tables and empty chairs all the way to the front, where at a podium stood Sullivan and a woman he'd never seen before. They were speaking quietly, looking down at something on the podium that was obscured from Collins' view. He drew near, and Sullivan looked up, though he withheld his customary smile.

"Agent Collins," he said. "Have a seat." Sullivan nodded his head to the nearest table, and Collins turned the swivel chair around to face the two agents and a huge white projector screen. He'd watched many an in-service here with his compatriots, from ridiculous federally mandated videos on sexual harassment, age discrimination, and inclusivity, to briefings on Islamic terror tactics, organized crime, and Russian and Chinese hacking. What Sullivan could have in store for him alone on the big screen was impossible for him to imagine. He crossed his leg and couched his chin between his thumb and forefinger pensively. The hushed words continued.

"Yes. Yes. That's the one" the woman said gravely. Sullivan maintained a sombre visage. He nodded, and said quietly "ok." Then he looked up and stepped forward, one hand out to Collins and the other in a vague half-gesture towards the woman.

"Agent Collins. Thank you for joining us." Collins stood up and took his hand while Sullivan looked back at the woman, who'd taken his place behind the podium and continued working on whatever they had there. "This is agent Jubiec, Department of Homeland Security." The woman looked up halfway, nodded once, and looked back down. Her dirty blonde hair hung thick and stiff, her eyes staring blankly as the blue screen of the projector shone on her face. "Here, sit." Collins sat while Sullivan crossed his arms and leaned back against the table, his body facing the big projector.

"We're preparing a presentation for our next operation, Collins, and the topic is so sensitive, we're going to leave some things out." He paused for effect and looked down at Collins. "We wanted you to see what we're really dealing with. What we really need you for." Silence hung between them a moment, and when Collins looked from Sullivan to Jubiec, he saw that she'd looked up from her screen and was also staring at him. He looked back to Sullivan.

"What is it?"

"Online radicals, Collins. Proselytizing to the public, creating more and more of themselves everyday with their preaching and hateful rhetoric, creating God-knows how many cells all over the country and the internet for their nefarious ends." Sullivan had turned his head back to the screen and narrowed his eyes. Collins still didn't understand.

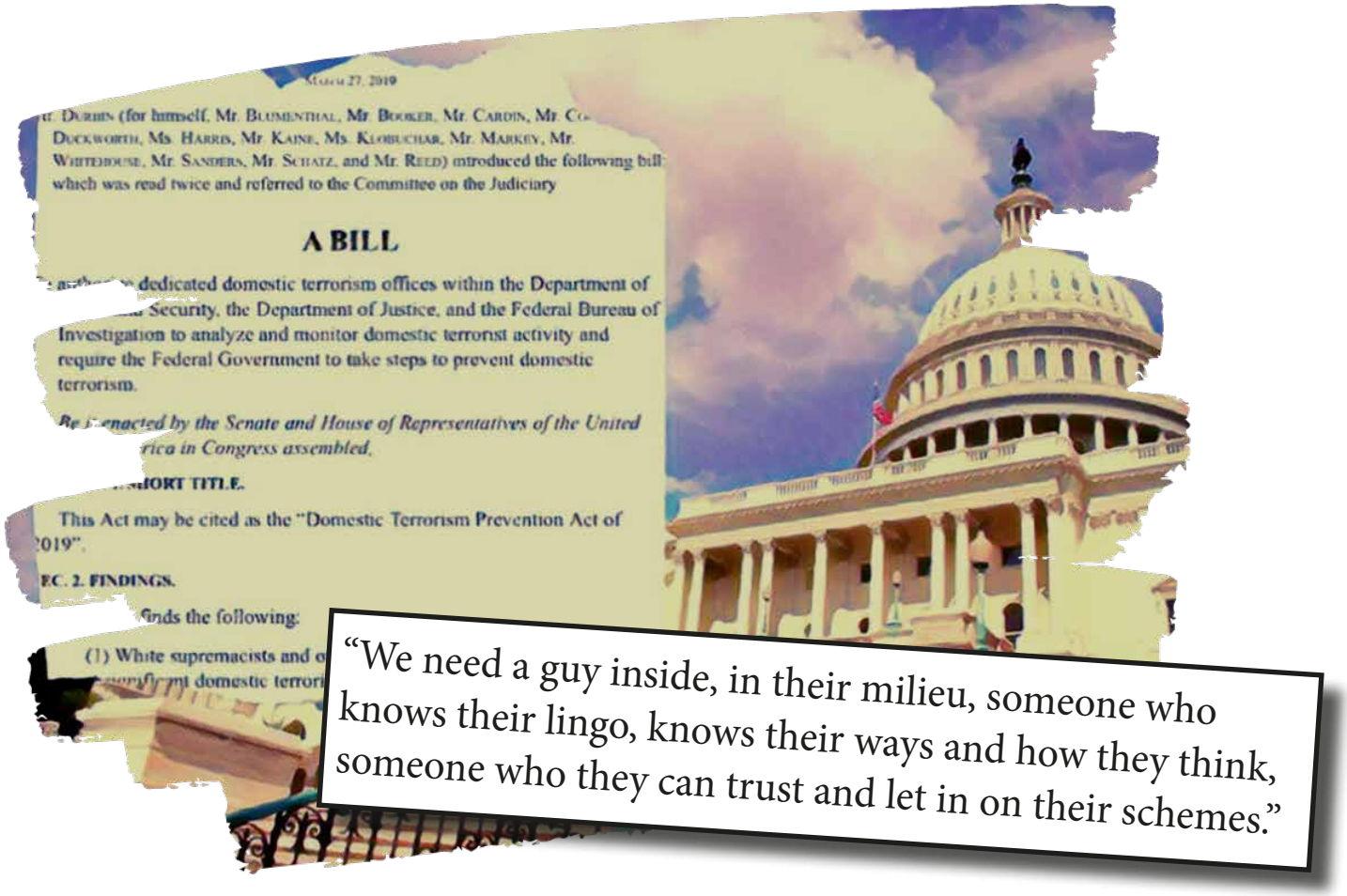
"Like ISIS sir? Or Russian bots?" Sullivan snapped his head around to Collins and his eyes widened. Collins became worried. "Conspiracy Theorists?"

"No, Collins, nothing like that. This is something new. This is something worse." He executed another dramatic pause. "White Supremacists," he said, a fire burning in his eyes, a small amount of spittle escaping his lower lip. He held Collins with his intense gaze and Collins' brow furrowed. Slowly he looked back to Jubiec, who still stared at him, and then to Sullivan once more. He began to think he understood what they wanted of him and nodded his head as he replied.

"Ah, yes…yes the Aryan Brotherhood." He relaxed a bit, his shoulders slackening, an audible sigh escaping his lips. "So they've gone online." Sullivan pulled the nearest seat out and sat facing Collins, still glaring at him.

"No, Collins. Not the Aryan Brotherhood. Not the Neo-Nazis. Not the Klan. Not anyone we've ever seen before. This is something… different." Sullivan adopted a far off look before snapping back. "You ever heard of Gamergate, Collins? 4chan?" Collins stiffened again.

"Yeah… yeah I think I remember that. Weren't they part of the 2016 Russian bot thing? They were


March 27, 2019
Durbin (for himself, Mr. Blumenthal, Mr. Booker, Mr. Cardin, Mr. Co
Duckworth, Ms. Harris, Mr. Kaine, Ms. Klobuchar, Mr. Markey, Mr.
Whitehouse, Mr. Sanders, Mr. Schatz, and Mr. Reed) introduced the following bill
which was read twice and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary
A BILL
dedicated domestic terrorism offices within the Department of
Security, the Department of Justice, and the Federal Bureau of
Investigation to analyze and monitor domestic terrorist activity and
require the Federal Government to take steps to prevent domestic
terrorism.
enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United
rica in Congress assembled,
HORT TITLE.
This Act may be cited as the "Domestic Terrorism Prevention Act of
2019".
EC. 2. FINDINGS.
finds the following:
(1) White supremacists and o
domestic terror

"We need a guy inside, in their milieu, someone who knows their lingo, knows their ways and how they think, someone who they can trust and let in on their schemes."

on 4chan with all the others."

"Yes. The dregs and the denizens of the Dark Web. Well…" Sullivan began, animated, more his usual self, chattering away. Whenever he got the scent of a new operation he learned everything there was to know about his subjects, their methods and their ends, and he loved pouring this out to Collins as an introduction to his coming undercover work. Still, why were they in the conference room? With someone from DHS? Collins tuned in to what Sullivan was saying in the middle of a thought.

"...and they've all gone either to Twitter or to 8chan now, though we're hoping to have that down by the end of the year. Mostly they're getting up to the usual stuff but, Collins, we need to get a handle on this before 2020. We can't be caught with our pants down a second time. Last time you couldn't have gotten the Bureau to pay attention to online video game kids if you threatened to cut all our funding for a year – but now? Nothing is too trivial. These guys scatter all over the place, almost impossible to track down through code and IP alone. Cybersecurity is on the case, but they can only do so much. Anything coming in from Russia, they'll see it, they'll tell us who to watch on that end. But domestics… they can pop up from anywhere and we can't be playing whack-a-mole, going after accounts after they've already done something. We need to identify the big players, identify the respawners, and track their movements over time so that nothing surprises us when the next election comes around. We need a guy inside, in their milieu, someone who knows their lingo, knows their ways and how they think, someone who they can trust and let in on their schemes." Sullivans gaze had been drifting from Collins' eyes as he got lost in his thought, but he brought it back and locked in. "Someone in their group chats."

"Group chats, sir?"

"Here" Jubiec said from the front. Collins turned to her and saw an image flash on the screen. There was a heading at the top above a row of images on the left hand side next to lines of text with titles above them.

"These are twitter group chats," she continued. "Each one of them contains any number of twitter users who can chat with each other in private conversations, unmoderated and unmonitored by Twitters rule enforcement department. Unless someone *inside* the chat reports the chat, twitter doesn't take notice of any of the IP addresses in there. This severely limits the exposure of any terms of use violations."

"Ok" Collins said to her. "I see. You want someone to infiltrate these group chats and monitor them for suspicious activity, let you guys know who we should be paying attention to."

"Precisely" Jubiec responded.

"Huh" Collins said, relaxing again. Somewhat under his breath he said, "Never done online work. This could get interesting."

"Don't think that because its online it'll be easy,"

BROS BEFORE
HOES

Sullivan warned. "These people are hardcore, and they don't let just anyone into their circles. You've done superior infiltration work before, and we know you're the guy for this. But we need to let you know what you'd be up against. The stakes here are high, Collins. These guys don't play ball with just anyone, and they're going to display a higher level of suspicion against newcomers than the people you're typically used to dealing with."

"All right," Collins responded. "I think I can do this. It's gotta be easier to passively observe these guys than a drug cartel or something." Sullivan's jaw tensed and he seemed to chew something with his rear teeth. He hung his head for a moment. Collins grew uncomfortable. "What am I missing?" he asked.

Sullivan slowly, again for effect, looked up to meet Collins' eyes.

"Say 'nigger.'"

Collins didn't know what to do. He sat stock still for a long time while Sullivan's glare bore into him. He was shocked, but he refused to be the first to look away. Sullivan continued to stare at him, so Colins decided this was a test of wills. A will to do what exactly – say it or not say it? – he didn't know, but he did know that looking away first made you the loser. They both became more severe in their glares, more hardened in their resolve, as time went on. Finally Sullivan, seemingly agitated, broke the silence.

"Say it" he spat.

"No" Collins retorted.

Sullivan deflated. He wiped his face with his hand and looked to Jubiec. She nodded and he relaxed further. Collins witnessed this exchange of looks and change of mood and was unsure what to think, beyond suspecting the two of them had had this planned ahead of time.

"Why would I say that?" he asked.

"Agent Collins, do you have any idea how one would get into one of these online right wing groups?" Agent Jubiec asked. "It's not like infiltrating a gang, or a financial scam op, or a human trafficking ring -"

"All things you've done, Collins," Sullivan cut in.

"So I'm told," Jubiec responded. "Failure to do so in one of those missions threatened harsh blowback from the target, perhaps even death of the agent and compromise of the mission. Nevertheless, no matter what happened on the first infiltration attempts, agencies would always have a new face or a new name to target for a future way in. But here, if you fail to enter these group chats, we will still never know exactly who to target. Some of these accounts, some of the worst ones, save all their seditious comments for the chats."

Collins mulled this over.

"So that's where you think the hardcore attacks are planned. Makes sense, not to talk openly."

"Not only that," Jubiec added, "it allows us to widen the net, to find other accounts who don't use this language in public but do so in private, with their comrades."

Collins nodded, and rubbed his palms on his legs.

"Still, there's gotta be a better way. Can't we just hack into the chats, or request the information from Twitter? Do we really need to put an agent in there?"

Jubiec opened her mouth to respond, but Sullivan interjected, leaning in closer to Collins.

"Don't need an agent in there?" He sat back and crossed his arms. "Never thought I'd hear you say that, Collins."

Collins looked around, as if for an ally.

"Well… it's just… I mean… this is different, sir. These guys aren't moving drugs or kids or… committing financial crimes or anything like that. Are they? Before, the risks were high but the payload was huge. But this –" he waved his hand at the screen, "– these are just kids bickering about video games and making fun of girls."

Sullivan sat there with his arms crossed and tilted his head. Collins held his own under the glare, as he'd done before. This is the sort of thing he was trained for, and he could keep his composure for as long as he needed to. It would take a lot for these people to convince him this operation was worth his time. And at the moment, he wasn't even sure there was an operation. Something was off here. Was this woman even from DHS? Was she an HR lady posing as homeland security to see if he'd break some human resources diversity and inclusion rule? Is that what this was? Had he fucked up somewhere and they were finally coming for him?

"What is this?" He looked back and forth between the two. "What is this?" Sullivan was the first to speak up.

"It's your chance for promotion, Collins. You've grinded away almost seventeen years here. You're one of our best agents, and your best days are still ahead of you. The threats to America are ever-changing, and every single time the Bureau needed you to step up, change your tactics, and even put your life on the line. You did it. This is no different.

"Now I know this seems strange. It did to me at first. This is a new world, and this is a new breed of criminal. But don't for one second think this isn't a big payload. If we can pull this off it may be the very

biggest payload this Bureau has ever received.

"Well what's the payload?" Collins asked.

Sullivan leaned in, putting his elbows on his knees and making a diamond with his fingers between his legs.

"Democracy itself, agent Collins. Democracy, and the future of the United States of America."

"I know these seem like kids, Agent Collins," Jubiec said. "But these people subverted, with the help of Russia, the election of 2016, and put the country in the hands of a complete madman. Their tactics are new, nothing like anything we've seen anywhere in the world, and if we put a guy in there that doesn't know them well, he'll be sniffed out immediately."

Suddenly, an image appeared on the screen.

"And 'nigger –'" both Collins and Sullivan winced, "– with a 'hard R', is their favorite word."

Collins stared at the image in stunned disbelief. This had suddenly gotten much stranger, and he was the most disoriented he'd been in a long time. He wanted to laugh, because this must've been a joke, but he still couldn't be sure if they were testing him. His face still on the screen, his eyes migrated to the sides of their sockets, towards Sullivan.

"What's the first thing you think when you see this, Agent Collins?" He asked.

"Well sir." He paused. "The N-word."

"True. Ok. What's the second thing?"

"I don't know sir. Just the N-word, really." Sullivan let out an overly loud sigh.

"It's cute, Collins. It's funny. It's bizarre. They're trying to draw young and apolitical people in to their sick worldview and pass it off as silly. Normalize it."

"That's how they infiltrate the voting population, " Jubiec said. She flashed another image onto the screen.

Ghost
@Whitehoodwearer
You know how when you say a word over and over it starts to sound awkward and lose its meaning? That never happens with the word "nigger"
12:00 PM · Jun 23, 2017
27 Retweets 1 Quote Tweet 353 Likes

"They get eyes on them, they make people laugh, then they indoctrinate them into the real hardcore stuff." The image changed again.

"Next thing you know, you have a Trump supporter."

Collins didn't know what to think. HE was a Trump supporter! And he'd never seen any of this stuff in his life. This had to be a test: he was utterly convinced now. But he had no idea what they wanted from him. He just knew, that no matter where this conversation went, he couldn't say the word.

Sullivan was reading his mind. Sullivan was always reading his mind. That's why no matter how intense a mission got, Sullivan was always able to get him to take another one. He knew exactly what Collins was thinking, and exactly what he wanted to hear.

"Say the word, Collins. Say 'hard R' and all your dreams will come true. Everything you've ever wanted out of this career will be yours when this operation is over. After the election, you'll get your promotion, you get your pick of operations, you'll have a whole team under you. But you have to say the word. You have to say 'nigger.'"

Collins had to consciously take control of his breathing. He had to keep from clenching his fists. He couldn't show weakness or they'd get him to say it. He'd never said that word in his life, he'd hardly ever even heard it, and now two of his superiors had said it several times. They'd made him read it. They'd made him think it. But he could stop them from making him say it. If this was a test, he'd passed, and if there really was a promotion, it wasn't worth it.

He looked at Sullivan, steeled his gaze, and said, "No."

That was too much for Sullivan. He slammed his palm on the table, jumped up, and began pointing his finger wildly at Collins.

"You stood by while the cartels shot an innocent man in Arizona!" he screamed. "You got in a shootout with the biker gangs in Texas and probably killed someone! You had sex with an underage prostitute to bring down the New Mexico pedophile ring! You smoked meth with Mexicans in Colorado! And it worked! It WORKED Collins!" He slapped the table again. "And this is no different! You get these guys,

"Things just aren't how they used to be. That's how I know it's the Right Time."

Rachel, Right Time gold member

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you'll save democracy forever, you won't be saving one or two petty lives like everything before, you'll save the life of your COUNTRY Goddammit! Now say the word!"

Silence.

"Say it!"

Silence again.

Sullivan was screaming now. "Say Nigger!"

Collins stood up. So this is why they had to do this here. He reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet, removed his badge, and dropped it on the table.

Pointing at it, he said, "I'm gonna leave this here, sir. I'm not saying the word, and if that means more to you than the last seventeen years of my service, you keep this, and you find somebody else." He looked at Jubiec. "I made a line in the sand when I started this career, and I've crossed it over and over again to get the job done. Hell, I've gone so far I didn't even believe there was a line anymore. But you just showed me exactly where it is.

"Some of the best agents at this Bureau are black, and one of them saved my life." He looked at Sullivan. "I've even heard back in the days of the crack wars one of them saved your life too, Sullivan. So if you can't understand my position, keep my badge. But if anyone in this Bureau –" back to Jubiec, "–hell if anyone in the entire federal government has any standards anymore, you'll know there's a step too far and you're about to take it. When you realize that, I'll take my badge back. Otherwise," he paused, took a deep breath, and concluded, "if not, I'll go back to police work. At least that's honest." He turned and started walking out. The image hung on the screen.

Rubbing the bridge of his nose with one hand, Sullivan reached with his other and took up Collins' badge. Slowly, he stood and held the badge out. Just as Collins approached the threshold, Sullivan called his name.

"Collins!"

Collins stopped.

Much quieter Sullivan repeated himself. "Collins."

Collins turned, saw the out held badge, and slowly started walking back. As he returned, Jubiec began gathering her things and picked up a suitcase. Collins got to Sullivan, and as he took the badge he heard the suitcase snap shut. He looked to Jubiec and Sullivan hung his head in resignation. Jubiec started to walk out, but she stopped and looked back to Collins.

"You came highly recommended, Agent Collins. So I can't leave here without telling you the truth. You weren't the first person we asked to do this operation. You were the last. We've been trying to find someone since our last agent, a woman, had a nervous breakdown and ended up committed to an institution after a year in these circles. We asked all around Homeland Security, the NSA, we even tried to use an old informant who's in federal prison now. All refused. This is a step too far for everyone." She made a thoughtful pause and looked off. "It's almost as if our training is *too* good." She looked back to Collins.

"This was supposed to be an easy job, for a novice, but once we realized what we were dealing with, we understood we needed a seasoned veteran. But these people are so malicious, so… mentally ill, I'm going to suggest we shitcan this whole operation and move on to plan B."

They all stood in silence a moment until Collins couldn't take it.

"What's plan B?"

"We hope by the end of the year," Jubiec responded, "we can get these maniacs designated as the number one domestic terror threat, hold some senate hearings, and nuke the entire fucking internet." She turned on her heels and walked out, her shoes making a dull thud on the thin carpet. She disappeared out the door and Collins stood with Sullivan in silence, who still hung his head.

"Is this for real? This is the next fucking Islamic State, Sully?"

"I don't know" Sullivan whispered. "I don't anymore, Col.. The world is changing so much. It used to just be bad guys you know? You could track them, and chase them. None of this even seems real. And just when you think you've seen the bottom of the barrel man, you get this. The fuckin N-word."

"With a hard R."

"Yeah. Real hard." He sighed and smacked the sides of his legs. "Well, I don't know what they're gonna do Col., but I know I need a beer. I need to wash my mouth out from this awful taste."

"Yeah. Yeah," Collins replied. "Let's do that. I'm buying." And they walked out together.

*Visit astralflight.substack.com for Astral's essays and podcasts, including his two interviews with the Raw Egg Nationalist.*

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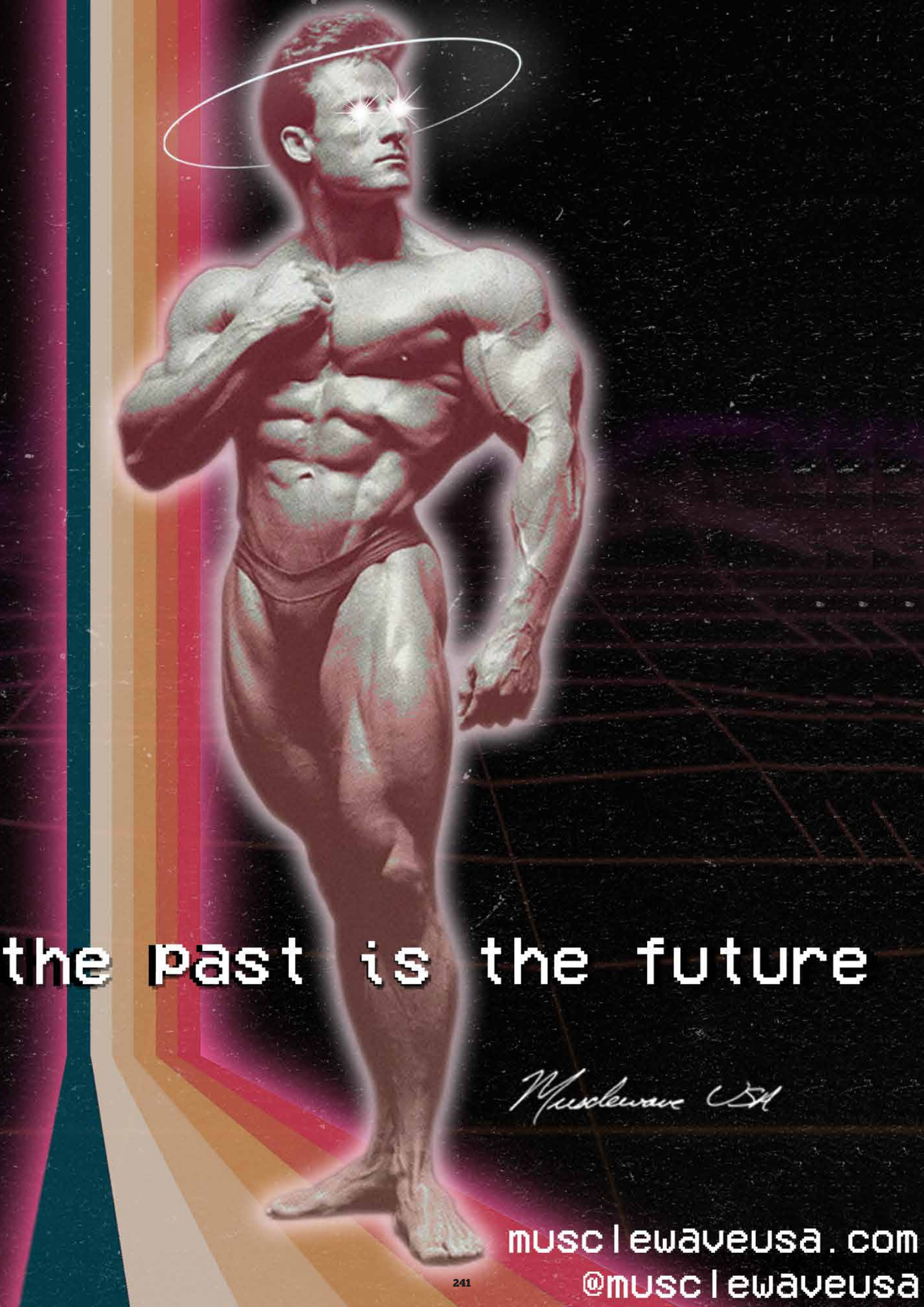
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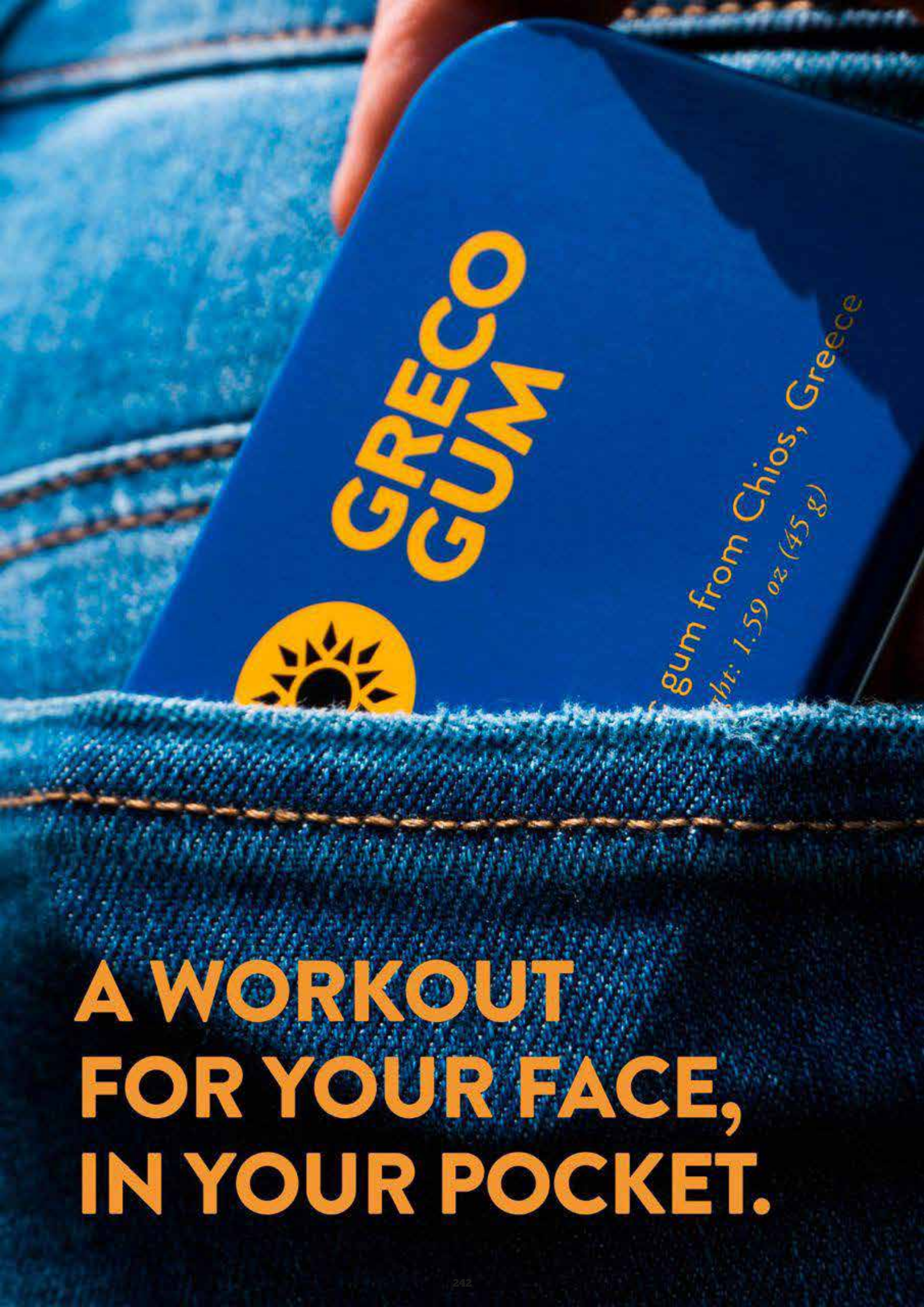
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GUM
gum from Chios, Greece
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# THE RADICAL ARISTOCRAT OF HOLLYWOOD

*film*

by Yamnayanage

Jonathan Bowden said of Nietzsche, "His was an ethical superstructure for a radically aristocratic way of thinking which once existed in the past." If Hollyweird ever had such a man it was John Milius, the man who refused the Hollywood Industrial Complex "norms". A place where ethics are notoriously penumbral, a place that summons demons and thus by nature demands an equally savage spirit to battle against. That spirit sprung out of the abyss in the form of John Milius, a Bronze Age anachronism thundering, inveighing as only a righ- wing zealot can. "A lot of the principles by which I live were dead before I was born." He smoked cigars inside Warner Brothers's "smoke-free" studios and offices. He refused traditional payment, demanding handguns and a SUV full of illegal Cuban cigars instead. John asserted his radically aristocratic way of living in a world where such philistine and buccaneering impulses were abhorred.

His was an impulse to action. It was the only true sense of being; he did therefore he was. He grabbed the bull by the horns, balls – anything – as long as his fists were clenched tight and he was engaged with life in a way that most men will not even consider a possibility for themselves. His was not a domestic life, but one which subsumed adventure, combat and physical stimulus. Faulkner said, "I believe that man will not merely endure, he will prevail." With over 23 screenwriting credits to his name, most of which howled in the face the radical-left, Milius is a man who did more than prevail. Milius is a man who conquered.

Armed with a writing style heavily influenced by the muscular, Anglo-Saxon prose of Hemingway – terse and direct like a hard right to the jaw – Milius told the stories that he liked to read, steeped deeply in the lore of Homeric hero and hardy frontiersman. His was a type of syntax that once punctuated Hollywood's most memorable scripts, written for the old gods of cinema, but which had fallen from favor. He was the resurrecting voice, which breathed life back into the sleeping giants of violence and vitality. He alone channeled the cold-hearted bastard, who blacked pity's eye and shattered its jaw.

This concept of masculinity and storytelling came from Milius's father. Dad Milius was a WWI vet and Harvard grad who would read John stories of Teddy's "Rough Riders" and James Fenimore Cooper's rugged frontiersman. When John delved into juvenile delinquency, his father sent him to boarding school in Steamboat, CO. Nestled within the Rocky Mountains was a school where John could check out a rifle, a horse and camping gear for the weekend. His naturalist spirit and his ability to write were fostered by a young, unorthodox teacher. Wayne Kakela was a recent Dartmouth grad who traveled the world by motorcycle, participated in biathlons (cross-country skiing and rifle shooting) and encouraged his male students to engage not only with the great classics but also the great outdoors. While educating them on the likes of Homer, Hemingway, Faulkner and Conrad, he would co-opt their labor, for instance to craft an outdoor sauna.

After high school, John's life purpose remained elusive until he wandered into a film festival while on an "endless summer" trip to Hawaii. It was here that he saw the films of Kurosawa for the first time, and his purpose became clearer. He returned to Southern California and enrolled in film school, a still nascent idea within Hollywood. As luck

would have it, he graduated into a box office bear market; James Bond's waifu fantasy *You Only Live Twice* delivered a 25% drop at the box office compared to 1965's *Thunderball* and Hollywood was realizing that Connery's hair piece was now as obvious as their inability to deliver results. Even legendary talents like Director Howard Hawks and John Wayne were doing retreads (*El Dorado*) of their own films, and still couldn't match the box office power of the original (*Rio Bravo*, 1959). The studio old guard, etiolated and out of ideas, were willing to take a gamble on any writer who could help refill their empty coffers.

While Milius did pick up some part time work, it was mostly the NEET life of surf, sun and skanks that earned his full-time attention. While Milius was living in a bomb shelter under his landlord's home, an agent across the street noticed the bombshelter bordello and its nightly cavalcade of bimbo habitues. He told John to give up surfing and sleeping around and get serious. John did not listen. A practicing Pagan, he named his surfboard Odin's Arrow and earned the nickname "Viking Man" for his fearlessness on the sea, his captivating yarns around the fires of beachside barbecues, and his ability to take surf groupie brides. He found an altar at the foot of rolling Southern California pipelines. “It was like a religion…We were all living at an intensity which couldn’t be substituted by any drug, or job, or even women.”

John's first significant success came in 1970 when he sold his script for *Jeremiah Johnson*. He earned $5,000 for the initial sale, but after being hired, fired, and rehired numerous times he ended up making close to $100,000 in total. With a newly formed mercenary drive to write, he exacted his tribute. Like an Alciabiades of Hollywood, he would hold up productions: if he was writing he’d torment directors, if he was directing he’d terrorize studio heads. The enfant terrible, the gadfly, the agent provocateur, no matter what they called him, he had writing talent and he delivered results.

Millius said, "(Director Sydney) Pollack always looked at me like I was crazy or was going to do something horrible or attack everybody or start gnawing human flesh." It was this Dionysian spirit of chaos and frenzy that undoubtedly fed the crazed ravings of his fully scalped yet vitalistic character, Del Gue:

“These (mountains) here is God's finest sculpturings! And there ain't no laws for the brave ones! And there ain't no asylums for the crazy ones! And there ain't no churches, except for this right here! And there ain't no priests excepting the birds. By God, I are a mountain man, and I'll live 'til an arrow or a bullet finds me."

Yet amidst his thundering, semi-non-sequitur tirades existed the Apollonian spirit of rugged individualism. It was John's firm belief that purity inspired the mountain man's savagery. Their desire for clean water, clear air, and unclaimed space revived long forgotten demands for savagery. It was savagery that asserted their place in that pure terrain. They were the first, and the first must always endure the bloodiest battles if they are to remain.

Embodying that type of ethos kept John constantly embroiled in feuds with the Hollywood elite. Milius saw Jeremiah Johnson and his struggle against the Crow in these terms:

"The feud will go on forever, and it makes both of them bigger and makes them live forever and also kills them. And these are the way all feuds are, the way the Hatfields and the McCoys are, the Capulets and Montagues, and the fueds in Borneo among the Dyaks. When I was making Farewell to the King in Borneo I'd ask the Dayaks, 'What started this feud?' and they'd say, 'It doesn't matter. The feud has been here since the time of God.'"

Milius was fully taken by the romantic notion of holding forth against an adversary, against insurmountable odds that would certainly end in death or at the very least loss of limb or physical function.

***

Milius was in the back of a sedan headed to Palm Springs to meet Frank Sinatra for the second time. In his briefcase was a handgun. Milius's classic Smith and Wesson, four-inch model 29, which he had written into the script for *Dirty Harry*. Sinatra, who was lined up for the Harry Callahan role, had asked Milius to bring "the gat" that he was supposed to use in the film. When Frank saw the gun, after he had laced into his bodyguard for letting it get into his house unannounced (typical CA liberal, some things never change), he picked it up and acted out the famous line then set it back down. "Ooh, it's a big one! Too big." By the time Milius had driven back to LA from Palm Springs, Sinatra had decided he

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didn't want to be in films anymore.

Now it was between Burt Reynolds and Clint Eastwood, and since Eastwood was younger, they figured he'd be more amiable when it came to doing scenes that Reynolds disliked (i.e. "stunts"). The studio took Eastwood off *Jeremiah Johnson* and went with Redford instead. Eastwood was moved to *Dirty Harry*. This affected the final script for *Jeremiah Johnson* (something about Redford refusing to eat livers) as Redford was imbued with a sense for the "greater good" as opposed to the savage realities of revenge films. The real Jeremiah "liver-eater" Johnson wasn't as interested in "the beautiful and the good" as he was in removing his eternal enemy's skin from its skull. He killed somewhere between 200 to 300 Crow Indians. He scalped them, ate their livers and lived till 90. He was the original "liver king" and spent nowhere near $11k per month on gear.

Milius was not interested in "good men" in the Aristotelian sense. Becoming good would only be accomplished by doing good, which could only be accomplished by beheading evil (preferably in public); there was no alternative. It was good men that let bad men off easy (compare wordcel Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction* diner scene where Jules lets Pumpkin leave alive). It was good men who obeyed, and if Milius's tumults with executives were any indication, obedience was not a behavior he was interested in cultivating, whether in his own life or in the characters which he brought to life on screen.

One such moment takes place between Harry Callahan and the lieutenant he reports to, a pen-pushing mandarin who gloats to Harry:

"I've never pulled my gun, a fact which I'm quite proud of."

"Well, you're a good man, Lieutenant. A good man always knows his limitations"

*Dirty Harry* was excoriated by filmcel femcels like the *New Yorker*'s Pauline Kael, calling it a "fascist" film, while most on the Right understood that the Harold Francis Callahan was a taller, quieter, vitalist version of Archie Bunker. As his partner says, "Harry doesn't play any favorites! Harry hates everybody: Limeys, Micks, Hebes, Fat Dagos, Niggers, Honkies, Chinks, you name it."

Harry Callaghan was based upon a Long Beach detective who told Milius, "When I'm put on the case, the verdict is in." This detective was reported to have numerous notches on his own gunbelt. According to Milius "He was more out of *LA Confidential* than *Dirty Harry*, but he was an interesting guy becuase he was in his part time a dog trainer, and he was very gentle in training dogs."

While the literati looked for any reason to trivialize and/or demonize white, middle class anxiety, Milius delivered a cinematic gladiator. Harry was the personification of the "Silent Majority": a white allotrope made up of Scot-Irish heritage Americans and more recently arrived white, hyphenated Americans, all of whom needed a champion to wade into the "dirty" miasma of 1970's lawlessness. Against a backdrop of violent crime (rape doubled and homicide grew by 76% from 1960 to 1970) this blue-eyed, brooding Achilles fights when he wants to and with methods he deems worthy despite the incessant bellowing of whatever Agamemnon is assigned to keep him under heel. Milius's on-screen worlds called for men like Harry; men who were beyond convention, beyond societal norms.

There is no better illustration of this than Milius's retreatment of Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* in his screenplay for *Apocalypse Now*. Partnering with the auteur talent, Francis Ford Coppolla, Milius re-created Conrad's Kurtz through Brando's portrayal of a man who stared into the abyss and become the monster, a menace to the proper order of things. Kurtz admired the Viet Cong's barbarity, their will to triumph. What the West saw as capricious Kurtz saw as an ability to constantly change in everything but their commitment. No measure was too murderous if it meant advancing self-determination. While the Left passively panned *Apocalypse Now* (among other reasons, they didn't appreciate the use of Conrad, TS Eliot and Fraser's *Golden Bough* as literary inspiration), they excoriated *Conan the Barbarian*, with one insider commenting to Milius that the "movie would have been very popular at the Nuremburg rallies in 1936."

"Conan is a barbarian and most of his conflict is with evils that are wrought by civilization. He was a marvelous hero, like Achilles. He sulked and ran away and was force into things and had great rages and great melancholies. He is a character who relies on the animal, and I always believe that the animal instincts in people are the better part of them, and that civilizing instincts are often the worst part of them....contrary to what everyone else says, 'Isn't it better to think and evolve' and all you do when you think and evolve is corrupt yourself... When the going gets tough, the tough

get feral."

Conan never becomes an impressive physical specimen without Thulsa Doom's Wheel of Pain. In Milius's case the ratings board assumed the role of Thulsa Doom and their numerous cuts were Milius's own Wheel of Pain. The MPAA gave *Conan* an "X" rating three times, forcing numerous cuts particularly from the raid of the Cimmerian village. One such cut removes Conan's mother hewing down several of Thulsa Doom's men prior to being beheaded in graphic fashion, and a young Conan cutting the throat of a warrior. The novelization of Milius's script gives the reader better insight into Milius's true vision for his cinematic ode to Teutonic savagery.

One scene endured within pop culture's consciousness long after the film had been forgotten by most. The "pit" where Conan cultivated his appetite for blood became inspiration for the UFC's Octagon. When Milius cast Reb Brown in his movie Big Wednesday he didn't realize this would put him in close contact with Rorion Gracie. In their basement dojo, Milius watched them dismantle men twice their size and began introducing members of his tight-knit Hollywood circle into a quasi-Fight Club. Married…with Children actor Ed O'Neill went on to receive a Gracie black belt, calling it the greatest achievement in his life other than his kids, and Milius's own son eventually taught BJJ. Milius's mind envisioned this blood sport as a spectacle of power. He envisioned it playing out in an arena where men could not escape, grappling for supremacy (originally surrounded by a moat of sharks). The early investors of the UFC hired John as their first creative director.

Milius's last, best-known film is arguably one of cinema's best depictions of a mannerbund taking on insurmountable odds. *Red Dawn* depicts a microcosm of society without laws or government which still maintains a semblance honor. While the original story centered on a Lord of the Flies plotline, with the boys inner depravity becoming the focus, Milius brought an ethos out of the chaos, while still reveling in the idea of lawlessness. He esteemed the concept of a personal Honor Code as more honorable than a society's codification of laws:

"I'm not a reactionary—I'm just a right-wing extremist so far beyond the Christian Identity people... I'm so far beyond that I'm a Maoist. I'm an anarchist. I've always been an anarchist. Any true, real right-winger if he goes far enough hates all form of government, because government should be done to cattle and not human beings."

In *Red Dawn* this honor is primarily underpinned by the martial execution of the "others" yet also rooted in the understanding that true glory, true honor is found in holding out to the last man, plunging sword until steel is broken, the way of the Samurai, the Bushido. Milius found inspiration through the classics and liked the "Song of Roland" in particular. This 11th Century epic tells of Roland at the Battle of Roncevaux Pass in 778. Roland's fighting force of 20,000 is ambushed high in the Pyrenees by the swarthy Basques in retaliation for Charlemagne's destruction of Pamplona. The Frankish commander and his men were cut off and, according to tradition, overrun by 400,000 Muslims. Yet instead of retreating from these insurmountable odds they fought until the last man, allowing Charlemagne to remove the majority of his troops from the treacherous mountains and regroup. Roland and his men established the chivalric model for a medieval knight.

There is no doubt that Milius was inspired to be the last holdout of a bygone era in film history; hardly remembered by most yet hardly caring if he is. Concerning George Lucas's oft-touted leveraging of Homeric heroes, Milius said,

"You know George Lucas talks about it all the time. He doesn't know how to use it at all. He doesn't understand myth at all. As illustrated by *Phantom Menace*. Writers who really understand myth don't use it consciously. There are very few things that are truly mythical. There's a lot of stuff that's famous, but very few things that are the stuff of myth and legend."

While Milius may never achieve the qualities of the former he has undoubtedly distinguished himself with all the qualities and investitures of the latter.

*Quotations in this piece are taken from Nat Segaloff,* Big Bad John: The John Milius Interviews, *which is out now. Yamnayanage tweets @yamnayanage*

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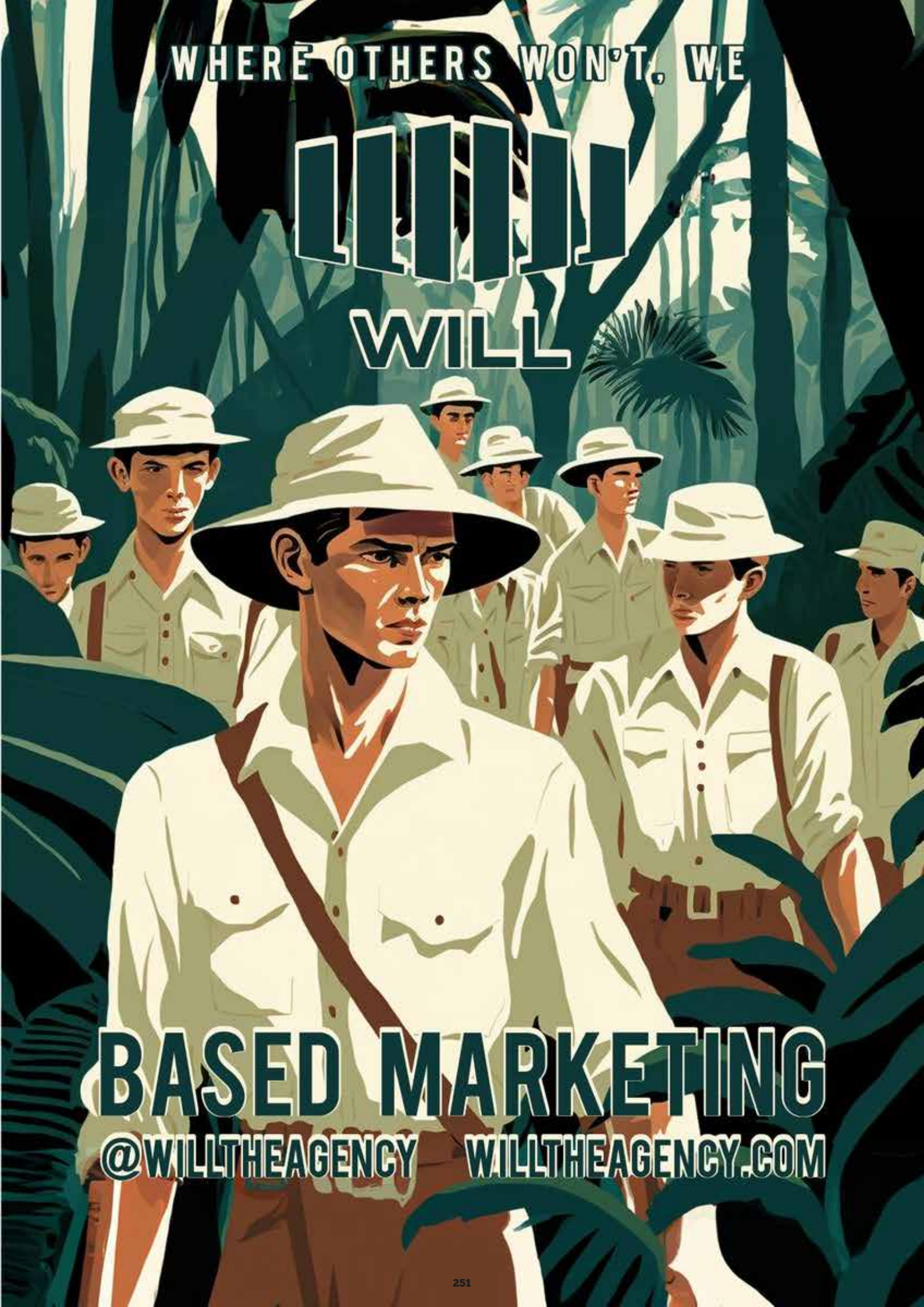
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# MAN'S WORLD FOOD

# BONE BROTH
## THE ULTIMATE RECIPE

# Feel it in your bones Raw Egg Nationalist

*Of course you can buy bone broth, but why would you want to do that when you can make it this easily?*

Bone broth is something we all should be consuming on a regular basis. It's a sad fact of modern life that we've all but abandoned nose-to-tail eating, opting instead for lean, tender cuts of meat that barely require any chewing, and throwing the rest away. Most people now would look at a beef bone and think that nothing good could come of it.

Au contraire! The bone, even when stripped of meat, is a thing of wonder, containing a tremendous amount of nutrition that's just waiting to be released. As the good people at the Weston Price Foundation remind us, pretty much all tradition cultures made extensive use of bones in their diets. They ground them up and added them to their food in paste form, They softened and fermented them, or they made bone broth. The earliest recorded bone broth recipe comes from ancient Sumeria, many thousands of years ago.

Bones are an amazing source of calcium, and we could all do with more of that. Unless you consume plenty of dairy, you're very likely to be deficient in this key mineral, which is responsible for far more than just ensuring you have strong bones yourself. A good bone broth will also contain collagen, gelatin, glycine, chondroitin and glucosamine for your skin, hair and, importantly, your joints. Add in some magnesium, phosphorus and sulphur, and what you've got is a genuine superfood. Consume it on its own, or use it as a stock base for other dishes.

# BONE BROTH

SERVES LOTS, 8-24 HOURS TOTAL COOKING TIME

- 4 quarts / litres filtered water
- 1kg beef knuckle bones, marrow bones, or oxtail (or all three if you can)
- 1 whole head of garlic, smashed
- 2 tbsp apple cider vinegar
- 1 tsp sea salt

OPTIONAL

- Vegetables (onion, carrots, celery)
- Aromatic herbs (thyme, bay leaves, black peppercorns)

Some recipes call for browning the bones beforehand. This isn't strictly necessary; although you may find it enhances the flavour.

Place all ingredients in a large pot with a lid and put on a high heat.

Bring to a boil, then reduce the heat to low.

Gently simmer for between 8 and 24 hours, with the lid not quite fully on. The pot can also be put in an oven at 150C/300F or lower.

Once cooked, allow the stock to cool then strain.

Store the broth in glass containers, either in the fridge (for up to four days), or in the freezer. Glass containers can be used in the freezer as well, but be sure not to fill them fully, so as to allow the liquid to expand once frozen.

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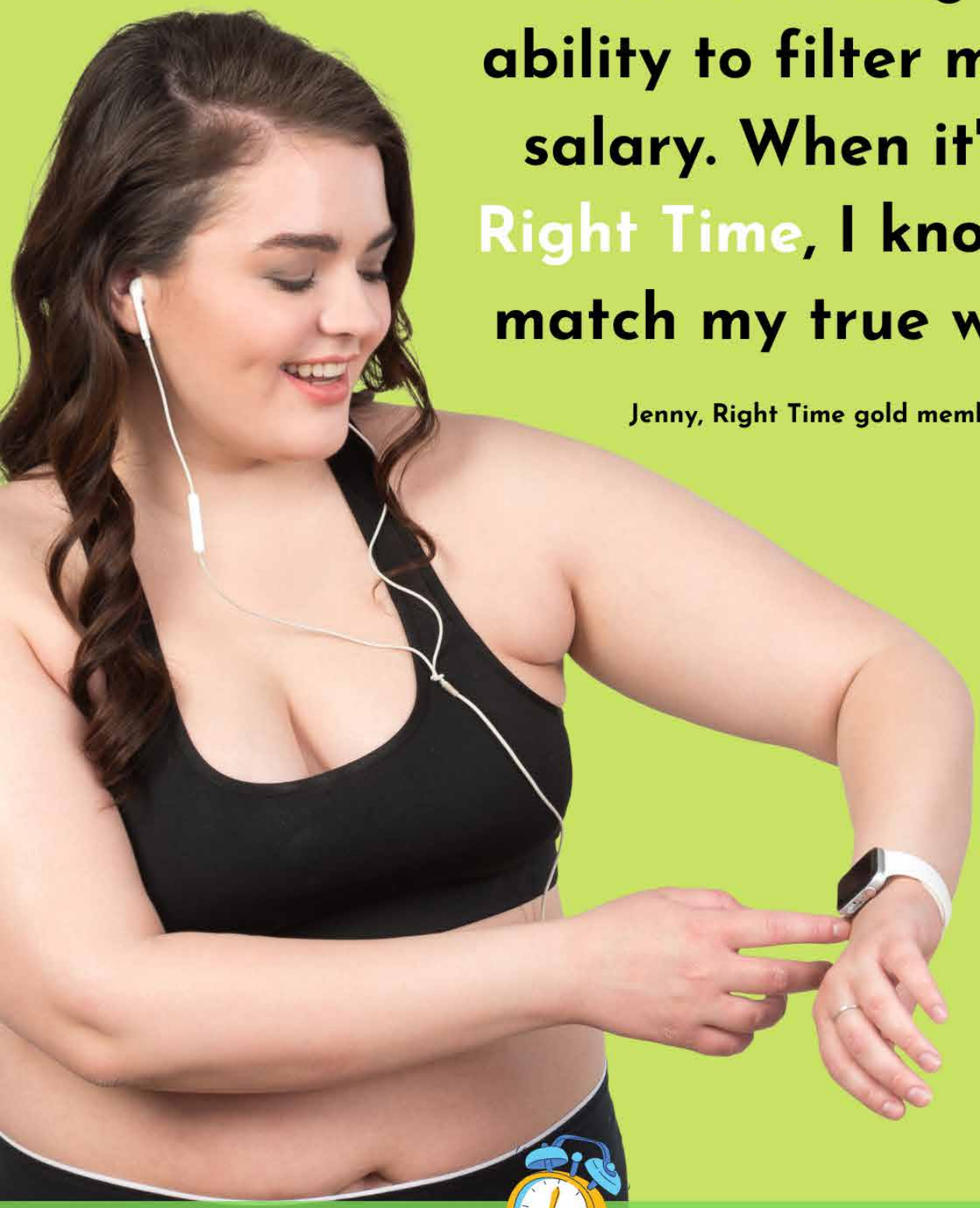

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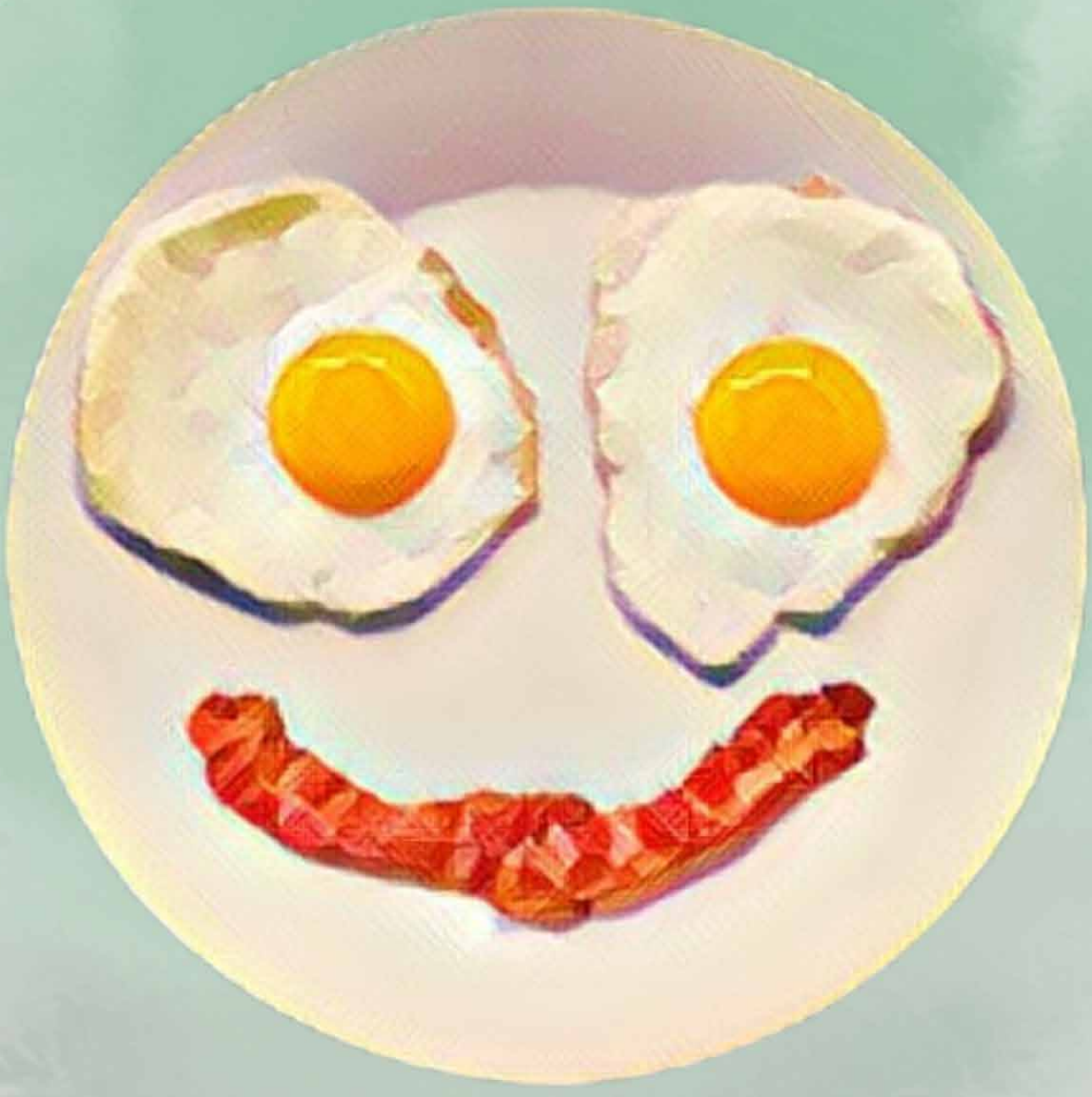


## And now the good news...

*Raw Egg Nationalist*

Picture, if you will, a president who arrived in the White House not because he beat a bitter rival in an election, but as the result of a shocking, mysterious event that removed the rightful president from office. Although he has now managed to win a landslide victory over a charismatic grassroots challenger from the right, the newly legitimated president is in trouble. Deep trouble. On the one hand, he is hopelessly entangled in an imperial venture overseas, a war whose prospects of ever coming to an end seem only to decrease as American involvement deepens. On the home front, public opinion, already souring due to the war, is now starting to turn rancid as inflation begins to rise steeply. Things are only made worse by racial division, rioting, student radicalism and widespread anger at government spending.

Amidst this chaos, the president is told by one of his advisors that the price of eggs is getting out of hand and people are upset. People like eggs – naturally. So what does the president do? Why, the only thing he can do: he asks the Surgeon General to issue a health warning about the cholesterol content of eggs. (!?)

Yes, this actually happened, during the presidency of Lyndon B. Johnson. Here's how Joseph Califano, a member of Johnson's cabinet, remembers it:

"Shoe prices went up, so LBJ slapped export controls on hides to increase the supply of leather. Reports that color television sets would sell at high prices came across the wire. Johnson told me to ask RCA's David Sarnoff to hold them down. Domestic lamb prices rose. LBJ directed McNamara to buy cheaper lamb from New Zealand for the troops in Vietnam… When egg prices rose in the spring of 1966 and Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman told him that not much could be done, Johnson had the Surgeon General issue alerts as to the hazards of cholesterol in eggs."

Johnson's calculated decision would set in train events with significant consequences for the dietary habits and health of Americans; although it had little to no effect on his own problems, which only deepened and, ultimately, prevented him from running for re-election in '68. From being a staple of Americans' diets – and indeed the diets of many other peoples around the world – eggs became a food uniquely singled out for their dangerous health effects if consumed in anything but small quantities. This is the story of how that was possible, what its effects were, and how the egg industry, and science, were able to right that wrong.

Well, almost.

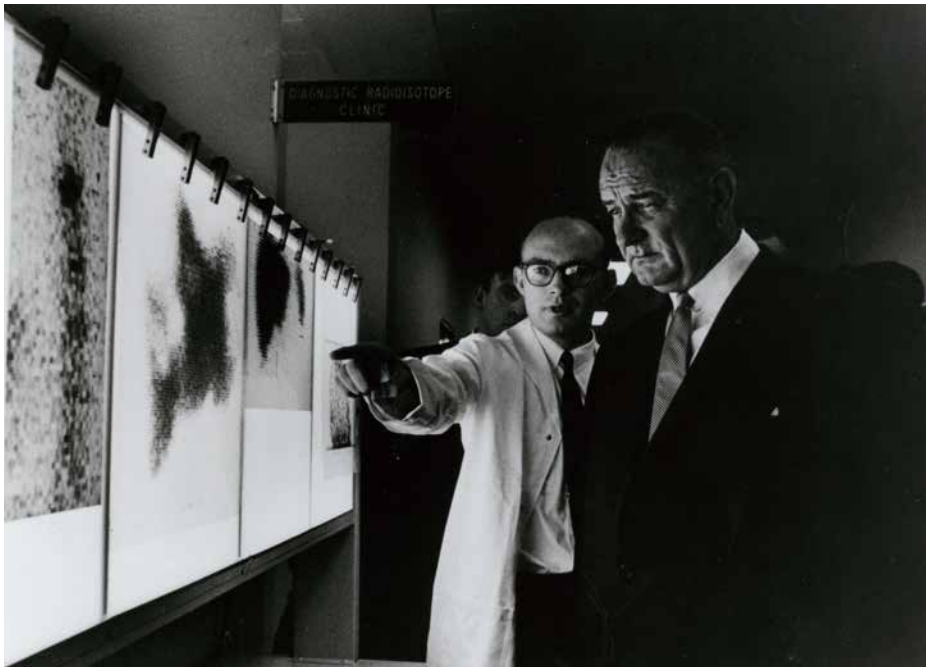
## THE 1968 AMERICAN HEART ASSOCIATION GUIDELINES AND THE LIPID-HEART HYPOTHESIS

Less than two years after Johnson's order, the American Heart Association, a non-profit with close ties to the government and industries in close competition with producers of animal products, issued a declaration that individuals should consume no more than 300mg of cholesterol a day, and no more than 10% of all calories from saturated fat. Attached to these new guidelines was a specific warning about egg consumption. Eggs are the only foodstuff in American history to have had a specific warning attached to them, and 1968 marked the beginning of nearly a half century of fearmongering and demonisation, with predictable effects on egg consumption.

**Eggs are the only foodstuff in American history to have had a specific warning attached to them**

The Association was careful to make sure its message was understood, by giving ordinary people advice they could easily follow in their daily lives: consume no more than three egg yolks a week, the experts said. The principle behind the guideline was one that doctors could explain without too much trouble to their patients, as well: more dietary cholesterol means more blood cholesterol means cardiovascular disease (CVD). The Association's aim was to cut rates of CVD, which at that time were sharply on the rise.

But things didn't work out that way. Quite the opposite. The new guideline didn't reduce CVD – in fact, CVD rates continued to rise – since it was based on bad science, bad science many experts at the time were well aware of and disputed vehemently. Generally referred to as the "lipid-heart hypothesis", this bad science had emerged in the aftermath of the Second World War. It would be no exaggeration to say that this is one of the most consequential



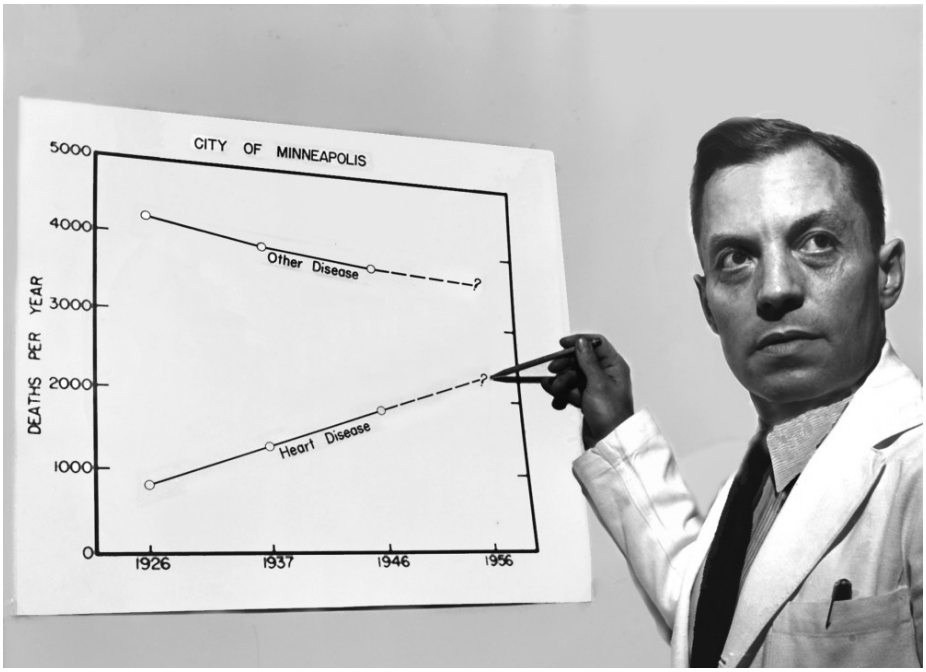
**President Lyndon B. Johnson** demonstrating his "commitment to science" by examining X-rays at a public hospital. Johnson set in train events that would have profound effects on Americans' diets

scientific theories of the twentieth century, at least if we're talking about public health, and its creator, a so-called "nutritionist" by the name of Ancel Keys, deserves to be treated as the real villain of this tale far more than President Johnson does.

Whatever status Ancel Keys had as a nutritionist was derived not from any medical or nutritional training – his PhD was awarded for a thesis about salt-water eels – but from the fact that during World War II, at the behest of the military, he had been responsible for the creation of the famous K-Ration, named after himself. After the war, he was asked by the Minnesota public health department to investigate the rise in heart attacks, and this is where things started to go horribly wrong. Keys had the idea that saturated fat consumption might be the cause, and he presented this hypothesis to a scientific meeting of his colleagues, together with some hastily assembled graphs showing that in six countries total fat, and especially saturated fat, consumption was tightly correlated with heart attacks.

The response from his colleagues was savage, not least of all because Keys had gerrymandered his graphs: if all the available data had been plotted, from a total of 22 rather than just six countries, the graph would have shown a poor relationship between fat consumption and heart attacks. Keys was furious and swore revenge.

In America's margarine producers, Keys found a perfect ally in his quest to prove that he had, in fact, discovered the cause of CVD. Margarine was a new food product that was manufactured using vegetable or seed oil. Proctor and Gamble, which had started




**"Nutritionist" Ancel Keys**, the man responsible for the lipid-heart hypothesis, one of the most consequential scientific theories of the twentieth century. Keys would later renounce his hypothesis, but too late to avoid massive damage to the health of people not just in America but around the world

to diversify into food at the turn of the century, had its own version called Crisco (Crystallized Cottonseed Oil), often referred to as "vegetable shortening". In the early 1940s, P&G had given the nascent American Heart Association $1.5 million to provide legitimacy for its product as a "heart-healthy" alternative to traditional animal fats. Now, with the lipid-heart hypothesis, P&G and the AHA had the science they needed to support this claim, and they pushed it for all that it was worth.

Fate also intervened when President Eisenhower suffered a heart attack in the Oval office, in 1955. The rising problem of CVD was now more than just a matter of national health: it was a matter of national security, too. And the American Heart Association, flush with margarine money, was on hand to offer a solution. "Within a decade," says Catherine Shanahan,

"grocery store shelves were loaded with ready-to-eat foods, and Americans were buying. No longer insisting on fresh food from small farmers right in our neighbourhoods, we'd been convinced that products made in distant factories were safer, healthier, and better. And they were also cheaper."

These new ready-to-eat, or "processed", foods were loaded with refined carbohydrates and vegetable and seed oils and, as Shanahan notes, they had the benefit of being convenient and cheap – but little else.

By the start of the 1960s, though, the man himself – Ancel Keys – had actually come to reject his own bad science, plenty more of which he'd authored in the meantime, including animal-fat studies that didn't even use animal fat in their tests (a minor omission!). But the monster he had created had broken loose of its creator's chains. There was now big money to be made from margarine and other new "healthy fats" – and nothing entrenches bad science like big money.

The lipid-heart hypothesis and the dietary changes it helped to bring about, especially with regard to eggs and other fatty animal products, are part of a much broader shift in our diets as a result of industrialisation and urbanisation. This really began towards the end of the nineteenth century, and its effects have been an unmitigated disaster for our health. The great pioneering dentist-cum-anthropologist Weston A. Price charted the emerging effects of this shift in his classic book Nutrition and Physical Degeneration, published in 1939. In response to growing physical dysfunction and deteriorating health among his patients in Ohio, especially the children, Price decided to travel the globe in search of traditional societies to see if their diets held the key to understanding why.

Price found that traditional peoples across the world who displayed optimal health all built their diets primarily around nutrient-dense animal foods. That meant organ meat, especially liver; fatty cuts of meat; blood products; milk and cheese; eggs; seafood; and fat products like butter and lard. These were precisely the kinds of foods people were consuming less and less of back in America. Instead, Americans were eating more and more industrially produced foods, which were built from almost entirely from refined carbohydrates and sugars and novel fats extracted from seeds and vegetables. These novel fats had never been consumed in any significant quantity by humans before the beginning of the twentieth century, in large part because they require complex industrial processes to extract and process them for consumption. And even when these fats did start to be produced in significant quantities, it was usually as by-products of other industrial processes and they were only used as engine lubricant or paint thinners. This changed, but only gradually.

So although vegetable and seed oils were already being marketed and used as dietary alternatives to animal fats before the Second World War, it was the emergence of the lipid-heart hypothesis that transformed them into "healthy" oils that must be an "essential" part of one's diet. As a result, consumption of these fats has soared, while consumption of animal fats has decreased significantly: consumption of soybean oil, for instance, has increased a thousandfold in the US over the last century. The effects have been disastrous. Indeed, one of the great ironies of the ascendance of the lipid-heart hypothesis is that it has almost certainly made worse the problem it was intended to solve – CVD – while contributing to the growth of a whole host of other chronic and fatal health conditions. The authors of the classic book Nourishing Traditions provide a catalogue of negative effects, all of which have been substantiated in scientific studies:

"[Significant consumption of PUFAs] has been shown to contribute to a large number of disease conditions including increased cancer and heart disease, immune system dysfunction, damage to the liver, reproductive organs, and lungs, digestive disorders, depressed learning ability, impaired growth, and weight gain."

PUFAs, or "polyunsaturated

fatty acids", is another term used for vegetable and seed oils. One of the main problems with PUFAs is that they are chemically unstable ("unsaturated"), which makes them react with the body's tissues, causing significant damage if consumed regularly. The damage depends on the type of tissue these molecules come into contact with. This isn't a problem saturated fats cause.

The benefits of saturated fat – and cholesterol – consumption go far beyond simply being more chemically stable than PUFAs. It's worth pausing, for a moment, to note that one of the many sleights of hand of the lipid-heart hypothesis is to treat saturated fat and cholesterol as basically the same thing. Although they are closely similar, and saturated fat is a building block of cholesterol when it's synthesised in the liver, they are not the same. Yes, a diet that's rich in animal products will be rich in both saturated fat and cholesterol, but there are foods that contain significant amounts of saturated fat and no cholesterol (such as coconut oil, which is nearly 100% saturated fat), and foods that have a lot of cholesterol but relatively little saturated fat (such as eggs).

Without going into too much detail, we can say that both molecules are essential for the proper formation of hormones, including testosterone and a class of hormones known as prostaglandins, as well as nerve and brain tissue. Cholesterol is also vital for the formation of proper cell membranes, the outer walls that keep the contents of our cells inside. Lierre Keith isn't exaggerating when she says that without cholesterol we'd all be puddles, because there'd be nothing to keep all the water in (the human body is around 60% water).

Studies have shown that one of the worst things you can do if you want to have an optimal hormone profile as a man, is to go on a low-fat vegetarian diet, which contains basically no saturated fat or cholesterol. Even though your body makes most of the cholesterol it needs, a diet that's low in saturated fat and cholesterol will increase your risk of all-cause mortality (i.e. of dying, full stop). It's clear that our bodies need to consume cholesterol as well as make it.

Consider the Minnesota Coronary Experiment, for instance, a double-blind randomized controlled trial—i.e. science's gold standard for trials—that took place in seven institutions in Minnesota between 1968 and 1973, with the aim of investigating whether replacing saturated fat with vegetable oil would reduce heart disease by lowering blood cholesterol. So what were the results? For every 30-point decrease in cholesterol observed, the death rate increased by 22%. These results have been corroborated over and over. A Finnish study of people aged over 75: those with cholesterol levels in the highest third had half the death rates of those who had the lowest. A study of nearly thirteen million Korean adults: low total cholesterol was associated with increased all-cause mortality risk. A study of six thousand French men over a period of seventeen years: men whose cholesterol levels declined the most had the greatest risk of cancer. I could go on.

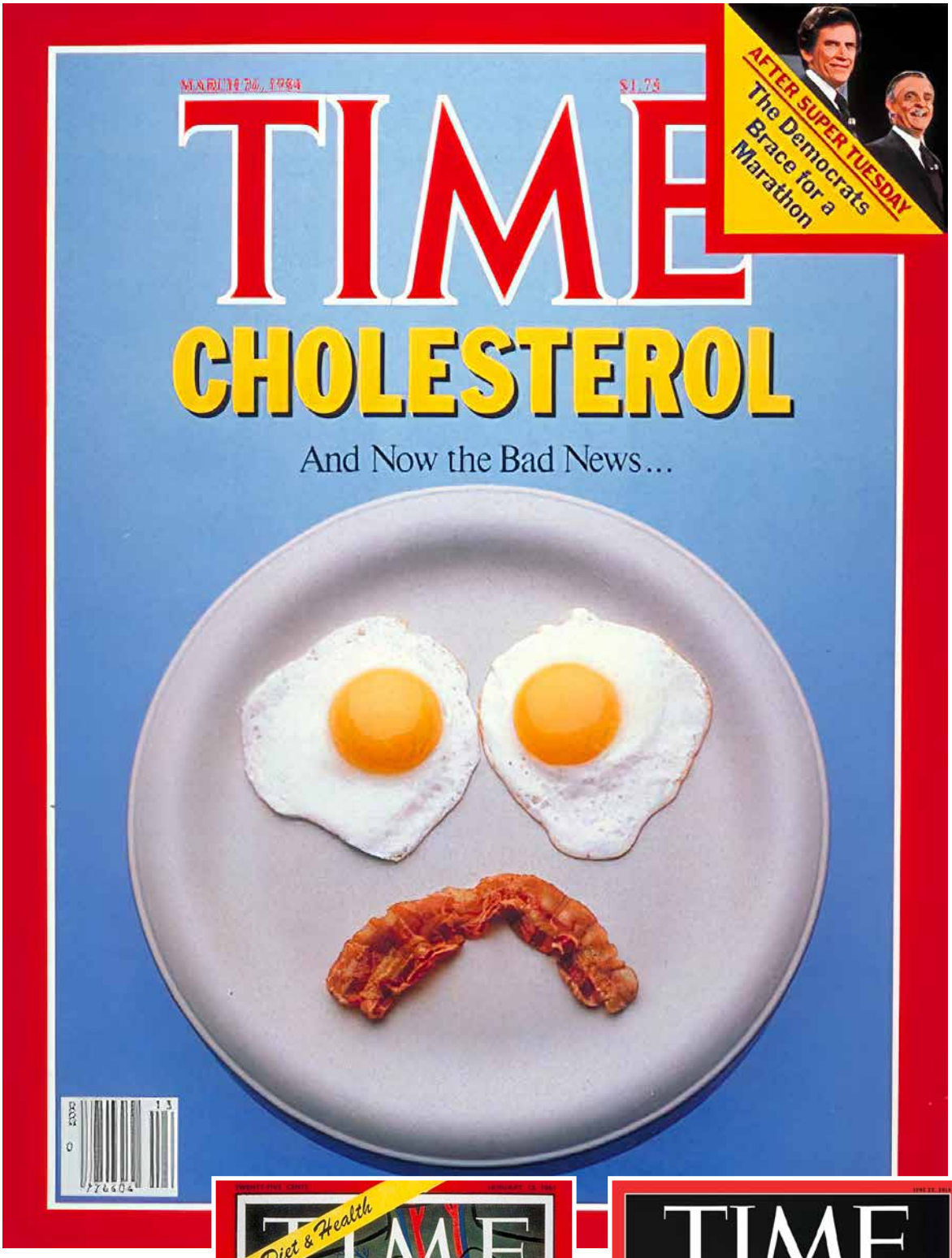
Just how wrong the lipid-heart hypothesis is, and how dreadful the knock-on effects of its supremacy would be, took decades to be fully revealed. Back in 1968, most of this was yet to come. For America's egg producers and their industry representatives, the immediate question was: How would they respond to the American Heart Association's new guideline?

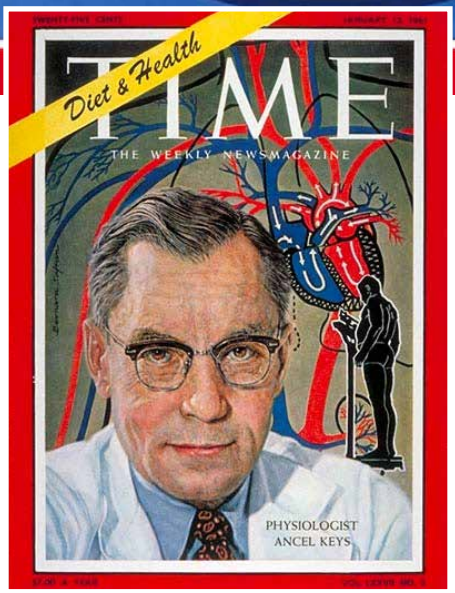
## THE EGG INDUSTRY RESPONDS: 1968 TO THE PRESENT DAY

If egg producers fought back, they might be accused of choosing profits over health. But if they chose not to fight back, and simply accepted the new guidelines, devastating decline was all but guaranteed. Fighting back would not be easy, though, since "industry-funded research" is for many – rightly or wrongly – a byword for "flawed science". Of course, few in the media or general public thought to question, or were even aware of, the industry funding behind the lipid-heart hypothesis. But if the egg industry suddenly came out swinging, with a host of its own studies championing the egg and its miraculous properties, or even just studies claiming the lipid-heart hypothesis was bunk, this would be sure to generate scepticism that might prove counterproductive. Of course they'd say that! They've got eggs to sell! The depth of the lipid-heart-hypothesis attack, however, and its potential implications for the animal-product industry more broadly, meant that a determined pushback was inevitable, from meat and dairy, as well as egg producers, and scientific studies would be an essential part of it.

The 1968 guidelines were just the beginning, though. Over the next decade, governmental departments, corporations and NGOs all jumped on the low-fat, low-cholesterol bandwagon, and the market witnessed the arrival of the first "low-fat" and "low-cholesterol", or "even cholesterol-free", products. Many of these products – like "cholesterol-free peanut butter" – made little sense to anybody

Ancient men conquered cities, put them to the sword and flame. Meanwhile, you wear "artisan" apron and give "seminar" on "frothing technique".
YOU ARE GAY!!



**TIME Magazine covers**: the infamous 26 April 1984 "Cholesterol" cover, a cover from the early sixties heralding "physiologist" Ancel Keys and a cover from 2014, showing what a difference 30 years can make in the world of nutrition

with even a sprinkling of nutritional knowledge – since when did peanuts contain cholesterol that could be removed? – but the purpose of such branding was largely just to reinforce the increasingly lucrative message: saturated fat is bad, cholesterol is bad – eggs are bad.

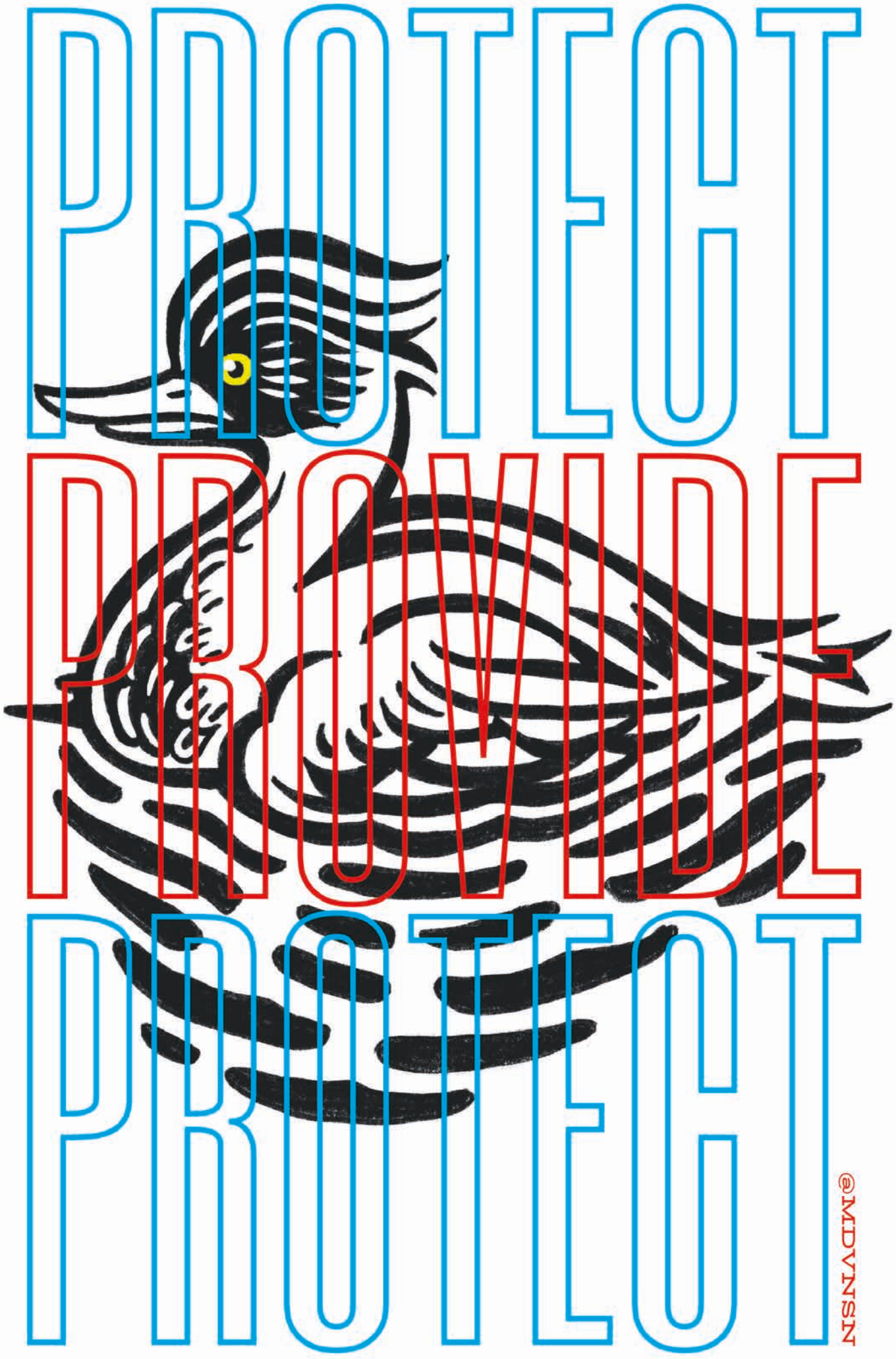
After Time Magazine ran its 26 April 1984 cover "Cholesterol. And Now the Bad News", with a plate of eggs and bacon arranged into a queasy-looking unhappy face, the egg industry decided an even tougher, more coordinated response was needed. The Egg Nutrition Center (ENC) was quickly founded to do just this, with a scientific advisory panel of clinical and research scientists to help establish a long-term plan and serve as consultants for the industry. Many of the scientists who joined were already convinced that the lipid-heart hypothesis was wrong, and some, such as Donald McNamara, had already conducted studies on the relationship between egg intake and blood cholesterol levels, finding there to be none. The ENC wanted to take aim not just at the 1968 American Heart Association Guidelines, but at the follow-up guidelines that had emerged out of the Select Commission on Nutrition, in 1977, and the National Cholesterol Education Program of the National Institute of Health – and, of course, the ten-a-penny advertising that was capitalising on Keys' bad science.

The ENC went about its task by attempting to undermine the three main pillars of the lipid-heart hypothesis: feeding studies, involving different animals being fed cholesterol-rich diets; epidemiological studies (i.e. population studies) showing associations between high cholesterol consumption and levels of CVD out there in the world; and clinical studies, under controlled conditions, showing that consumption of cholesterol increases blood cholesterol levels. More sophisticated studies than the simple correlation analyses that were prevalent in the 1960s and 1970s were able to demonstrate that dietary cholesterol consumption was not an independent risk factor for CVD (i.e. there were other factors implicated). New feeding and clinical studies, and reinterpretations of previously published research, also cast further doubt on the association between cholesterol consumption and levels in the blood. One of the main problems with the feeding studies Keys had relied on, was that they were performed on animals that shouldn't be consuming cholesterol-rich food. If you feed a rabbit cholesterol-rich food, its blood cholesterol will, inevitably, go up. But this is because the rabbit should be eating grass and plants, not steak. When you feed cholesterol-rich food to an animal like a dog or a cat or a fox, this doesn't happen. The only way you can make it happen is if you're one of those fucked-up scientists who decides to poison your dogs or cats or foxes, or tampers with their thyroid glands – and, sadly, there are plenty of scientists like that.

By the mid-1990s, as governmental departments consolidated their guidelines on cholesterol consumption, the ENC adopted a new strategy that involved funding research that didn't simply refute the lipid-heart hypothesis, but also promoted egg consumption on its own terms and merits. Studies emphasised the nutritional density of eggs to make the case that they are one of the most readily available and economical sources of high-quality protein, as well as an unparalleled variety of vitamins and minerals. Indeed, guidelines to reduce egg consumption have the potential to cause serious harm to ordinary people in poorer countries where access to protein is difficult and serious vitamin and mineral deficiencies are common. This is a particularly acute problem in the case of pregnant women, young children and the elderly. Choline deficiency – eggs are one of the richest natural sources of choline – was another focus of research. As many as nine out of ten American adults are deficient in this compound, which plays a crucial role in the proper formation of the brain, as well as reducing inflammation and the risk of cancer and CVD. Choline deficiencies in pregnant women, which are particularly dangerous for the developing child, can be alleviated by consumption of just a single egg a day.

Other studies funded by the ENC presented aspects such as the satiety effect of eggs – the fact that eating eggs will leave you feeling fuller than other foods, like carb-rich breakfasts, aiding in weight loss – and the potential for eggs to help prevent muscle loss (sarcopenia) in the elderly. Many elderly people have avoided eggs in the hope of lowering their risk of CVD, without realising that the high-quality, easily digestible protein they contain would be of huge benefit in helping them to retain muscle mass. Sarcopenia has been identified in numerous studies as a significant predictor of all-cause mortality among the elderly. The xanthophylls lutein and zeaxanthin, which are available in high quality form in eggs, were also shown by scientists to help reduce the risk of macular degeneration and cataracts in the eyes, as well as the risk of some forms of cancer and atherosclerosis.

Alongside studies focusing


PROTECT
PROVIDE
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@MDVNSN

on specific positive aspects of egg consumption, epidemiological studies on a larger scale than ever before, including a 1999 study of nearly 120,000 people, were providing cast-iron evidence that consuming eggs is not a risk factor for CVD. Other similarly wide-ranging cholesterol studies were undermining the lipid-heart hypothesis in a way that was simply impossible to avoid noticing. By 2002, the American Heart Association had quietly dropped its recommendation of restricting egg consumption to three a week, but it still doggedly retained its guideline of 300mg of cholesterol a day, for another 12 years. In 2014, the Association was forced, finally, to concede that: "There is insufficient evidence to determine whether lowering dietary cholesterol reduces LDL-C" (LDL-C being so-called "bad cholesterol – although it's debatable whether there is such a thing).

Then, in 2015, the Dietary Guidelines Advisory Committee, a joint committee of the Department of Health and Human Services and the Department of Agriculture that meets at regular intervals to issue dietary guidelines, decided to make no cholesterol recommendation in its updated advice:

"Previously, the Dietary Guidelines for Americans recommended that cholesterol intake be limited to no more than 300 mg/day. The 2015 DGAC will not bring forward this recommendation because available evidence shows no appreciable relationship between consumption of dietary cholesterol and serum cholesterol…"

## LESSONS LEARNED AND THE FUTURE OF EGGS

Finally, 47 years after the American Heart Association's first specific guidance on eggs, one of the greatest U-turns in public nutritional policy in the US was complete. All major recommended restrictions on egg and dietary cholesterol consumption had been reversed. In a sign, perhaps, of just how strongly vested American interests tend to be, the US was well behind the curve in making this reversal: many other countries had already accepted the new science some time before.

As Donald McNamara, one of the pro-egg scientists I mentioned earlier, notes, "this nutritional saga" should serve as a warning. Among other things, it should alert us to just how easy it is, on the basis of incomplete or even incorrect science, to impose restrictions on a food; and, by contrast, just how difficult it can then be to overturn them. One man, under the right circumstances, and with the right industry and political backing, can put established nutritional custom on its head, and it took nearly half a century – study after study after study – to do something about it. The cost of righting this wrong was not just monetary. All the while, people were being deprived of the superior nutrition of eggs and other animal products, and instead consuming increasing quantities of foods humans had never really eaten before, with devastating consequences. People were promised renewed health, but instead they were given unprecedented sickness. So it goes.

And the sad fact is, the message about eggs and cholesterol that was inculcated for decades has stuck. People still cleave to the old recommendations. They still distrust eggs and cholesterol. This is only too apparent in responses to my work, whether on Twitter or in the mainstream media. Don't eggs give you heart disease? The old recommendations and the bad science are still used to sell "healthy" products, including new competitors to the egg.

So-called plant-based "eggs", like JUST Egg, are a bizarre confabulation of inferior quality bean protein, vegetable oil, colourings and flavourings, and are marketed using prominent claims about the "unhealthy" cholesterol in eggs. This marketing is bolstered by equally unfounded claims about the environmental cost of traditional egg production vis-à-vis the plant-based alternative. In reality, the emergence of this transvestite food is part of a broader play for total corporate control of the food supply. Corporations, hand in glove with governments and non-governmental organisations like the World Economic Forum, are transitioning away from traditional animal products to plant-based alternatives, as well as GMO crops, precisely because these new products allow corporations full legal control of them, and even greater profits. As I've said many times before, you can't patent an egg, but you can patent a plant-based egg. This is the essence of the Great Reset, a social transformation that is built, like the Neolithic Revolution (the transition to agriculture) ten thousand years ago, on a forced transformation of the way we produce and eat food. It poses a far greater threat to our health, dignity and freedom than the lipid-heart hypothesis ever could – and that's saying something. If the humble egg can help us defeat the Great Reset, as it did the junk science of Ancel Keys, it will truly have earned its name as a real superfood.

The Eggs Benedict Option *is available now directly from antelopehillpublishing.com or from third-party retailers including Amazon, Barnes and Noble and Book Depository.*

# THE VERY BEST STEAK AU POIVRE

## MAN'S WORLD MASTERCLASS with ROCKY (@thewarkitchen)

Hidden deep in culinary history lies the story of how one spice changed the world. For centuries, this ingredient has played a crucial role in elevating the human food experience. At one point, it was even worth its weight in gold. Kings and emperors of old sought it out, sending voyages through inhospitable, uncharted seas. I'm talking about pepper — a dried fruit discovered in India that very quickly found itself in the cookbooks of the world.

From rich Indian curries, it infiltrated sweet European wines and spicy teas in Marrakech. However, it was not until the 19th century that pepper became more than just a seasoning in European cuisine. At the time, France was experiencing a culinary renaissance. Home to some of the greatest chefs, it was a hub for culinary excellence and innovation. These chefs were constantly experimenting, trying to one-up each other and conjure new gastronomical marvels. As tenderloin cuts started becoming more prevalent and pepper was finding its way into more and more recipes, the stage was set for the birth of the steak au poivre.

While the Steak au Poivre has long been a staple in fine-dining restaurants, you don't need a Michelin-star experience in Paris to taste it. If you follow the right guidelines, you can very well make something just as good – or dare I say better? – within the confines of your own kitchen.

Before you go any further, take note: Read this entire piece once, or even twice, before you start to cook. Get all the equipment and ingredients you need in front of you. This is what chefs call mise en place: a common practice that allows you to focus on the actual process instead of scrambling for ingredients in media res. Being clear on the recipe also allows you to understand the crux of the dish in your head. This gives you breathing room to inject your own soul and creativity. Remember, cooking is more than just following a recipe to the letter. It's art.

### Ingredients (per person):

- 250g (~8-10oz) grass fed, 1" thick steak of any cut
- 2 tbsp whole peppercorns
- 2-3 garlic cloves, peeled & smashed
- 1 shallot, thinly sliced
- 1-2 sprigs of fresh rosemary
- 2-3 tbsp butter
- 100ml (~1/2 cup) beef bone broth
- 100ml (~1/2 cup) cognac or brandy (optional)
- 2 tbsp heavy cream
- 2 tbsp ghee or tallow

### Equipment:

- Stainless steel pan
- Pestle and mortar (or pepper mill)
- Spatula
- Spoon

Method:

## 1. Seasoning the steak

• Using the pestle and mortar (or pepper mill), grind the peppercorns coarse. Don't worry about getting it uniform, the variation adds to the flavor. If you're using a pepper mill, turn the knob to its coarsest setting (rotate anticlockwise).
• Pat the steak dry and coat all sides with the ground peppercorns, making sure to press them in well so they're incorporated.

## 2. Creating the sear

• Heat the pan on medium-high heat. Coat the pan well with a few tablespoons of ghee or tallow and let it come to temperature.
• Just as it's about to smoke, place the steak in. Lay it away from you slowly (as if you were pasting a sticker and avoiding air pockets) and press down firmly with your hands or a spatula. This ensures maximum contact between the steak and the pan.
• Make sure to not touch or meddle with it at all. You need to give time for the sear to form.
• After 2-3 minutes, using a spatula, peel the steak off the pan and flip. It should release itself easily, revealing a beautiful crust.

## 3. Finishing the cook and basting

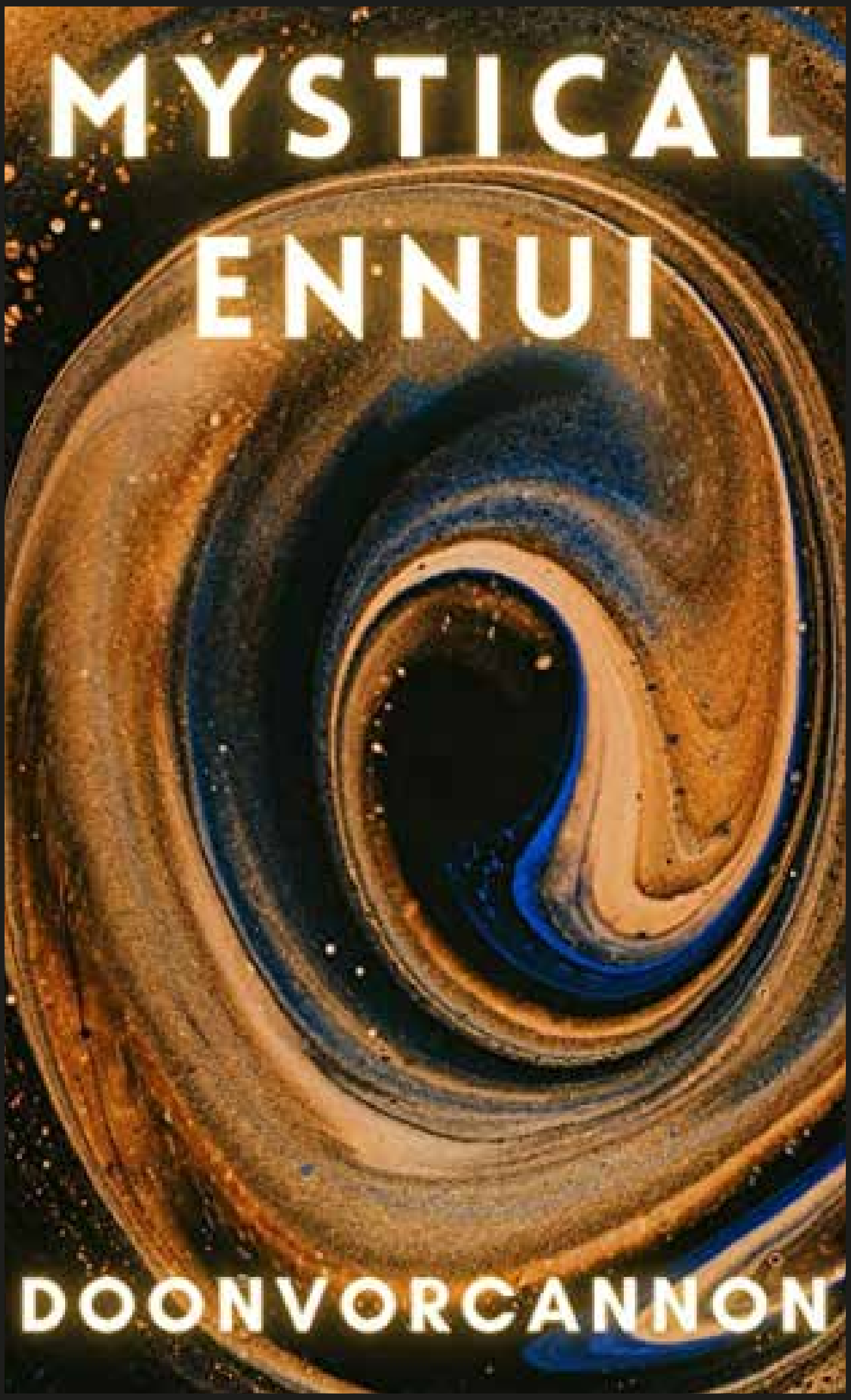
• Once flipped, let the steak cook on the other side for 1-2 more minutes. Then add the butter, smashed garlic cloves and sprigs of fresh rosemary and start basting the steak.
• You want to tilt the pan so you can scoop the butter and herbs and pour them over the steak. Keep repeating the process over and over again as the steak continues to cook. This will keep the steak moist and infuse it with the flavors of the herbs and garlic.
• Roughly 1-2 minutes of cooking on this side will be enough for a regular 1" steak for a rare-medium rare. If you prefer something more medium or well done, let it cook for 1-2 more minutes for a total cook time of 3-4 minutes on this side. Take the steak off the pan and let rest in a baking tray.

## 4. Making the Sauce

• Add the minced shallot and lower the heat to medium. Cook until translucent.
• Turn the flame off and add the cognac to deglaze the pan and scrape off the fond, the browned bits. (Make sure there's nothing flammable directly above your pan in case the alcohol ignites. If there is, take the pan off the burner)
• Add the beef stock and bring the sauce up to a simmer.
• Add the cream, 1 tbsp at a time and stir well to incorporate it. Throw in a fresh sprig of rosemary and continue to stir.
• Add salt and pepper to taste and continue to simmer for 1-2 more minutes until the sauce becomes a thick, creamy consistency.
• Once you're satisfied with the consistency, turn the burner off, add a tablespoon of butter in and stir until it's melted.

And you're done! You have in front of you a steak au poivre. Plate with the sauce on the steak itself. You can have the steak au poivre on its own or with a side of mashed potatoes or pommes frites – that's French fries to you and me.

*If you're into anything related to nutrition, gastronomy and lifestyle, check out the first season of the War Kitchen on wiki.chadnet.org*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I love the deadlift. I love it so much that I predominately only deadlift these days. I just finished deadlifting for 82 days straight. I then went back to regular bodybuilding training for a week, hated it, and then started back deadlifting every day again. In fact, a Tier One Special Ops friend of mine is doing the same program. He deadlifts every day and hits the heavy bag every day. He feels great.

There is something about just picking up heavy shit off the ground that appeals to me. The deadlift is the purest lift of them all. After all, what is more pure than a weight sitting on the ground, just begging to be lifted?

It's primal, it's simple, and we were meant to deadlift as a species. I interviewed a primary-care doctor once who bases his practice on what we have done as a species in evolutionary terms. I asked him what exercises today replicate what humans needed to be strong back in the "caveman days". His answer? Two exercises, the overhead press, and the good old deadlift.

The deadlift is a MONSTER lift. Or rather, it can make you into a monster. You can put on slabs of muscle with it (traps, lats, erectors, hamstrings, quads, and more).You can make your low back bulletproof, improve your bone density, and get massively strong. It's a tremendous exercise for everyone: athletes, young people, the elderly, all of them. One of the best aspects of the deadlift is that all you need to perform it is a barbell and some weights. An Olympic bar and Olympic plates are all that is needed for the deadlift. And you can do a deadlift anywhere. I have a barbell set and a dip stand outside all of the time. I can just throw the weights and bar in the back of my truck and no gym is needed when I go on vacation.

It can be a brutally hard exercise, and maybe some shy away from it because of this reason, but the benefits outweigh any uncomfortable feeling. One of the problems that lifters seem to have is that they complain that it hurts when they perform the deadlift. From what I have seen, it's more of a question of crappy form in the lift rather than the exercise itself.

As far as it being complex or difficult or uncomfortable to perform, there is no question that it can be tough. But I call the deadlift (and the squat, press, and bench press) a "bang for your buck" exercise, a full body exercise where you work a multitude of muscles in the lift, rather than an isolation exercise that attempts to focus on only one body part. You get more out of these big basic exercises than the smaller isolation ones. You won't get huge biceps performing the deadlift, but you will look like someone who could lift the front end of a car if needed.

In fact, I want you to get away from thinking of "what body parts are worked?" and more along the lines of, "I am doing a lift that makes my whole body better and stronger".

### My Deadlift Journey

I didn't start to really deadlift until I started powerlifting in my early 30s around 25 years ago. When I played football in high school and college, nobody deadlifted. We squatted and did bench presses and curls. Then I never really thought about the lift again. When I got done with football, I decided to compete in powerlifting, and if you want to compete in powerlifting, you have to deadlift. So I began, conventional style, and I had my feet too wide, my back was all rounded ("like a scared cat" as we say in the gym) and POP!, I blew out something in my back. I was walking like an old man for a few weeks and had to drink plenty of Jim Beam and go to an athletic trainer guy before I felt ready to try again. I didn't know what the hell I was doing, that was the problem.

So, not trying to cripple myself, I began talking with a guy at the gym, Bill the Wrestler. Bill was a former powerlifter, had a big Fu Manchu mustache, jacked all up, and now was an insurance adjuster and also a professional wrestler. He said to me, "Why not try sumo?" It was then that I learned that there were two types of deadlifts, the conventional style, and the sumo style. The difference is in the stance width. In conventional, the feet are around shoulder-width apart and the arms are outside the thighs, and in the sumo, the feet are wide and the hands are inside the thighs. Bill suggested that I try to perform the sumo deadlift to take some pressure off my low back. And it felt much better. The sumo felt like a natural movement right away, and I fell in love with it. I started slowly with it, pushing the weight up just a little at a time until eventually, I was training with weights in the 600 range and then kept creeping up until I pulled over 700 pounds.

I then decided to give conventional deadlifts a try, this time with good form; no rounded back, no feet too wide, no butt up in the air, and doing it correctly. I began to enjoy the conventional style deadlift more than the sumo and continue to use that style today.

## Frequency

Most powerlifters deadlift once a week. When one is squatting heavy and deadlifting heavy in a week, once-a-week deadlift training is enough – usually. Beginners can deadlift more often, maybe a light and heavy day during the week. They aren't so strong at this point, and need to learn the skill of the movement, so sub maximal loads for 3-5 sets, twice a week is fine for them until they get stronger.

When I was at my strongest (best meet numbers were 820-pound squat, 505-pound bench press, and a 740-pound deadlift at a body weight of 268), I only deadlifted one time per week, and only worked up to a heavy set of 2 or even a heavy single rep, bumping up the weight 10-20 pounds each week. I believe that there are a few reasons that I was able to get away with this low volume and frequency: 1) I was squatting very heavy and with lots of volume. Remember, the deadlifts are a reverse squat, so I was getting plenty of work on my legs and low back, and I felt like any more volume on the deadlift would hamper my gains because of lack of recovery 2) I had so much tonnage and volume built up over the year, that it wasn't necessary to work on the "skill" of the deadlift movement, but to just get some heavy weight in my hands once a week.

## How about a Belt?

There is nothing wrong with wearing a belt when you deadlift. A belt protects the spine by increasing abdominal pressure with a harder abdominal contraction provided by the feedback of the belt to the abs. When you are down at the bar and getting ready to begin the lift, hold your breath and push hard against the belt with your belly, and think about putting air all around your abs and obliques when you push against it. I prefer a thick belt to deadlift with, but some prefer thinner belts that make it easier to get down to the bar at the start of the deadlift, and also they can be more comfortable for the lifter. I have always figured that the more surface area of my abs and lower back that the belt covers, the better. When to wear it and what type is up to the individual. Please don't wear a Velcro belt. I know that Dorian Yates wore one. He is the exception. Get one made of leather, just for the manliness of it.

Below are some important tips for both the conventional and sumo deadlift.

## Deadlift (Conventional)

A. Foot Position and Stance

1. Walk up to the bar, and place your feet underneath so that it covers the end of your shoelaces
2. Feet hip-width apart and flat on floor

B. Hand Position

1. Arms outside knees (shoulder width grip)
2. Position hands on the bar evenly taking a full grip on bar
3. Hands can be placed in an inverted grip (one hand palm up and the other palm down)
4. Can also use a hook grip (the lifter places the index and middle finger over the thumb)

C. Starting position

1. Grasp the bar with fairly erect legs
2. Pull yourself down to the bar (move hips down) by moving shins forward and contracting hamstrings simultaneously
3. torso should be fairly upright (40'-60' angle at the hip)
4. The hips should be raised above the knees
5. The hips should not be higher than shoulder level
6. Keep shoulders over the bar with elbows fully extended
7. Keep upper back flat
8. Create tension on the bar by pulling isometrically without the bar leaving the floor
9. Lift chest up and out (lift the rib cage skyward)
10. Tuck chin slightly
11. Pressure should be towards heels, not on toes, and spread evenly across the foot surface

D. The Pull

1. Keep your chest up and your head forward and drive your legs into the floor
2. Ease the bar off the ground and try to accelerate the bar as it ascends
3. Hips, shoulders, and the bar should all move together
4. Emphasize pulling the bar toward the body
5. Avoid jerking the bar from the floor, think about prying it off

6. As the bar travels past the knees start to thrust the hips forward and continue to pry from the heels
7. Continue driving the legs and thrusting the hips until you reach an upright position

E. The Recovery

1. Return the bar to the floor under control
2. Bend knees first to initiate
3. Maintain posture, do not relax
4. Stop the bar reset to the starting position and continue with reps

### Sumo Deadlift

A. Foot Position and Stance

1. Walk up to the bar, and place your feet underneath so that the shins are 1 – 2 inches from the bar
2. Feet are wider than hip-width apart (1.5 to <2 times wider) and flat on the floor
3. Toes can be flared outward

B. Hand Position

1. Arms inside knees (shoulder width grip and narrower), avoid smooth part of the bar
2. Position hands on the bar evenly taking a full grip on the bar
3. Hands can also be placed in an inverted grip (one hand palm up and the other palm down)
4. Can also use a hook grip (the lifter places the index and middle finger over the thumb)

C. Assuming starting position

1. After fixing your feet grasp the bar with both hands keeping your knees fairly straight
2. Lower yourself to the bar by pulling your hips towards the floor and bringing your shins to meet the bar
3. Torso should be fairly upright (40'-80' angle at the hip)
4. The hips should be raised above the knees (depending on width)
5. The hips should not be higher than the shoulder level
6. Keep shoulders over the bar and elbows fully extended
7. Keep upper back flat
8. Create tension on the bar by pulling isometrically without the bar leaving the floor
9. Lift chest up and out (lift the rib cage skyward)
10. Raise the head up so that the chin is parallel with floor
11. Pressure should be towards the heels and on the outer portion of the foot

D. The Pull

1. Keep your chest up and your head forward and drive your legs into the floor
2. Ease the bar off the ground and try to accelerate the bar as it ascends.
3. Hips, shoulders, and the bar should all move together
4. Try to move the bar straight up the shin and slightly back towards the body
5. Avoid jerking the bar from the floor
4. As the bar travels past the knees start to thrust the hips forward and move the shoulders back
5. Continue driving the legs and thrusting the hips until you reach an upright position keeping the weight on the rear of the foot

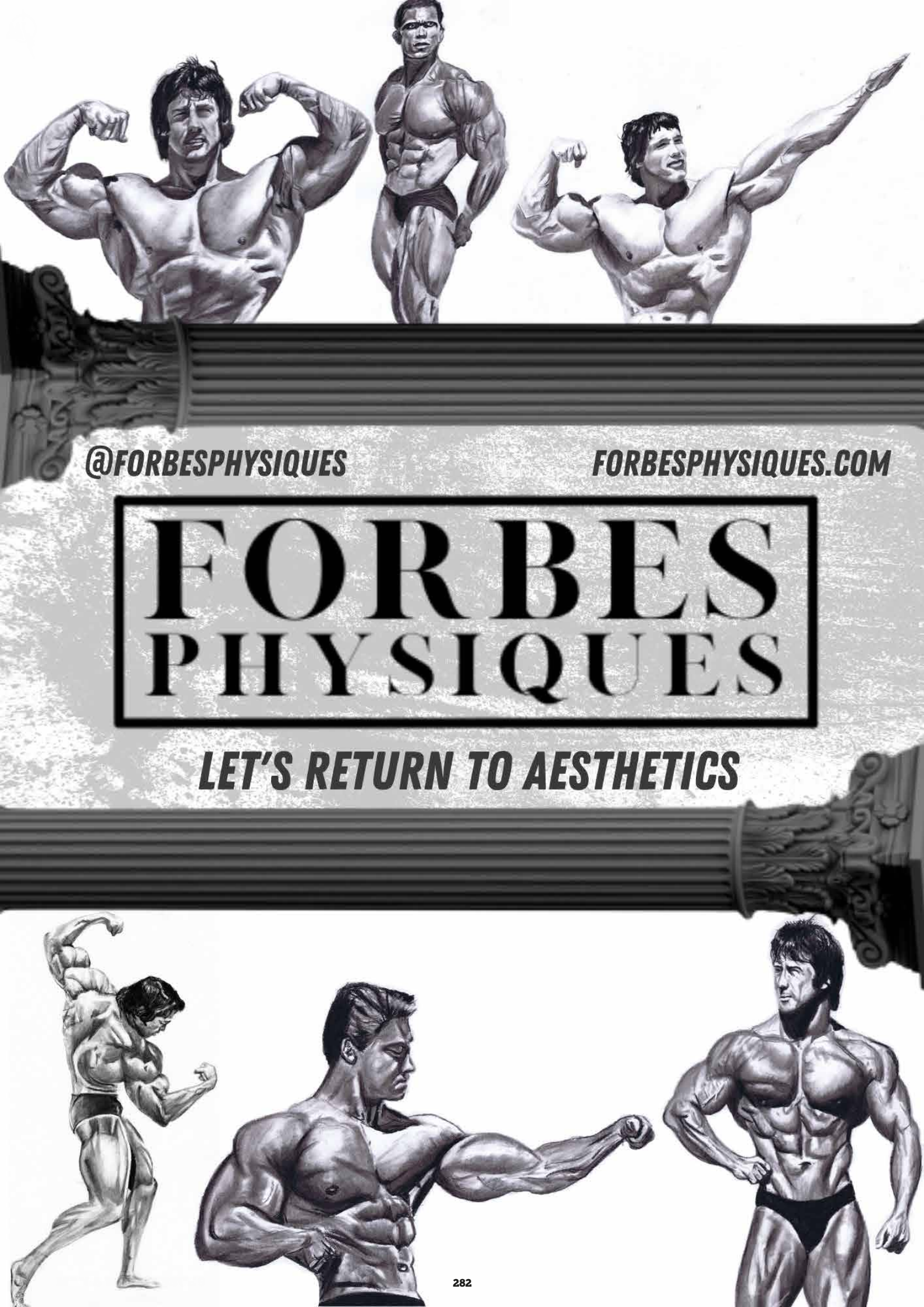
E. The Recovery

1. Return the bar to the floor under control
2. Bend knees first to initiate
3. Maintain posture, do not relax
4. Stop the bar reset to the starting position and continue with the reps

### How to Deadlift Every Day

As I mentioned in the first paragraph, I have been deadlifting every day. With the deadlift involving so much musculature, it can be tough to recover from if done too heavy too often, so you must modulate the weight. When I began the every-day program, I hadn't deadlifted in a while. I had gotten away from it and was using mostly machines and dumbbells in my training. I just had this feeling one day that I had gotten away from my roots, the basic lifts, and especially the deadlift. I was also reading books about the mountain men of the 1800s and I felt weak and soft for spending my time inside training under the gym lights. So I put an Olympic barbell and some Olympic plates outside and put on 235 pounds on the bar.

My best deadlift of all time was 740 pounds, but that was 20 years ago. I figured at the start that I would estimate my max lift at around 500 pounds or so, so the 235 (225 with 5-pound collars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LET'S RETURN TO AESTHETICS

on each side), was around 50% of my one-rep max. On the first day, I did 10 sets of 5 reps, and in between sets, I did 10 dips on a portable dip bar. I felt so alive being in the fresh air and training. I began thinking about it and decided that I would keep this up for a while, deadlifting every day and throwing in dips or curls or whatever as I felt like it.

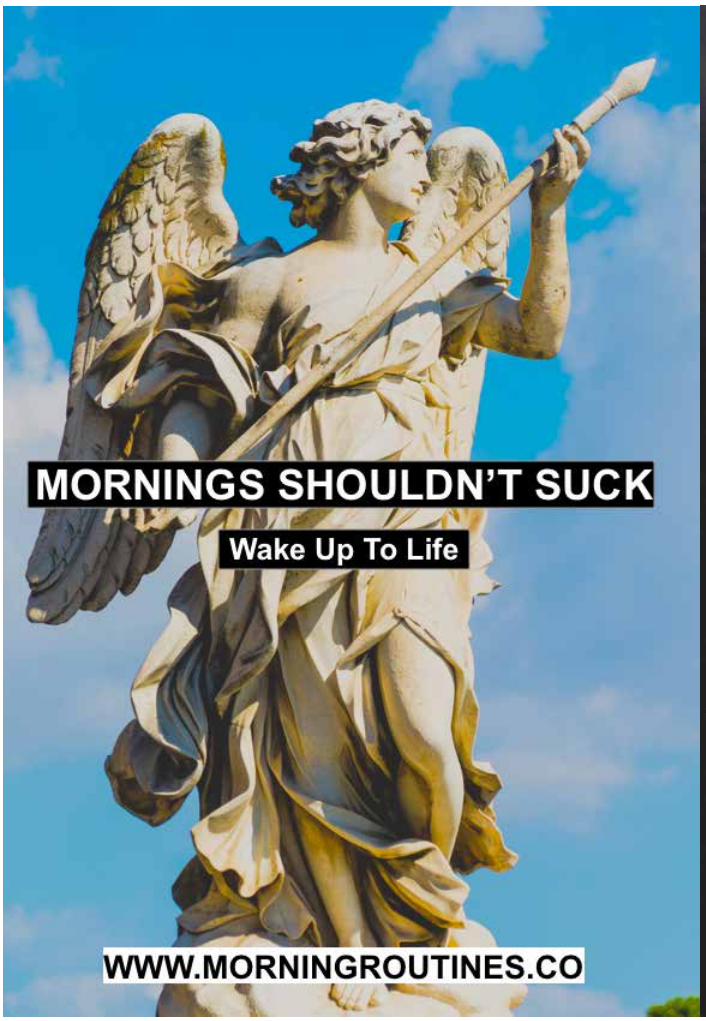
Sometimes, I would shadowbox for 2-minute rounds and do the deadlifts during the minute rest period. I set a minimum volume to perform, which was 235 pounds for 25 total reps. If I felt great, I could go heavier and do fewer reps. For example, after a week of the 235-pound deadlifts, I pulled 425 pounds for a rep. Then I went back to 235 for a week and then at the end of that week, pulled 435x3 reps. And I kept that up for 82 days, going by feel when I wanted to go heavier.

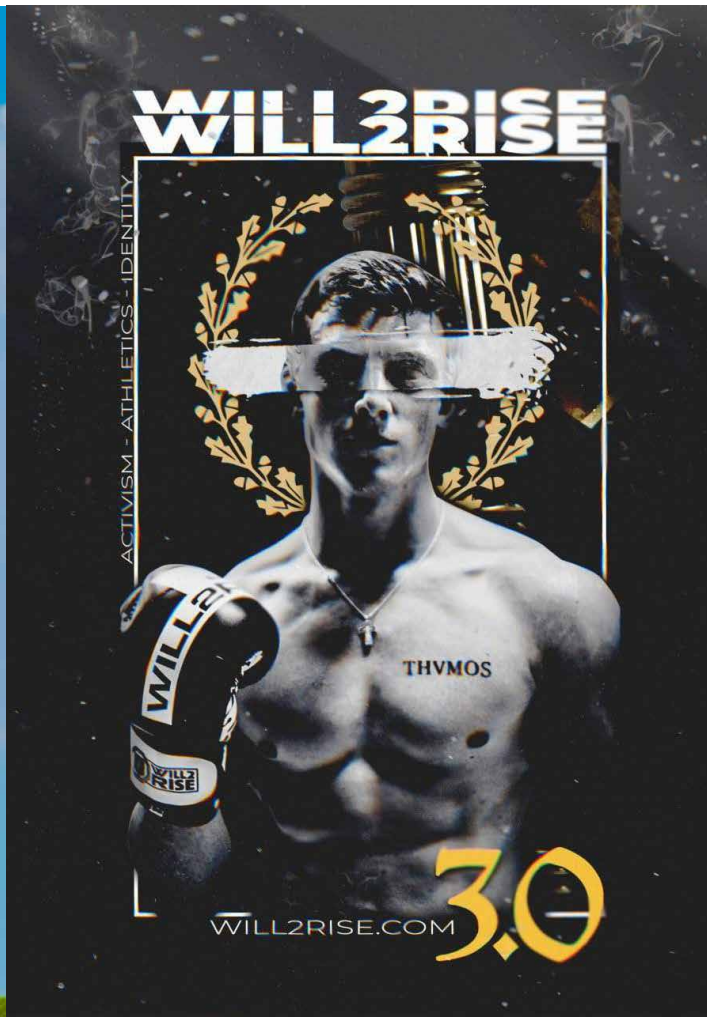
During that time, I felt great. I had a neck issue that went away almost immediately, my usually irritating low back tightness went away, and my forearms got bigger, along with my trapezius and spinal erectors. More important to me, I was outside training and the fresh air seemed to make a huge difference in my looking forward to training and doing something that felt so natural.

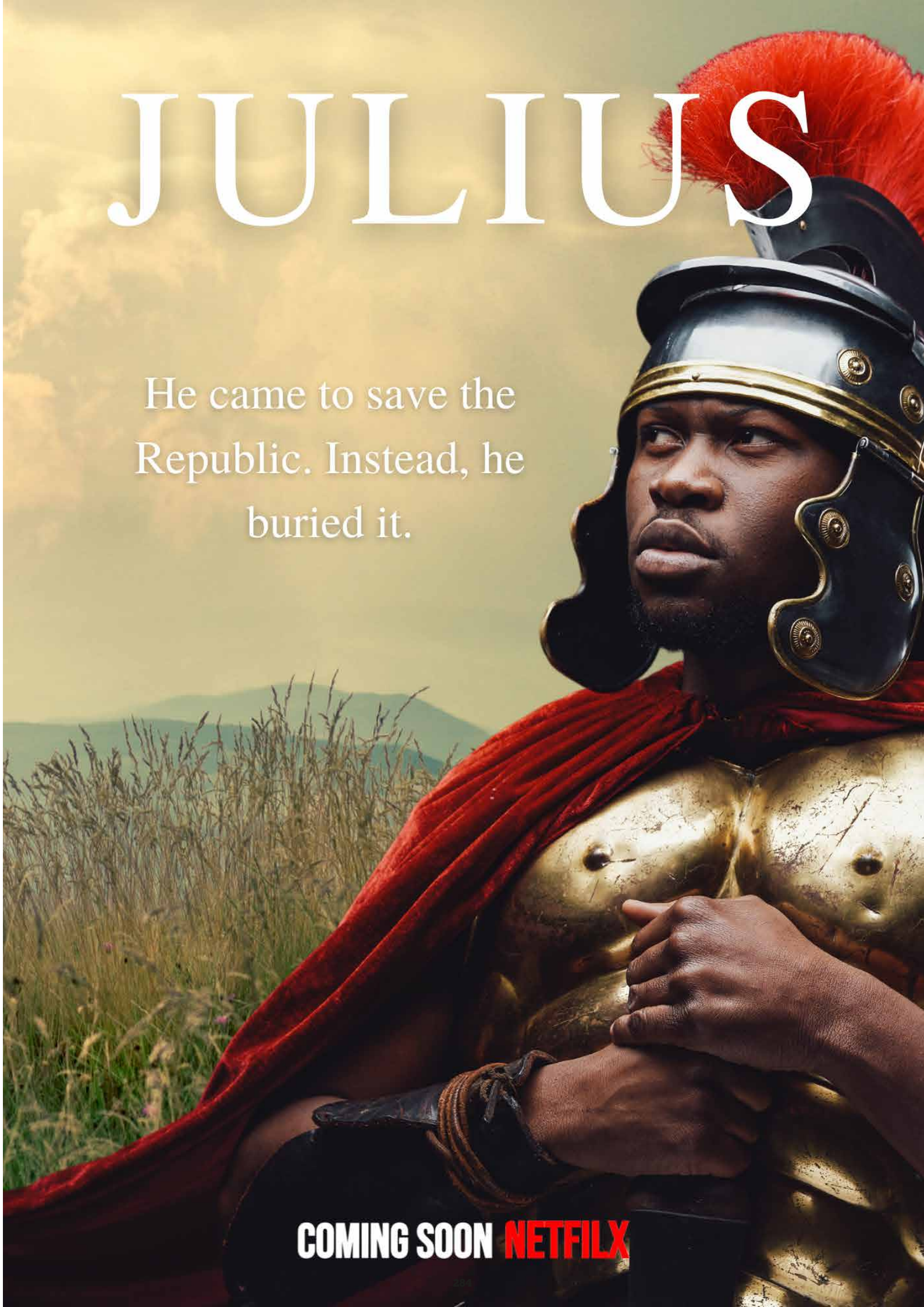
After 82 days, I went back to the gym for a week and hated it. Now, I am deadlifting every day again. I added Fat Grip training to the program this time around. These are thick rubber sleeves that you attach to the bar to make it much harder to grip. I still performed the 5x5, but I had to drop the weight to 185 pounds to start off with the Fat Grips on there. What a forearm workout! I put them on the bar once or twice a week as part of my new program. If your training is going a little stale, get outside to train, decide on a light minimum that you must perform each session, and get to pulling every day.

So that's the deadlift. Simple in nature, simple to perform and simply the best exercise in Ironland.

*Jim is the author of two books,* Basbarbell Book of Programs *and* Steel Reflections*. Visit his website basbarbell.com*




JULIUS
He came to save the Republic. Instead, he buried it.
COMING SOON NETFILX

# TACTICAL INHUMANITIES

A short story by A.J. BELL

*I'm going through a hard time.* That's the modern kiss of death right there...

You know what I'm talking about. You know exactly what I'm talking about. I hope you didn't have any big plans to enjoy your free time and spend your own hard-earned money.

Because that's all over now.

*I've been through a lot.*

So we've covered the present, and the past. That just leaves the future.

That's where you come in, you being the spineless people-pleaser that you are.

You see where this is going yet?

*I was raised in an environment where being vulnerable and asking for help was not okay.*

Still nothing? Good lord.

You're so co-dependent, I could probably slap you and get you to apologize to me while your face was still red.

No, you're not worthy of direct violence. That's a level of respect you've yet to earn.

Here's the deal: emotional blackmail. Manipulation. Passive-aggressive shaming and guilt-tripping. And I'm afraid I'm going to have to nudge you over into the passive position.

Why am I explaining all this to you? You know the drill. The pillow is not going to eat

itself.

Relax. Take deep breaths. I'm sending you a link to my Paypal now.

It's mostly people you care about. That's how they get you. Family. Friends. Significant others. Coworkers. Or maybe it's you. That's the great thing about dysfunction; it can be a two-way street. A race to the bottom, if you will.

So step right up, and I will tell you a tale! A story about a man who'd had enough.

I know you're too nice to say no.

#

Deejay had Emily over to his apartment so he could break up with her.

Big mistake.

You never have them over to your place. You do it in public, or at their place. That way, you can leave at any time. You pretend to be overcome with emotion, you get out the door, and then make like a runaway slave.

Deejay's eyes lit up with the realization of his poor judgment.

He had hoped to dump her, and get rid of her. Fast. But the fast part had stalled out, stalled out right on his living room couch, to be exact.

He watched Emily, his mind racing a mile a minute. She was grinding her teeth and

twitching and talking about her sister, her sister who was at best marginally less unstable than she was.

In other words, perfect.

Deejay went into the kitchen to get a chair from the table. He picked the one that he preferred to sit in, the one that didn't wobble.

From the living room, Emily said, "I'm going to get drunk and burn myself tonight."

At that moment, it occurred to Deejay that this was likely the last time he would have to hear that particular threat. It filled him with a feeling of pure joy that he hadn't felt a trace of in over a year, and he didn't answer. It stopped him in his tracks. He forgot what he was doing and just stood there, holding his chair. He had gotten a cosmic glimpse of how wonderful life could be.

Then he snapped out of it. He brought the chair into the living room, set it down directly under a hook in the ceiling. One of those small hooks you use to hang a potted plant in.

"What are you doing?" Emily asked.

He ignored her, went into the bedroom and then the closet. He pulled out his gym bag. It had been in there gathering dust for months. These days he maintained his figure with cigarettes and exasperation.

He found his jump rope. It was the first thing that came to mind. It would work.

Deejay went back into the living room, went over to the window, and closed the blinds. It was almost dark outside. He switched on a lamp.

In coded language, Emily was telling him he had no right to be mad at her. He wasn't sure what she was referring to. There were a lot of things he had no right to be mad about.

Which was funny, because he didn't feel mad at all.

He stood on the chair and tied the jump rope to the hook, made what he hoped was a respectable knot. A noose.

He stepped down and gave the rope some hard pulls, put his weight on it. He was confident it would hold.

"I'm sick and tired of being made to feel like I'm the problem when—"

Deejay held out his hand to her like he was asking her to dance. She took it. He guided

Emily up onto the chair, motioned for her to put the noose around her neck.

"This is like a trust exercise, right? I've heard about this."

Deejay kicked the chair out from under her, then went outside to have a cigarette. He could still hear

Deejay drove around all night, smoking cigarettes and drinking vodka mixed with soda, a thrift-store baseball bat riding shotgun beside him

her sneakers clapping together as he went down the stairs.

It was a sweet sound.

#

Deejay used Emily's phone to text her dad. As Emily, he told the old man he was coming to visit if he didn't send him some money right away.

The funds hit Emily's debit card within minutes.

He cut her down and wrapped her up in some blankets. Put her in the trunk. He drove for a long time. Eventually he stopped in a remote wooded area where, oddly enough, he had played as a child. He hid Emily's body as best he could, then went to check on a spot where years ago he had built a fort with a friend. Even in the dark, he knew exactly where it was.

But it had been a long time. There was nothing left of it now. He went back to his car and drove away.

#

*You know I tried to kill myself when I was nineteen?* Well here's where we separate the men from the boys, right here.

The magic bullet has been fired. Where will it go? When will it find you?

This person isn't messing around. They've sized you up. They know you're a kind-hearted caring person, and they're ready to use that against you.

They make sure they're on the verge of tears before they even approach.

You look to the exits, but it's pointless. You ain't going nowhere. This energy vampire just shared something extremely personal with you, and now you have to stay for the whole show, and don't kid yourself that there's not going to be an encore. Remember, this is a very hard thing for them to open up about. They don't talk about this stuff with just anyone.

*But you're different. You're special.* Oh yeah, you're special alright.

No kissing, no cuddling, they've launched right into suicide attempts and cries for help.

So whatever you're being conned into doing, you're going to be doing it in the very near future.

Probably giving them money. But they're going to hold you in suspense for a minute.

Hey, maybe you'll get off easy, and just have to spend your day off helping them move.

You know, *out of a bad situation*.

Stay tuned, folks. We're playing all the hits.

#

Deejay drove around all night, smoking cigarettes and drinking vodka mixed with soda, a thrift-store baseball bat riding shotgun beside him.

He didn't know what he was going to do.

Even worse, he realized that it didn't matter. None of it, and it would be light out soon.

He naively thought doing away with Emily would change things, that it would tear a hole in this reality. That he would finally escape.

But it only made it stronger. He would be connected to her forever now. The opposite of escape. His head swam with possible character arcs for himself.

He was hungry. Maybe he could start up a conversation with his attractive server, in a local diner. It would start off lighthearted, sarcastic, then gradually a connection would be made, and it would be revealed that she was in an abusive relationship.

He could save her.

See? He was already doing it. How was he supposed to find something real in this world, when he could only think in tropes and clichés, specifically those of the tired and old variety?

The first place his mind goes to is self-deprecating waitresses with bruises under their makeup.

What next? Stop by the gas station for some life wisdom from the ex-con behind the register. Better yet, let's hit up the nearest middle school; there might be a fat kid with a bloody nose there who needs some sticking up for.

Good grief, Deejay. Make sure you get that cat out of the tree on your way to stop the mass shooting.

Your key to the city is already in the mail.

Taking out Emily was supposed to break the script, to open a black hole that would immediately suck him through.

But there was nothing he could dream or desire that didn't have a small monthly subscription fee. There was nothing he could suffer or feel that wasn't listed inside the label of the prescription bottle.

Killing her didn't break anything.

It merely took him from PG-13 to R.

Start a podcast and then eat a bullet, why don't you. They'd probably turn the crime-scene photos into a coloring book for adults with anxiety.

They can put Emily on the cover.

#

*I hate having to ask for help*. Get used to hearing that a lot.

So you forked over some cash. Not to be nice, just to get them to shut up and leave you alone. They lay it on pretty thick with the gratitude and the thank yous. (You smile like you're being paddled; thank you, sir, may I have another?)

They promise to pay you back next week. Let us journey to the mountaintop to consult

the oracle.

In between now and next week, they will act totally fine. That's a guarantee. No depression, no social anxiety, nothing. They won't even try to hide it. They'll be posting on their social media about being stronger than their disease, pictures from parties attended, flowers smelled on evening bike rides, etc. They might even tag you in a big shout out post, acknowledging you as one of the *amazing people in their lives.*

Eventually next week arrives though. The end of next week.

After days of avoiding you, you finally get them alone.

And they ask you for more time which, again, they really hate to do. Turns out all that partying and bike riding, all that empowerment—That was all a lie. That was just them putting on a brave face for other people. The truth is they've been *really struggling lately*. And they make that pitiful sad puppy dog face.

You take a deep breath, and agree to give them another week. They tell you you're the best, and scamper away triumphant.

#

The dreaming simulacrum known as Deejay is sitting on a park bench, it's about ten in the morning. It's sunny out, a beautiful day. He's eating a sandwich from a gas station.

A well-dressed man with a briefcase approaches him.

"Hello, Deejay," he says. "Mind if I sit down?"

Deejay looks up, nods his head. The man sits down.

"Everyone's really worried about you, Deejay."

Deejay says, "What are you talking about?"

"Look around you."

A helicopter zooms by overhead right at this moment. A large crowd has gathered, held back by police and police barricades. More people arrive, soldiers, national guard. A big red fire engine. Lights and sirens and commotion. Three people are standing off to the side, wearing hazmat suits.

Deejay finishes his sandwich, balls up the wrapper in his fist.

"What is going on?"

"You don't have that bat on you, do you?"

"No."

"If you decide to suicide by cop, we can always cut and paste it in later. The reason I ask is that if you are planning to suicide by cop, could you hold off for maybe twenty to thirty minutes? We're flying in your mother, but she's not here yet."

"I'm not going to suicide by cop."

ORGANIC COTTON
UNDERWEAR

LEGIO GLORIA

# NUTCRANKR

## DAN BALTIC

Foreword by Gio Penn

"We didn't think you were, Deejay. It was just in case. It's always better when you have the visceral reaction from the family on the scene. You know, mother, son dead in the street."

"Is this about Emily?"

"No, Deejay. This is about you. Emily is fine. Here, look." The man points to the people in hazmat suits. "She's right there."

One of the hazmat suits waves to them. They wave back.

"Why is she wearing that?" says Deejay.

The man takes out some paper stapled together from his briefcase, hands it over to

Deejay.

"Everything you need to know is in that packet, and you'll see at the top of the first page, there's my phone number and email address. You can call me anytime, day or night. The suits are mostly for show. People see that, they think contagion, pandemic. Dystopia. It works as a metaphor. But Emily is wearing one because we don't know yet whether you really killed her or not. Ambiguity. Was it all a dream? Keep people guessing until the end."

"Who are the other two?"

"Next to Emily is Skylar."

The second hazmat suit waves at them. They wave back.

"I don't know anyone named Skylar."

"Skylar is the waitress from the diner. You two got to talking, you asked for her number, remember?"

"That never happened. It was just something I daydreamed about while I was driving around. It wasn't real."

"Like I said, everything you need to know is in that packet you're holding." Deejay flips back and forth through the pages.

"These are all my possible futures."

"Not all of them. Just the ones we've been developing."

"Who's the other person over there?"

On cue, the third hazmat suit waves to them. They wave back.

"That is Sandy."

"I don't know her either."

"No, you haven't met yet. She's going to be your surrogate."

"My surrogate?"

"We were thinking, after Emily forgives you for cheating on her with Skylar, you two could start a family. And the surrogate adds another layer to the story. Emily and Sandy are lifelong friends, and this will test their friendship, but ultimately bring them closer together.

She's cute, trust me. I know you can't tell, she's all covered up. But trust me."

"Does Emily forgive me for killing her?"

"Well, if we go down this particular storyline, you never killed her."

"It was all a dream?"

"It never happened, sure. I can see you still need time to process all this."

The man stands up with his briefcase, and at that moment they are all gone. The crowd, the police, the fire engine, the helicopter, the hazmat suits. They are alone in the quiet park again.

All you can hear is the birds, and the wind in the trees. The man starts to walk away.

Deejay stands up too. "Wait," he says.

The man stops and turns around.

Deejay says, "Can't I just stop all this?"

The man makes a gun with his hand and puts it to his own head.

"There's this way." He puts his hand back down. "But other than that, no. This is your life, Deejay."

"Can't I wake up, strapped down with wires attached to my head? You know, escape the secret medical facility. The end?"

The man shakes his head.

"The best I can do is an additional twist ending, where the whole secret medical facility sequence turns out to also be a hallucination, a dream. Audiences hate happy endings. They hate it when the main character gets better, in the end."

"Why though?"

"People feel it's an oversimplification of the mental health struggles that more and more people are having, these days. Some people are outright offended by it. The hero or heroine resolving their issues just isn't relatable."

Deejay says nothing.

"Just think it over. Look at the packet. And remember, if you decide to suicide by cop, let me know at least two days in advance. Makes my job a whole lot easier. Okay?"

"Okay."

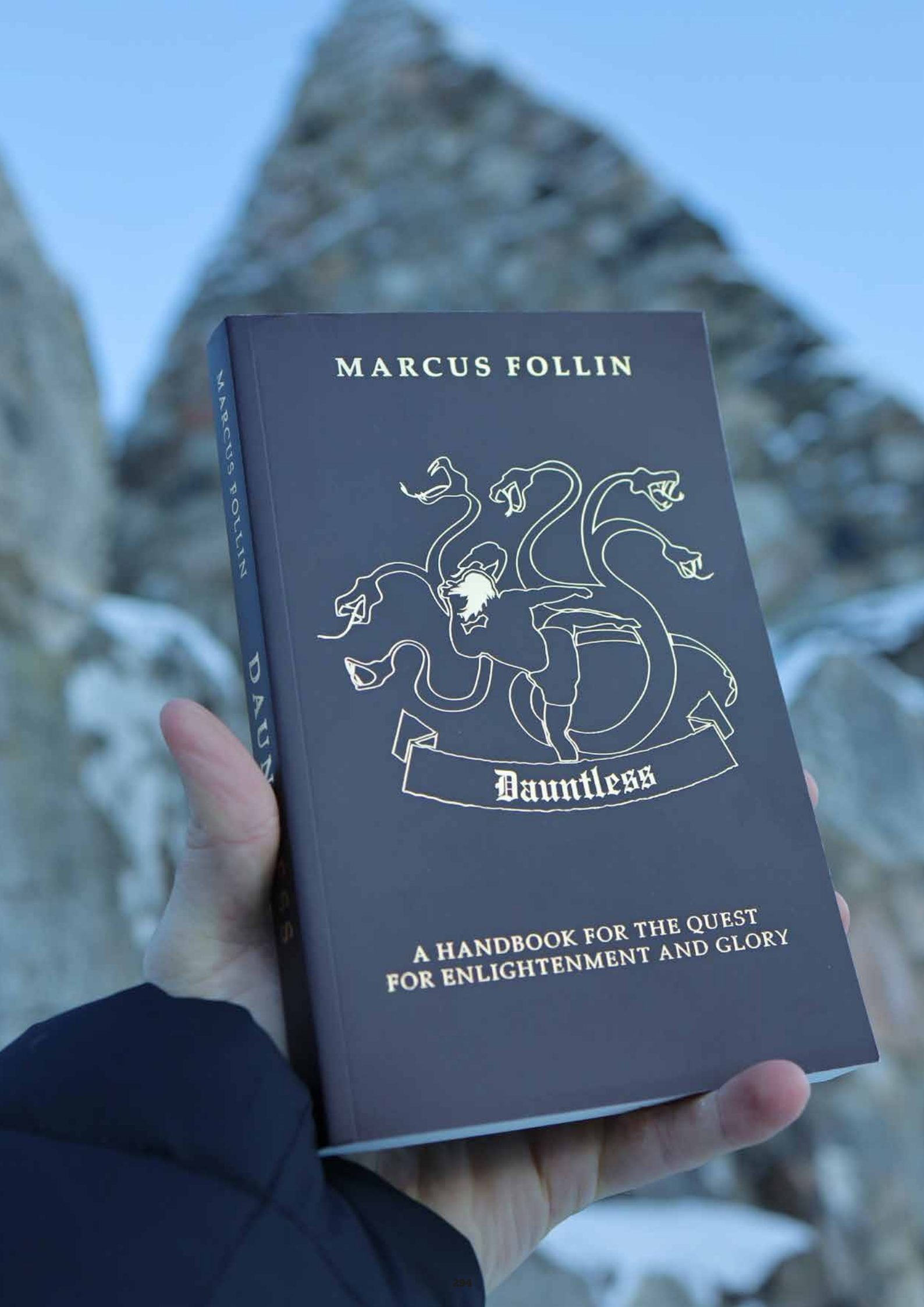
"Take it easy, Deejay. Don't be so hard on yourself. You're just going through a hard time." ■

# MW EXPLORE!

## *La Tamborrada, San Sebastian, Spain*

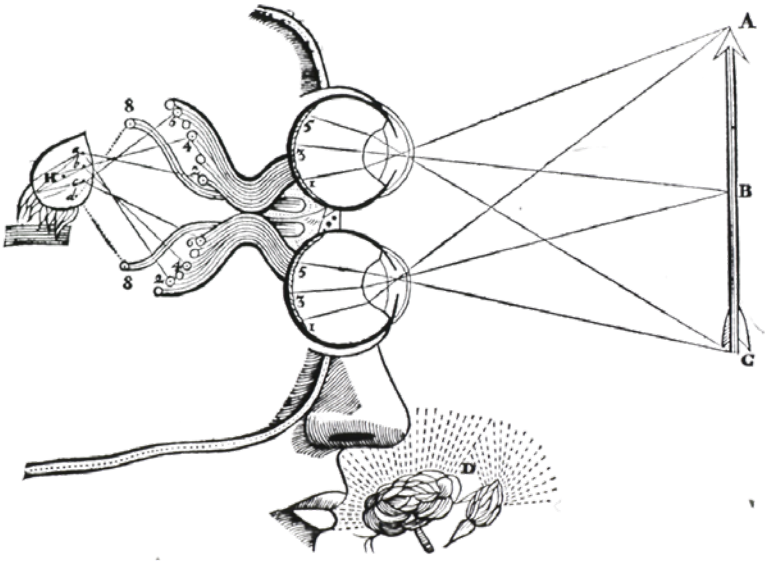
La Tamborrada is a drumming festival that takes place each year in San Sebastian, Spain, to celebrate the holiday of the city's patron saint. The celebrations begin at midnight on the 20th of January in Constitution Plaza, in the centre of the old city, and for the next 24 hours drummers from various societies, in rich liveries, will perform drum melodies for the assembled crowds.

The tradition began in 1836. The festival is a celebration of the city's gastronomic culture, and also commemorates the expulsion of Napoleonic forces from the city in the 19th century.


MARCUS FOLLIN
Dauntless
A HANDBOOK FOR THE QUEST
FOR ENLIGHTENMENT AND GLORY

# UNCOMMON SENSE

*philosophy*
by Tólma




**"The madman correctly knows the individual present as well as many particulars of the past, but he fails to recognize the connexion, the relations, and therefore goes astray and talks nonsense."**

Schopenhauer, *The World as Will and Representation*, III, §36

## I

When insanity takes over the world, the sane resort to the notion of "common sense". Isn't it common sense that strength is better than weakness? Isn't it common sense that locking down nations causes problems? Isn't it common sense that health is not created by injections? And isn't it common sense, that a man is a man, and a woman a woman? Indeed. But what is this 'common sense', and why is it lacking?

In German, the word for common sense is Gesunder Menschenverstand. Literally: healthy understanding. In Dutch, my own language, it is similar: gezond verstand. Common sense has to do with sanity. Wisdom is health, and stupidity is like a disease.

Common sense also has to do with what is "common". Those notions which are common to all men, are said to belong to the domain of common sense – that manner of judging that is common to all. Or at least, that manner of judging that should be common to all. But wisdom will never be common, and perhaps it is of the nature of the masses to bathe in stupidity. In the end, common sense seems quite uncommon.

Descartes said, partly as a joke, that "good sense is the best distributed thing in the world: for everyone thinks himself so well endowed with it that even those who are the hardest to please in everything else do not usually desire more of it than they possess." Common sense is uncommon, but even more uncommon are those willing to admit their lack of sense.

## II

For the history of philosophy, the notion of common sense has always been an important one.

In a more technical sense, Aristotle spoke of the common sense, later called "sensus communis", as that faculty of the soul responsible for recognizing what is similar in a diversity of sense perceptions.

When I perceive a tree, I do so through many different senses. I see the tree, I might hear the wind going through its leaves, and I can touch it. All of the senses give me different information. But how is it that, for all this different information, I perceive one and the same tree? How is it that I relate all this different information to one and the same tree? Aristotle's answer: the common sense (αἴσθησις κοινὴ). A sense above the senses, which senses what is common in all that the different senses give me.

"Every sense has something special and also something common; special, as, e.g., seeing is to the sense of sight, hearing to the auditory sense, and so on with the other senses severally; while all are accompanied by a common power, in virtue whereof

a person perceives that he sees or hears."

It is also the common sense that relates what I perceive to me as the perceiver. The eye sees, the ear hears, but the common sense makes it so that *I know that I see and hear.* As Meister Eckhart writes:

"The power through which the eye sees is quite different from that through which it knows that it sees."

In many ways, common sense is related to personal identity. By way of the power of common sense, we have knowledge of ourselves as knowing subjects.

You can see how Aristotle's technical notion is related to the common sense of common speech. For what is common sense but the ability instantly to perceive connections? It is the ability to judge, that such and such elements belong to one and the same object. I don't need to investigate all elements of every tree I encounter in detail in order to judge that I am perceiving a tree. Common sense is also what allows me to establish true causal relationships in an instant, without needing elaborate reasoning or empirical research.

A person dies seconds after taking a vaccine. The cause seems evident, but someone asks: "Who knows: the person might have had other conditions. It must be a strange collision of circumstances." So speaks the man lacking in common sense.

Common sense also allows us to see what is most important in a large diversity of elements. "Drunk truckers insulting minority more important than government forcing experimental injection on its people." So speaks the man lacking in common sense.

## III

In many ways, the common way of thinking in our times is a thinking void of common sense, only focused on the particular, the different, incapable of grasping the common. We see this in the increasing specialization in the sciences, medicine, and so on. And we see this in the "common man", watching the news every day, but unable to see how today's message contradicts yesterday's. We see this in our inability to see commonalities between different individuals of the same race, and so on.

The causes for the loss of common sense are many, probably as much to be attributed to general biological degradation, as to ideological transformations.

In the history of philosophy, we see a shift away from the esteem for common sense, which Descartes still saw as the most important thing to cultivate. In rule 1 of his *Rules for the Direction of the Mind*, he says that we should be wary of seeking specialization if we do not first cultivate our common sense.

"What makes us stray from the correct way of seeking the truth is chiefly our ignoring the general end of universal wisdom and directing our studies towards some particular ends."

The reason is evident; if you seek only specialized knowledge, but do not care for cultivating common sense – that ability to relate these specializations to each other, and to judge on *whatever* it is that you might encounter – you become an easy victim of deception. As an example; you can be an expert in mathematics, but when a "pandemic" comes about, you will know so little about medicine and viruses, that you will have to listen to virologists on how to act. As you know so little about medicine and viruses, you will be unable to judge whether the expert is telling you the truth. And as you lack common sense, you will be unable to spot basic contradictions in what you are being told.

As Aristotle's sensus communis held the different senses together, Descartes conceived of common sense as that which holds the different branches of knowledge together. We can do mathematics, philosophy, theology, physics, medicine, and so on. But to make sense of these different fields, to see how they relate to each other, and to incorporate them into one vision about man and his ends, we need to cultivate our common sense.

But why have we ended up here – in a climate where we are discouraged from using our "common sense", and are encouraged to listen to the experts? In short, we have not listened to Descartes, and the notion of common sense itself has been discredited.

You see this clearly in 20th-century philosophy. As an example, I look at Deleuze. In his philosophy, he sought to critique what he called the "postulate of recognition". For Deleuze, Western philosophy was dominated by this postulate, which led thought to take as its task the recognition of what is similar in a variety of different things. Such a "postulate" is an ideological belief that determines what we want thought to do. In other words, that thought means recognition, but this is not natural to thought itself for Deleuze. Rather, the philosophers of the past have made it appear that thought is identical to recognition, because they *wanted* thought to

be identical to recognition. This desire to have thought be identical to recognition reflects itself in the concepts philosophers used. And in particular, Deleuze says that common sense is that concept representative of the postulate of recognition in thought.

What is Deleuze's problem with philosophy making recognition so important for thought? It prevents thought from grasping what is different, for we will always be occupied with recognizing that which is common within different singular elements. We see a tree, but we are not aware of the magnificent uniqueness of the leaves of this particular tree: we only recognize yet another tree. And moreover, we will never be able to come up with new ideas. For what is it that we recognize? We recognize that which has already been seen before, that which is already known.

With Deleuze, the sensus communis comes to be seen as the symbol for all that stifles thought, all that is conservative in thought, and all that prevents thought from being creative. Difference over identity, schizophrenia over health. Such becomes the order of the day. Deleuze is an avatar, expressive of a general mode of thought. A noble pursuit for creativity, turned into a kind of openmindedness through which one's brain falls out of the skull.

## IV

Whenever philosophy's questioning becomes so radical that all knowledge seems impossible, thinking men resort to "common sense" to set things straight. In Descartes' dialogue *The Search for Truth*, he announces his famous proof: "I think, (therefore) I am". In the dialogue, a learned university philosopher by the name of Epistemon responds: "You say that you exist and you know you exist, and you know this because you are doubting and because you are thinking. But do you really know what doubting or what thinking is?"

Descartes answers: "I would never have believed that there has ever existed anyone so dull that he had to be told what existence is before being able to conclude and assert that he exists. The same applies to doubt and thought."

There are things so evident, so commonsensical, so evident in their continuous presence, that questioning them does not speak of superior intellect, but simply of stupidity.

I know that I am, not because I have some logical proof for this, but because I am. I know that I exist, because I exist. Life is its own proof, and it isn't the proof of logic. And "in order to know what doubt and thought are, all one need do is to doubt or to think. That tells us all it is possible to know about them, and explains more about them than even the most precise definitions."

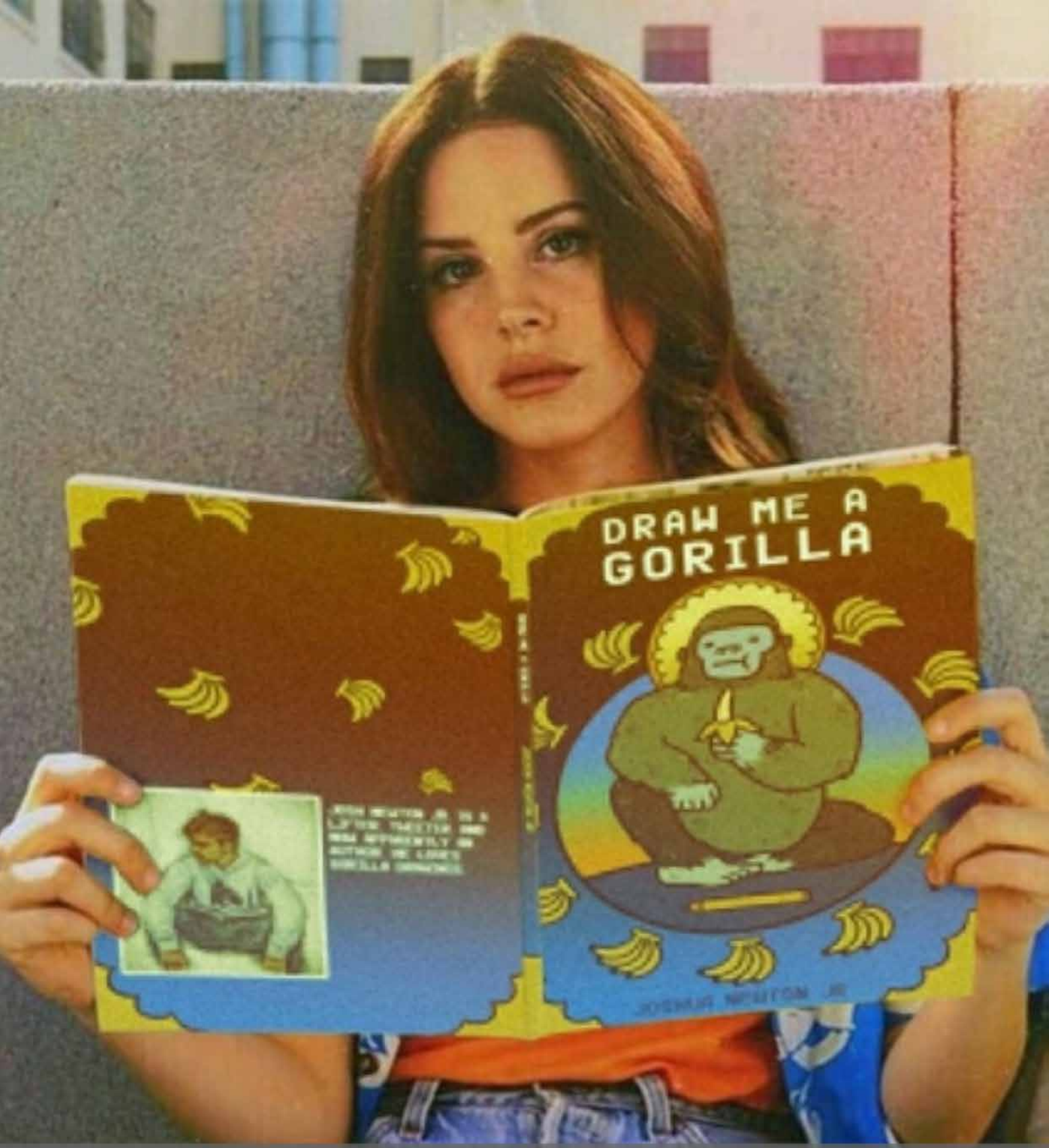
The university philosopher does not grasp this. That which makes him into a philosopher – his ability to question – has dragged him away from the truth. He might have a sharp intellect, able to question even the most evident of things. But of what does this ability speak? There seems to be something of disease in questioning even the most evident of things. There is something idiotic in failing to recognize that, for all our questions, we have knowledge of the fact that we are questioning, that we are thinking. And that there is an I doing the thinking.

Descartes believed that questioning is intoxicating, and therefore addictive. Philosophy starts in wonder. We wonder at the new, at that which we do not yet understand. And because the object of our wonder is new to us, it impresses itself with that much more force in the brain. As such, it is more exciting to focus on the "new", on what is "different" from what we already know, than it is to contemplate the evident truths we have always known. For the latter don't impress themselves with as much force in the brain. Because of this exciting quality of the "new", it can happen that people start seeking out the different and new for its own sake. Not to eventually arrive at truth, but merely to continue the exciting sensation of wonder. And because they can't get enough of wonder, they will start wondering at even the most evident of things. They will turn the most commonsensical truths into questions to investigate. A lack of knowledge, becomes more interesting than knowledge.

Thought starts in wonder, but if it stays there, it will never mature into wisdom.

In a sense, philosophy is nothing but this questioning of common opinion, of common sense. Pointing out that what seems evident is not that evident at all, this is philosophy, or so it is said. But philosophy, understood as questioning, can go too far. And for wisdom to occur, life must be kept safe from excessive thought.

We know the dangers of excessive questioning. We question whether there is such a thing as "man", or such a thing as "woman", the soul has been questioned into a pile of atoms, and the notion of a "people" is under attack.

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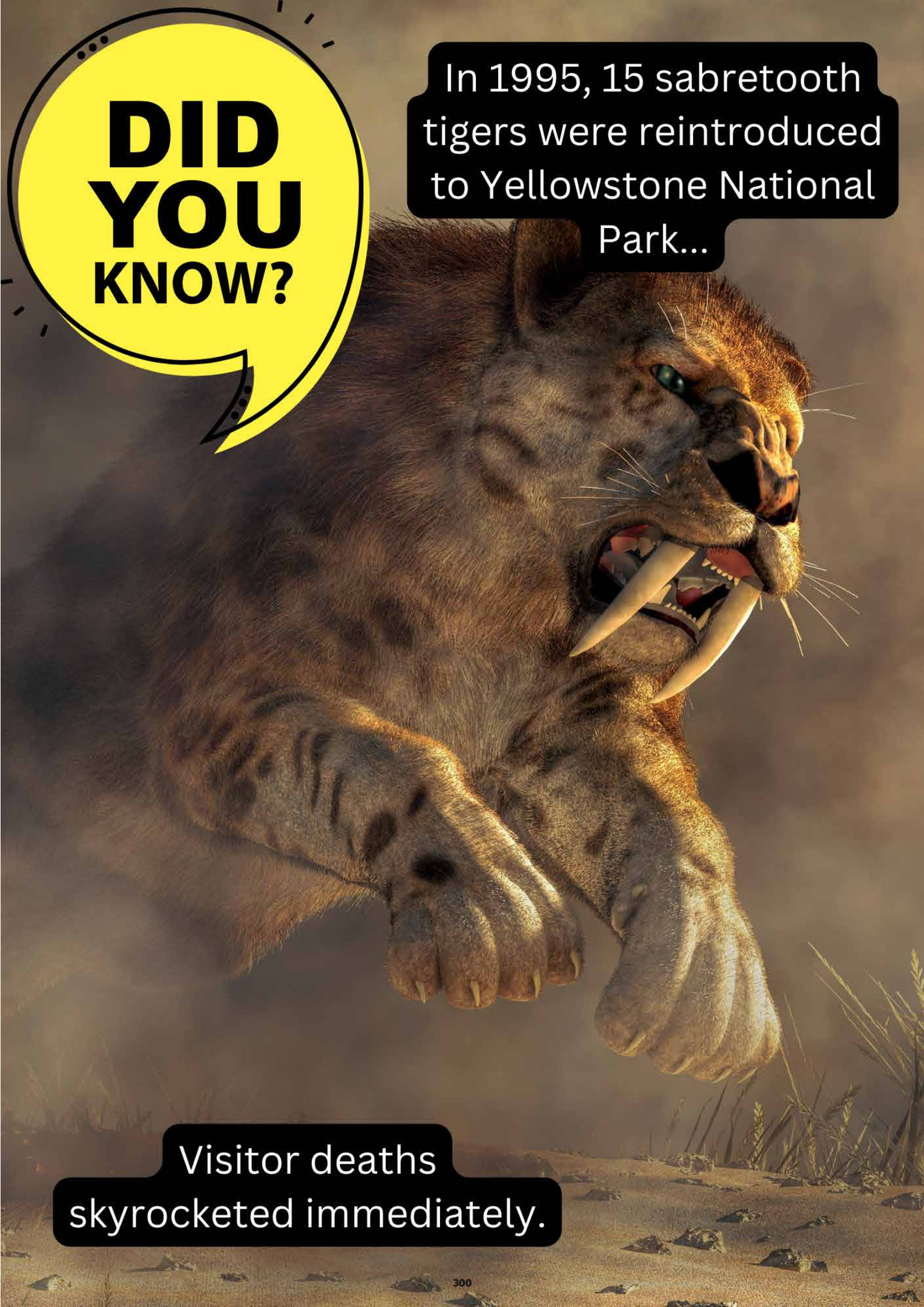
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## V

Descartes aims to give an answer to the question of why people choose wonder over the calm recognition of truth. Why do we think in the first place? To find the truth. And why do we seek the truth? To better guide our actions in each of life's contingencies. To live in accordance with truth, wisdom.

To act, we must know what to do. But if we are always wondering, never knowing anything, then we have an excuse to refrain from action. It is easy to question the truth, it is harder to act on it.

Philosophy cannot solely be questioning, if it is not controlled by common sense. A strong mind, certain of principles and evident truths that are immune to questioning.

Descartes complains: There are these philosophers, and they proclaim to find the truth and live in accordance with wisdom. But all they do is question things that are evidently true, so that they can renounce their responsibility to live, to act. They do not think to live, they think to flee from life. This is their secret motivation: to turn away from life, by way of thought.

When life turns against life, a first occurrence is the loss of confidence in its own powers of thought, a loss of confidence in its own ability to attain truth. A loss of belief, that one's own common sense is enough to attain knowledge of those things most worth knowing.

At the origin of the loss of common sense, lies a life refusing to live. If I cannot come to know those things I need to know to act in all of life's contingencies, I can renounce my responsibility to know and act in accordance with what I know – I can renounce life. And, I can outsource my responsibility to know to others.

There is a general drift of life, away from itself, and thereby, against itself. A life so unsure about itself, that it no longer believes in its own capacity to attain truth by way of its own common sense. A life, that no longer *wants* to believe that it possesses truth.

Such is the history of the loss of common sense. Yet another episode in the history of life turning against itself.

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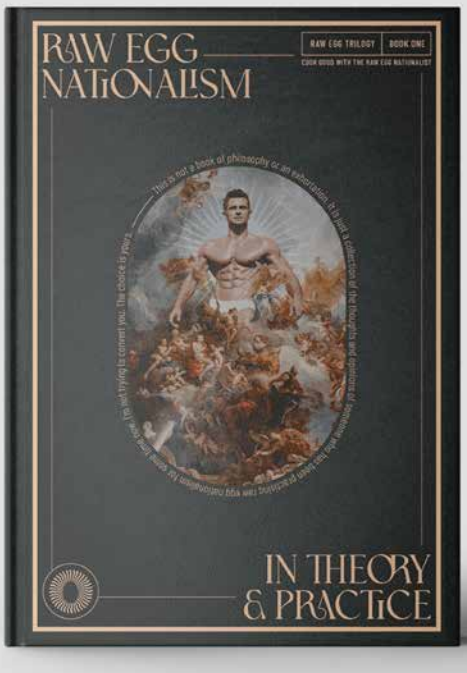


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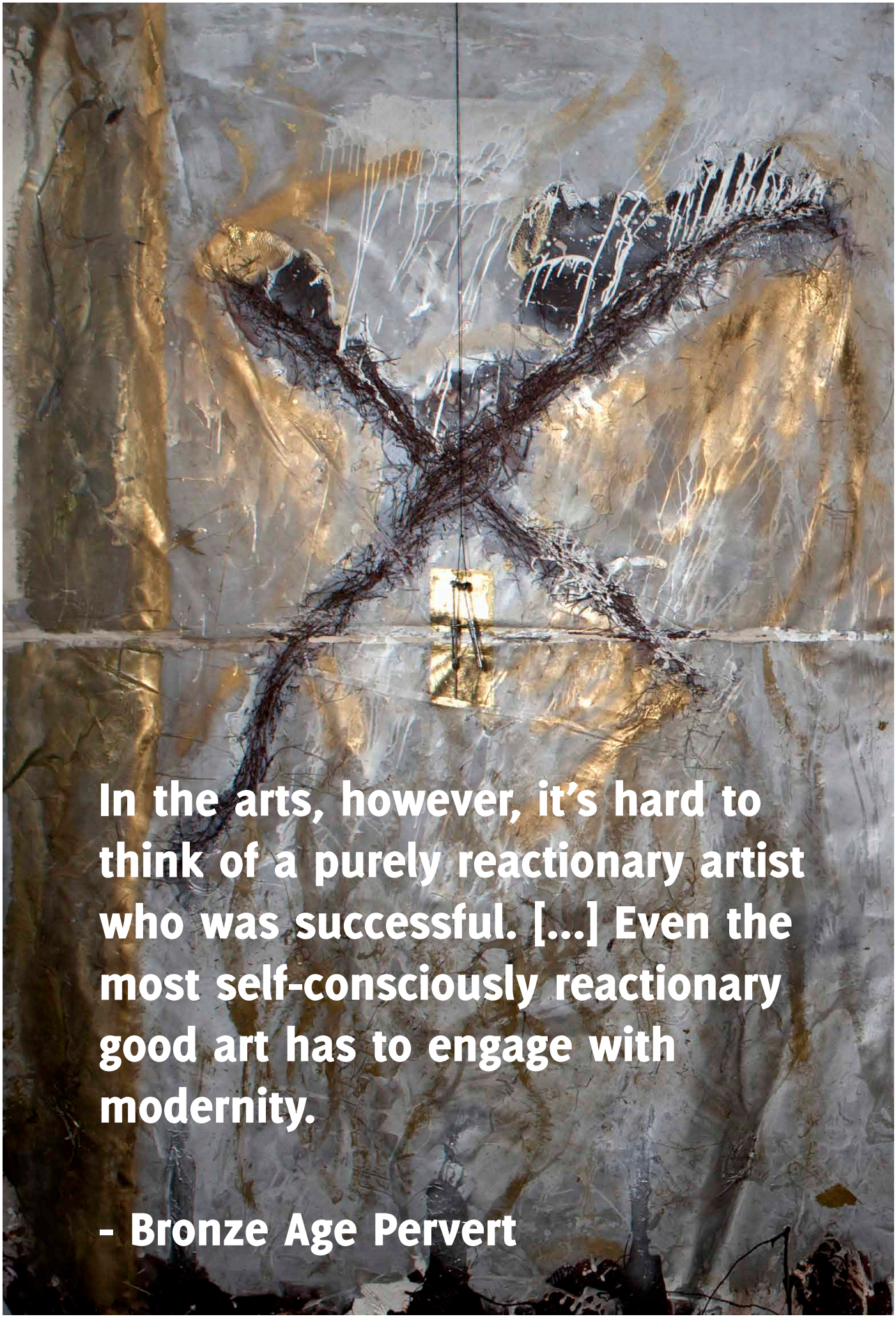
THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF FAILED PAINTERS

# HELVETIAN ALPINE CLUB

**Enter a contemporary art gallery, museum, or academy today and you are entering the conquered domain of the gynocratic nursing home. This is the tarantula's den, the longhouse of the secretly revengeful where the name of virtue is the "Will to Equality". But I counsel you, my friends: Reading this you do not need to be reminded that they are people of bad race and lineage and are not to be trusted with what they deem to be high culture. It is the Tarantula and its extensive web through the institutions that ultimately need to be cleared out. A counter cultural avant-garde must attract a new elite destined to replace the current all-devouring, tyrant-frenzy of impotence. Nietzsche, whom I am here referencing, left institutional life to go live voluntarily among ice and high mountains of the Swiss alps, to philosophies with a hammer. I too seek to wander the dizzying heights. To create works of art with a hammer that is not only directed at culture but also directed at my works and practice as an artist with the desire to break it free from everything that has been believed, demanded, and hallowed so far.**


In the arts, however, it's hard to think of a purely reactionary artist who was successful. [...] Even the most self-consciously reactionary good art has to engage with modernity.
- Bronze Age Pervert

Leaving a life of academia a decade ago and with the visual arts being a consistent theme throughout my life, I begin an alternative path as a painter. Upon leaving one den, I entered another and for the first few years; I experimented and built an art studio. I went on a deep autistic dive into the contemporary art world, visiting countless galleries and attending a few major fairs, but never as one of those wretch ed, groyper equivalent, art scene types. Searching through my contemporaries and studying the ones that stood out to me I became obsessed, but man was I rarely impressed. Most of them, it has to be said, are emasculated men neutered in their style and institutionally groomed into their position, pushing a regime narrative. Until the day I visited the retrospective of George Baselitz in Basel and fixed my sights on the earlier German neo-expressionists movement beginning right at the end of the modernist period. Being well acquainted with his work through books and the screen, it did little for me until this point. It had all the hallmarks of the boomer worldview. But gazing upon the scale of the physical paintings, the looseness of the paint, and the markings left by the artist moving over the canvas, it carried within it an entrancing energy. The work still had something very German nestled within it, vibrating and waiting, despite it not being aesthetically obvious with its bright colours and heavy influence on American abstract expressionism.

Germany, being thoroughly 'denazified' of its entire culture at this point under an increasingly consolidating liberal regime lovingly known as the GNC, forced Basilitz as a young painter to choose from the dominant milieu of the newly astroturfed American art movement. Accepting his fate, he went with tachism and the more expressive and figurative style of De Kooning, due to it having stronger European roots. A remaining thread lying beneath the ashes. My friends, we know that politics is downstream from culture and for too long conservatives have had no answer to the cultural question and have been complicit in the current state of its disintegration by utterly neglecting and undermining its pivotal power. But alas, we are part of the ignoble postmodern age, the children of the ashes and the Kali Yuga as our only stage. There no longer is a basis on which to celebrate a culture. All that is left is the self-contained, self-congratulating,

institutionally managed contemporary art class. I have often tried to pinpoint exactly where we are in art history. The truth is that culture probably ended in the nineties. Can we point to any authentic art movements today? Perhaps the green conceptualists? You would be forgiven for believing this if I hadn't told you that I just made it up. The establishment media list "woke art" as a category. Pastiche is generally not accepted by contemporary galleries unless it's a BIPOC™ reboot of the art movements of the past, inserting diversity and inclusion of black and brown bodies into classism. the consensus, however, seems to be that we are stuck in contemporary ad infinitum until some Spenglerian Untergang two hundred years from now. I speak to the artists among you who have to choose as Baselitz had to from the ruins of Germany. Do we RETVRN to the orders of the past and do exactly what the current cultural melee is doing, endlessly remaking old IP into lesser and more hollowed-out forms of themselves? The fact is that there is only the here and now in the winter of the civilizational cycle, but that doesn't mean we can't echo the past.

One of the boomer giants of our time, Anselm Kiefer, excavates and passes on the essential essence of Albrecht Dürer or Giovanni Segantini in his aesthetic style, as a salute to the historic greats. A sort of solve et coagula, stripping away all that is tertiary from the artworks into their base elements and reconstituting it anew, carrying forward the spirit of the ages. So If RETVRN isn't the answer then maybe salvaging the energy of the last great era that ended in the late mid-century is the way? Sculptor Fen de Villiers, accurately points out that the great and noble vitalism of western culture died an abrupt spiritual death with the two world wars. So, we should rekindle and reconstitute its base elements anew using whatever shards that remain of it. Similarly, the last vestiges of masculine painting slowly withered away after the late-mid-century period of the early, mostly German, contemporary artists of the seventies coinciding with the rise of the GAE. There are lessons to be learned in more recent art history and much to be found among the ruins after the modernists. It is a mistake to disregard what proceeded it. Perhaps, like the one ring, we cannot wield its corrupting in fluence made clear in the madness of the artists mentioned. But I say to you that forms, techniques, and craftsmanship too distracted us. All are mere tools and a means that are secondary to the end in itself, the spiritually vibrating energy contained within a good work, which is all that essentially matters.

Artists often speak about creating, but what often gets overlooked is the process of destruction and that, as artists, we get to destroy. But it is a specific type of destruction, one that usually gives way to something more refined, that gets at something. This differs from the deconstruction that we see today, which actively seeks to annihilate. As artists, we can operate from the ruins. Much like Kiefer, despite him being beholden to the handlers of the current elites, we can create to piece together the shards of gold in the shape of myth and symbol. We can use the old alchemical trick of turning this muck into gold, salvaging the remnants of our culture and moving us ever further into the unknown. The aesthetic may seem nihilistic at a glance, a great expanse of nothingness, but the sacred and the eternal are there hiding in plain sight. We should seek to bring it forward with ever greater momentum in the here and now.

My work is recognisably more contemporary. These are works that document our current moment. With themes and motives of the devouring feminine, the ressentiment of our time, the last man, the preachers of poisonous spittle, the god-shaped hole, the great bleeding wounds of our age, my great aunt Tina memeing the mid-century Germans, and the myth of collapsing before a flogged horse. These themes may seem bleak and black-pilled but we need to understand the things the way they are before we can move beyond them. Despite this, I hope to distil within them a life-affirming quality that is vibrating and waiting to be unleashed onto the world. I like to put away paintings. Sometimes I leave them outside in the rain, but mostly they are stored away to gather dust.

Like before acting on an idea, you need to let them sit a little and after some time; I take the painting out to see if they are any good. If not, they have the potential to transform by various means of destruction. They are in constant flux and using the proverbial hammer, I can chip away at what was demanded by the art establishment, believes I might have had when creating the work, and break the hallowed rules of the otherwise rule-breaking and unruly art world. The potential for transformation into something more victorious is always there. In a painting titled Sunna and Sinthgunt, I tried to signify this transition in a sort of cleansing ritual of slowly but steadily drifting

out of the tarantula's den. In my most recent painting titled The Wild Hunt, I attempted to reconstitute Arbo's original by capturing the raw Dionysian spirit contained within it. Aesthetically, it is supposed to remind the viewer of a bronze age cave painting, with its unfinished lines. It is both a nod to Plato's cave and the uncertainty of moving ever further into the wild unknown, the raw instinctive expanse of potential.

This may be an unpopular opinion: great art transcends the political and there is still tremendous value not only in the modernist period but also in the contemporary visual arts, particularly in its earlier stages. The fine arts have always been for the elites and funded by the elites. Do not concern yourself with the herd and if we want to attract a new elite and their patronage, we have to be attractive to contemporary tastes. We have to be the sensible centre of the art world that is professional and respectable, which means replacing your high school sketchbooks with invested materials and an effective workspace. You are all in and committed despite all the risks. At this level, we are not artisans, craftsmen, or designers, we are fine and noble artists meant to push culture into the greater unknown against all odds.

So if there is to be a counter art advent-guard it would be something like taking the dangerous path with a slim chance of success. This means walking among the mountains as failed painters and we all know what a failed painter is capable of that has been rejected by the institutions. But we harbour no resentment as we are building something that is our own, the royal academy of failed painters, our very own alpine club, waiting and vibrating for the new elite.

HELVETIAN ALPINIST
@widmerian

**Opening spread: detail from *Sinna and Sithgunt*, 2022; previous page, left: from the cover of Julius Evola, *Revolt Against the Modern World* (*Dissident Classics Series*), 2022; previous page, right: *Sinna and Sithgunt*, 2022; this page, left: *Dornröschen*, 2020; this page, right: *Preachers of Poisonous Spittle*, 2020; next page: *The Wild Hunt: Walkürenritt Für Den Unbekannten Male*, 2022.**

The Wild Hunt
Walküre

unbekannten Maler

**MAN'S WORLD** *SHORTS*

***

# "MEASURING UP TO THE PAST"

by Joseph Vanopoulos

I used to hear the saying "those who don't learn from history are doomed to repeat it" quite a lot. But the more that I think about it, all that teaches people is that our past is only worth avoiding. We live today in a world that is only possible thanks to the success of the great men that came before us. More than anything else we should learn from these men.

When it comes to the life of Julius Caesar, most general knowledge will focus on the last 25 years of his life. That's when all his greatest achievements took place and he left behind a great legacy. At the age of 30, Caesar famously saw a statue of Alexander the Great and lamented how little he had achieved in his own life, while at the same age Alexander had conquered the world. Some might even argue that this was his catalyst to future glory, that without this encounter he would not have been driven to succeed in all his later accomplishments, of which there were many.

Gaius Julius Caesar came from an upper class patrician family which traced its lineage back to Iulus, son of Aeneas, prince of Troy, son of the goddess Venus. Born in 100 B.C, his early childhood was rather standard until his father suddenly died in 85 B.C. At the age of 16 he found himself head of the household and then Flamen Dialis, high priest of Jupiter. A very prestigious position; although it came with a large number of bizarre restrictions like not being allowed to touch a horse, share a bed or see a table without food on it. One of the more reasonable requirements was that he wed a patrician virgin.

Things changed in 82 B.C. when the general Sulla won his civil war and became dictator. Sulla was a very vindictive man and had everyone who opposed him in any capacity executed and their possessions confiscated by the state. Up to 9,000 people died in this purge. Unfortunately for Caesar, his uncle was a notable opponent of Sulla. Fortunately for Caesar, his family were able to pull a lot of strings and he only lost his priesthood.

Eager to get as far away from Sulla as possible, Caesar joined the army and shipped off to Asia Minor. One of his first battles was at Lesbos to put down a revolt. In the process earned himself the Civic Crown, the highest honour a soldier could receive. You might call it the Roman equivalent of the Medal of Honor or Victoria Cross. All of this, note, by the age of 19.

Within a few years, Sulla had retired and Caesar decided to head back to Rome and become a criminal lawyer. He was very successful and his skills at oratory were highly praised, but he wanted to be even better, so in 75 B.C. he went to Rhodes for further lessons. On the way he was captured by pirates who asked for a ransom of 20 talents of silver. Caesar told them he was worth more than that and demanded they ask for 50 talents. Now there are several ways you can try to convert ancient sums of money to find a modern equivalent, but my preferred method equates 1 talent to $1 million dollars.

The pirates loved Julius Caesar. They thought

his arrogance was hilarious. Among other things, he would recite poetry to them and call them uncultured swine when they didn't appreciate it. He promised them that once he was free he would return and have them all crucified. A man of his word, Caesar did just that. Freed after five weeks in captivity, he raised a fleet and captured all of them, in addition to his ransom money. The pirates were all crucified, but Caesar felt sorry for them after remembering all the good times they shared, so he had their throats slit while they were suspended.

Caesar spent the next five years back in the army and started climbing the ranks in order to make the transition into politics, as all men who wanted to have a say in how to run Rome first had to serve Rome. In his thirtieth year, both his aunt and wife died, and not long after that he came across the statue of Alexander.

Now any man who compares himself to Alexander in age and glory is going to come up very short, but there are also plenty of men who would be happy to retire to a quiet life if their past 14 years had been so eventful. But we can be thankful that Julius Caesar wasn't satisfied, because that's what separates the great men from the rest.

I'm sure there are plenty of other life lessons we can glean from the early life of Julius Caesar, but that's the obvious one that sticks out to me at first glance. Whatever your profession, class or family situation currently is, why stop now and settle for less? There's another future out there, waiting for you: you just have to be brave enough to go out and find it.

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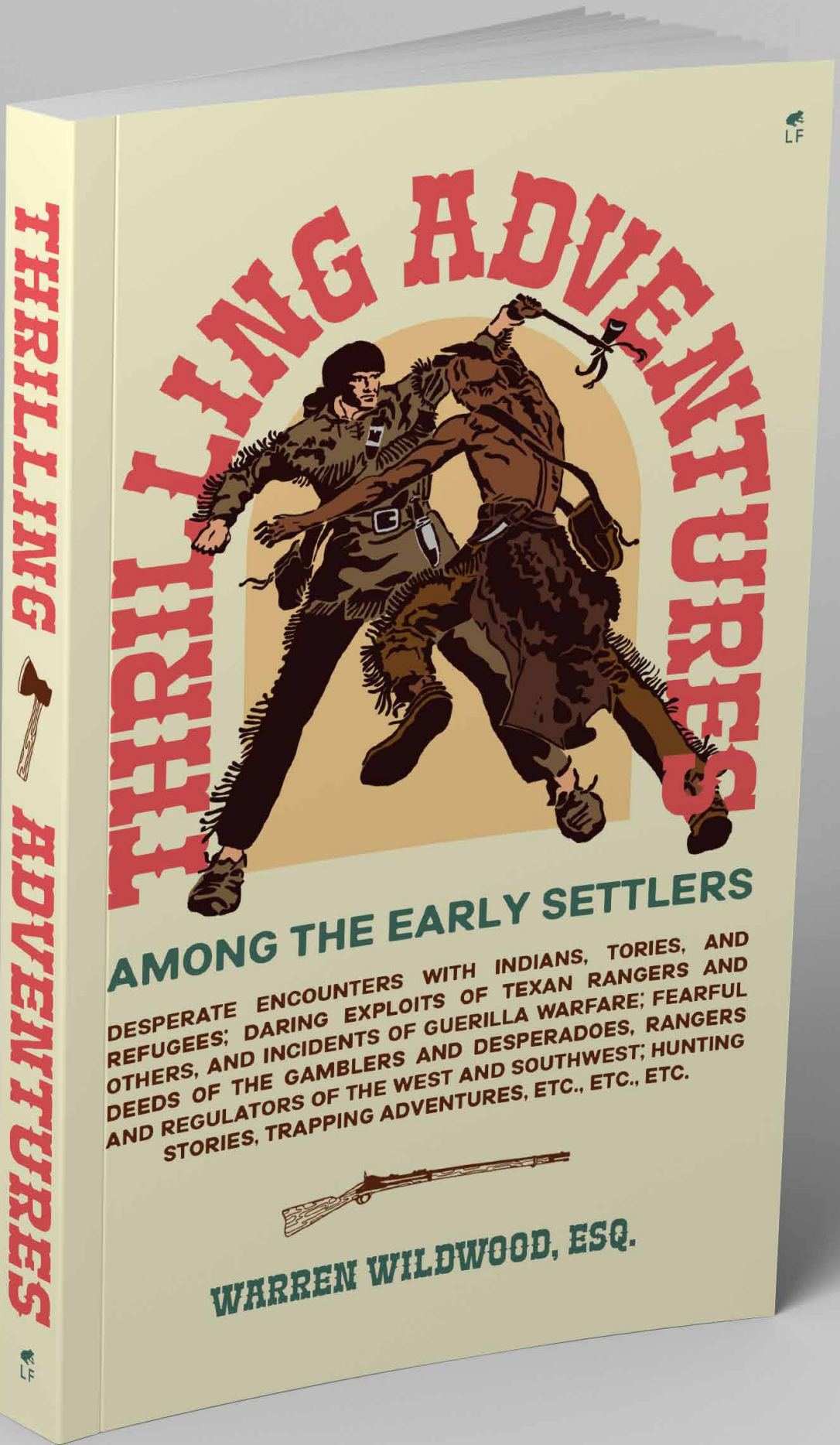
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*The amazing exploits of Thomas Cochrane, 10th Earl of Dundonald, the man who inspired the film Master and Commander and whom Napoleon christened...*

# The Sea Wolf

*adventure* with DAN SIMONS

Our lives are so often mundane, and the defining moments are those where the waves break, however briefly, and crash upon the rocks. Soon the swell settles, and the gentle rolling resumes.

Then there are those whose mostly quotidian existence is punctuated by spikes of greatness. An hour, a day, a year as a god; before glory fades. Or death.

There are also those whose waves break more often and with more vehemence than our own. These are the heroes and idols of myth, whose lives burn so bright that mortality cannot hope to contain them. Their existence continues in song or story. Even in death, they live.

Of these immortals, fewer and rarer still, there are those whose lives read like fiction from the first act to the last. Who emanate such rare vivacity and drive that - had we not historical record and eyewitnesses to verify - they would be dismissed as fancy by any of those of the future who did not experience them first-hand.

Thomas Cochrane, 10th Earl of Dundonald, lived a life so utterly fantastical, so packed with drama and action and with so many separate and compelling acts that it would be easy to deride him as a work of fiction but for the fact that we have ready access to his birth certificate, parliamentary records, and naval transcripts. His whole life reads like an improbable screenplay. Indeed, it has transcended fictionality as his real exploits have been lifted literatim and turned into the property of beloved literary characters; C.S Forrester's Horatio Hornblower and Patrick O'Brien's Jack Aubrey.

Aristocrat, sailor, captain, reformer, politician, radical, investor, criminal, scapegoat, mercenary, renegade. Hero. All these words at one time or another - and often simultaneously – have been applied to Lord Cochrane. He played all parts with a raucous panache, alert to the inherent immutability of life and never taking it too seriously.

Descended from a long and bloody line of distinguished Scottish warriors and noblemen, young Thomas was raised by an eccentric father determined to restore the family name and fortune and by a selection of fairly inept tutors, after his doting mother died when he was just nine. Archibald Cochrane was an inventor in the classical style – full of whimsical ideas and scientific endeavour which sometimes came to fruition but rarely impacted the family's fragile finances. He was the first to discover coal gas, soon used

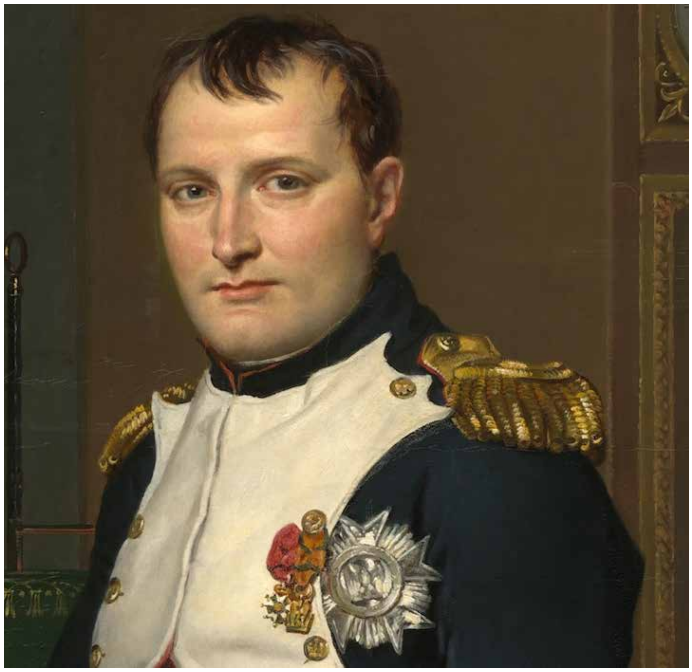
throughout the world in streetlamps, yet did not secure the patent and so lost out on his share of the revenue. Despite being aristocratic bluebloods, the Cochrane finances were flimsy, and they only lived a comfortable life after Cochrane's father remarried a wealthy widow who saved the family estate from bankruptcy.

With their newfound financial security, Thomas Cochrane and his eldest brother were sent to military academies in London, but Thomas soon returned having decided that the army was not for him. The boy felt the call of the sea. Cochrane senior, himself having served some in the Royal Navy, decided that the boy's best interests lay on the land and snubbed his request, sending him back to London to serve with the 104th Regiment of Foot under the command of a distant relative. Once again his time with the army was short-lived. The regimentation of army life was no place for the spirited individual into whom the young Cochrane was developing. Still at loggerheads with his father, he moped around the family estate until Archibald Cochrane finally acquiesced to his son's wishes. He was dispatched to Plymouth, there to board The Hind as a seventeen-year-old midshipman on 27th June 1793. Again, the family connections won through. Thomas's uncle, the formidable Alexander Cochrane, was captain and complicit in forging a series of fictious naval volunteer histories in order to get young Thomas a role as midshipman, rather than

starting out from the very bottom of the hierarchy.

The identical surnames did not go unnoticed by the crew, particularly the first lieutenant Jack Larmour, a master seaman and gritty egalitarian who had risen in exactly the way eschewed by the privileged Thomas. His dissatisfaction was demonstrated when, on boarding the ship, Thomas Cochrane was ordered to present his chest of personal belongings which was emptied, scattered, and sawn in half. Throughout his career, both naval and political, Thomas Cochrane came to be defined by an obstinate refusal to kowtow to authority. His spirits simply could not be broken. While Larmour's roughhousing was intended to unsettle the gangling youth, Cochrane was too focused on achieving his dream naval career to let it affect him. He bided his time and minded his tongue on this, his first day as a sailor.

The sights, sounds and smells of a British Navy ship in the late eighteenth century were enough to overpower even the strongest constitution, but Cochrane, delighted to be seeing such action, imbibed the new learning greedily. He was attentive in his study of procedure and routine and impressed deeply the gruff Larmour who taught him all he knew - and was shocked to find a high-born boy who listened so attentively. Young Thomas had come seeking adventure and escape from the mundane, and on the small schooner he found just that. Larmour taught him strategies for evasion and



**Previous page: *Nelson's Flagships at Anchor*, Nicholas Pocock (1807); this page, centre: the Battle of Trafalgar, fought off the Spanish coast in 1805, would establish Britain's place as the world's preeminent maritime power for the next century; above, top: an early portrait of Thomas Cochrane; above, bottom: Napoleon, who gave Cochrane his nickname, "the Sea Wolf"**

capture, pursuit and defence. He showed him how to zigzag into the wind with absolute precision; no more than 67.5 degrees on either side of the wind direction as a method of evasion, a highly skilled manoeuvre that Cochrane studied and mastered. He was presented with a case study in its effectiveness when The Hind found itself chased by two French warships in a gale. After covering 120 miles in 12 hours, they eventually gave the slip to their pursuers. Cochrane observed everything forensically. He and Larmour became closer by the day. Initial misgivings were forgotten. The pupil was eager to learn from the master, and the master grew fonder of the young fop in his charge.

After six months of sailing the North Sea looking for French pirates, teacher and protégé found themselves upgraded to a new ship with new orders. The coast of Newfoundland was hotly contested due to the abundant fisheries, and their new charge, the frigate Thetis, was to patrol it. The experience was undoubtedly a positive one for Cochrane, who was then temporarily transferred to the Africa as an acting lieutenant before passing his stringent practical and theoretical examinations to become a full lieutenant. Despite earlier accusations of nepotism, Cochrane achieved this on merit. Larmour had taught him well. Promotion earned him the respect of those who knew he was "Alex Cochrane's nephew" and it also earned him another transfer, this time to the flagship Resolution. A huge ship, and an even bigger endorsement of Cochrane's burgeoning talents. Regarded as somewhat aloof – he didn't drink to excess and preferred to spend his time reading philosophical works than hellraising and whoring, Cochrane proved to be an excellent leader of men; astute, humane and intelligent, three qualities somewhat lacking in the Royal Navy of the day.

Perhaps Cochrane's biggest vice was a very real problem with authority. He just couldn't resist bating his superiors. Whilst stationed in Gibraltar, bored of inaction, he decided to pick a battle with the ship's first lieutenant, Philip Beaver, who was storing buffalo pelts on board the ship to be sold on return to England. The pelts were highly unsanitary, oozing and leaking into the men's quarters. Cochrane raised his objections, whereby Beaver tried to pull rank and punish the young Lord on a technical formality. Cochrane refused to back down and unwittingly invited a duel, which Beaver accepted. Bloodshed was averted but Beaver demanded a court-martial. Only at this point did Cochrane relent, he was reprimanded though not punished, but this only served to fire his antipathy towards his superiors. Still awaiting orders and kicking his heels in Gibraltar, Cochrane developed a reputation for impertinence and insubordination towards those at the top – which he thoroughly deserved but was never able to shake. It would hamper him more than he could ever have predicted.

Eventually the chance for action arose. A small company of French ships made a break from the blockade surrounding Brest to rendezvous with their Spanish allies. Cochrane was part of a crew giving chase from Minorca. With the French in sight and preparing for contact, they were ordered to return to port by Lord St Vincent, the elderly and ailing commander of the fleet. The timidity with which St Vincent called off the chase infuriated Cochrane. He had come to fight. He made his feelings known both verbally and in letters and there is no doubt that St Vincent came to know of them. He had made a powerful enemy who would go on to haunt his career.

As history sometimes goes, it was a chance meeting with another man of greatness that really sparked Cochrane's career into life. Ordered to Naples, he made the acquaintance of Horatio Nelson, England's greatest naval commander. Dining several times with the great man, he imparted on Cochrane his own motto which stuck in the young lieutenant's very soul; "Never mind manoeuvres: always go at them". Nobody, perhaps not even Nelson himself, came to embody this mantra more than Lord Cochrane. On 21st September 1799 Cochrane was part of a crew called to assist a merchant ship being ransacked by French pirates. Leaping in a frenzy to board the stricken merchant vessel, Cochrane was forced into a humiliating retreat when he turned around to see that no-one else from his crew had followed.

Nelson did more than just instil an ideology into Cochrane. He recognised in the young man many admirable traits and he decided to give him the means to prove himself. Nelson had captured "the prize" (all naval acquisitions of the time were referred to as prizes) of the 74-gun French battleship the Généreux. It could barely float; the rigging was torn and was as such rendered almost immobile. Nelson wanted it to be taken from Naples to Minorca for recycling into the British fleet, and he wanted the twenty-four-year-old Cochrane to do it. If the challenge was not enough, the Royal Navy at the time could not spare the manpower and so the dilapidated Généreux was to be crewed by the sick and the infirm. Everything that could go wrong,

did. The calm seas abated around fifty miles into the journey and a monstrous gale blew to afflict the tattered-sailed ship and its crew of the dying. The gale toyed with the feeble sails, when the ship rolled away from the wind the sails drooped and when the wind changed direction it gusted with such force that it threatened to tear the mast off and capsize the ship. Cochrane saw his first big chance – quite literally – sinking before his eyes.

In a move so prophetic of what was to come, he acted with impulse and decisiveness without a thought for his own safety. He and his brother (Archibald Jr. was also serving on the ship) decided in the tumult and darkness of the gale that they must climb the mast and pull in what remained of the sails themselves. There was nothing else for it. Seeing their lieutenant hanging from the rigging in a tempest inspired the fitter of the invalid men to action, and soon they too began scaling the treacherous ropes. In a fight between man and elements for control of the sails, after hours which must have seemed days, dangling perilously seventy or eighty feet above the raging sea, the men prevailed and secured the sails. Eventually the gale died and the Généreux was able to limp gingerly into Port Mahon shipyard on the island of Minorca. Cochrane was commended for his gallantry in the face of certain disaster and notes started to be made in private about this dashing young Lord, privileged by Nelson, who had nerve to spare and an attitude to match. He was also lucky. The ship on which he should have returned from Naples – had he not taken Nelson's challenge - set alight off the coast of Capraia killing 673 men on board. Fortune favoured Thomas Cochrane.

By 1800, suspicious as they were of the brash young lieutenant, the admiralty awarded him his own ship. Still technically 'just' a lieutenant, "Captain" Cochrane had arrived. The ship originally intended for him was tracked elsewhere, and so Cochrane took command of The Speedy. Speed was about the only thing she had going for her: she had only fourteen guns and was previously used to patrol calm, coastal areas. Cochrane could not shake the suspicion that he was being set up to fail, and he probably was, but the very best men dictate circumstance and do not let circumstance dictate them. He had his own ship, as diminutive though she may be, and his own crew of six officers and eighty-four men and no longer had to take order from stuffy incompetents aboard the flagship. He set to work.

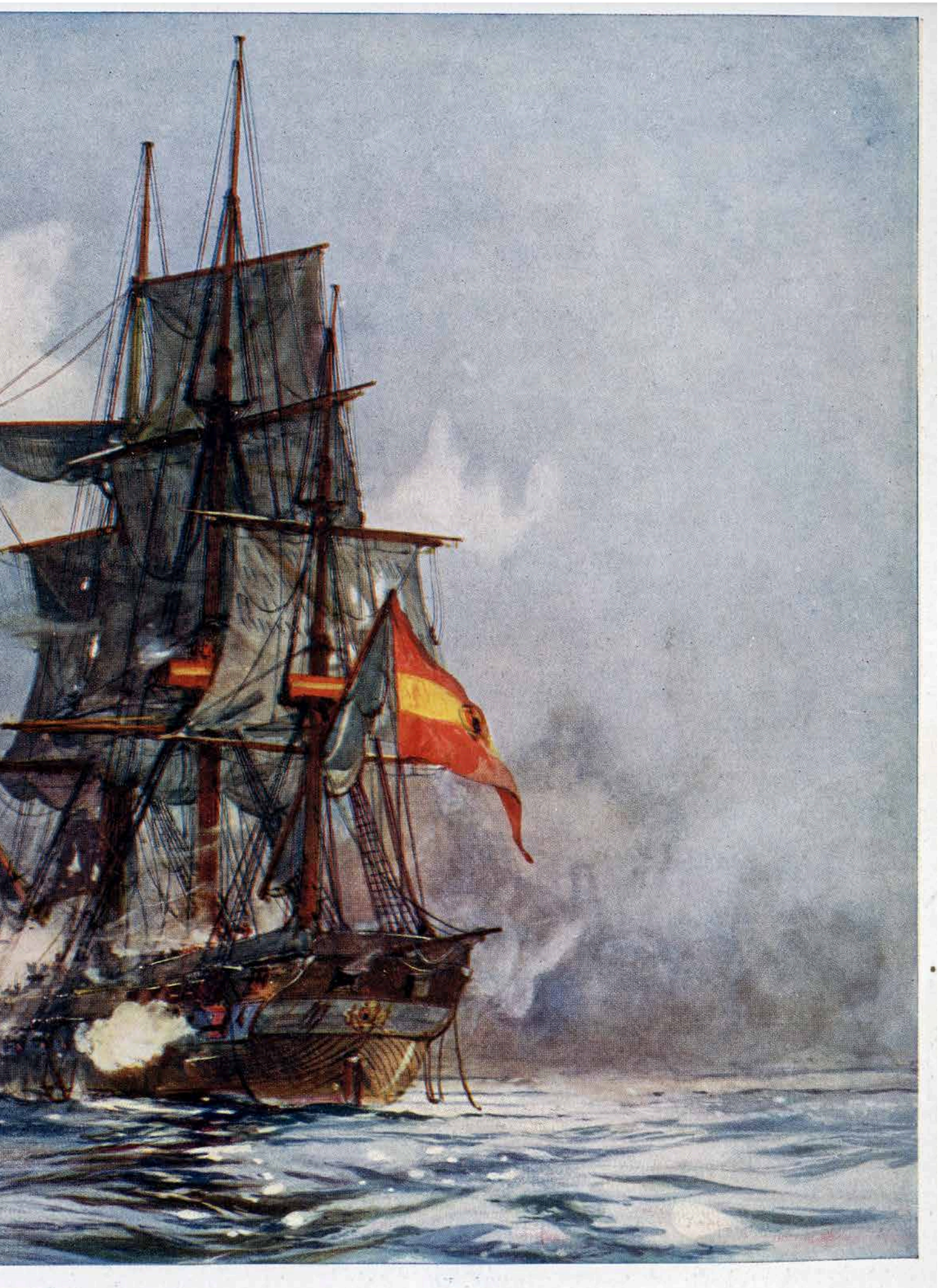
Over the course of the year to July 1801, The Speedy spread mayhem in the Mediterranean. Cochrane's diaries record the prizes and prisoners he took in staggering numbers. More than 50 prizes with 122 guns in total and 534 captured prisoners. Not bad for a customs vessel with fourteen guns.

Cochrane was in his element. He had no masters and no fear and underpinned his indomitable approach to naval warfare with the sound foundation of seamanship which Larmour had instilled in him. His reputation grew in the British-controlled ports of the Mediterranean, as it did in the enemy-operated ones. News of the improbably small craft darting about the coasts making mischief had spread among the Spanish and French. The wasp needed thwacking before it could sting again. Bonaparte himself came to hear of this dashing captain who knew no fear nor defeat, and grimly christened him "le loup de mers" - the Sea Wolf.

Cochrane's modus operandi was to use his expert sailing skills to swoop on merchant ships under the cover of darkness, board them before the civilians knew what was happening and take them hostage, leaving a small crew of his men to pilot the ship back to safe ports. It was enjoyable sport but akin to taking pot-shots in a fishpond. He yearned to prove himself further, and the opportunity would soon arise. Brash he may have been, but he was not daft. He had The Speedy decked out in (neutral) Danish colours and employed a Dane, dressing him as an officer. He knew that he would not get away with his current tactics for long and hatched a plan for an eventual boarding by the Spaniards. The plan was soon tested.

On 21st December 1800, Captain Cochrane was lured into chasing a small group of Spanish ships somewhere off Barcelona. They goaded him by breaking port, firing on The Speedy, before darting away again. He resisted his instincts once, but on the second pass could not help himself and ordered a chase. It was an obvious trap. Almost immediately a huge gunboat appeared, well stocked with cannon. Pleased with themselves, the Spaniards prepared to board. They did not realise, they could not know, that they were dealing with a man it was simply impossible to intimidate. Cochrane ordered the

**Over the page: *HMS Speedy Capturing Spanish Frigate El Gamo*, Charles Edward Dixon (c.1934)**



Danish "officer" up front immediately and ran the Danish flag. The Spaniards, somewhat sceptical, saw through the ruse and continued preparations to board. Seeing "Plan A" fail, "Plan B" was enacted. The yellow flag of quarantine was run up the mast, and the Dane explained to the Spaniards they had come from Algeria where Bubonic Plague was rampant. Some of the men on board, reasoned the Dane, were dying of plague – the Spaniards were welcome to board but must accept the risk of doing so. The rowing boat carrying the landing party soon turned back. They survived the narrowest of escapes, but Cochrane showed no signs of changing his behaviour.

The 'quarantine ruse' was just one of a myriad examples of Lord Cochrane's resourcefulness. After an illegal raid on a neutral harbour, The Speedy found herself hounded by a huge Spanish ship. For over twenty-four hours The Speedy raced in vain, she could not shake the huge predator. By nightfall of the second day, and with the crew exhausted, Cochrane ordered a barrel to be dropped into the ship's wake with a lantern atop. As soon as the barrel touched the water, The Speedy silently diverted course and the crew held their breath. By dawn, the Spanish ship was no longer giving chase. In the darkness, it had mistaken the bobbing barrel for the little ship and pursued it in the opposite direction. You may recognise this improbable set-piece from the film Master and Commander, showing Cochrane's legacy remains, but the man's reality was more compelling than any fiction.

His luck could not last forever. No man's can. On 5th May 1801, The Speedy was caught. Closer to Barcelona than he had any right to be, demonstrating once more his customary insouciance, Cochrane and his men were harassing midsized Spanish ships at will. Suddenly, from behind the cluster of modest ships a giant lumbered. He had once more been drawn into a trap. The huge Spanish gunboat El Gamo appeared, boasting more cannon than The Speedy had men, and four times the size of the little ship. Cochrane's crew was down to fifty-four as so many were off crewing their prizes. Not that it mattered, his fourteen modest guns would be no more effective at bringing down the El Gamo from distance than trying to kill a lion with an air rifle. It seemed to him, on the deck that sunny spring morning that he had few options. Surrender? Never. Flee? An impossibility. This left only one: fight. There can be no more apt word in the English tongue to describe this than 'suicide', but Lord Cochrane never cared too much for classification.

He ordered his startled men to sail straight for El Gamo. Because they loved their captain, they trusted him, and because they trusted him, they obeyed him, despite all sensory evidence suggesting the opposite course of action. El Gamo fired a warning shot. The Speedy kept going. Onboard the warship, confusion reigned. This was not supposed to happen. Despite being eminently sinkable – and her guns still out of range to inflict even a scratch on the floating Goliath – The Speedy continued her approach. Cochrane's innate knowledge of ships and the sea told him that if he could just get to the other side of the giant, the swell of the sea, the disparity in size, and the angle of her guns would render them impotent. Cochrane could get within firing distance while all El Gamo's guns would discharge into the sea. But first he must get round her. To obfuscate even further, The Speedy ran an American flag up the mast. Hesitation aboard El Gamo, confusion at what was playing out down below, gave him his chance. Nelson's words must have echoed once more in his ears. "Never mind manoeuvres – always go at them!" As he rounded the ship, he ran the Union Jack up in an act of bold defiance, answered immediately by a furious broadside from the big beast - a broadside that landed straight into the sea. His plan was working. The next step even more incredulous: taking the roll of the ocean into account, Cochrane ordered The Speedy within mere feet of El Gamo as the Spaniards reloaded. The next broadside thundered harmlessly into the air. The two ships were now so close they jostled shoulder to shoulder. The guns of El Gamo were stationed ten feet above the deck of the Speedy. There was no angle for them to inflict damage. By taking the fight to the monster, he had made obsolete her weaponry. But now what? A look up to the deck of the huge ship warned Cochrane of the next danger – marines were preparing to board.

Unflustered, Cochrane summoned all his sailing nous to avert disaster. Get too close to the ship, and they would be boarded, go too far out and El Gamo's superior weaponry would turn The Speedy to matchsticks. He somehow maintained the perfect distance in an act of supreme seamanship. Floating in, he ordered all The Speedy's guns to face upwards and let rip a barrage into the gundeck. By sheer fortune, this killed the captain, De Torres. Their guns were small but the point-blank range tore the underside of the giant ship to shreds. Three times they floated out again, just far enough to avoid the marines but not far enough to be in range, before floating in once more to deliver another devastating

barrage.

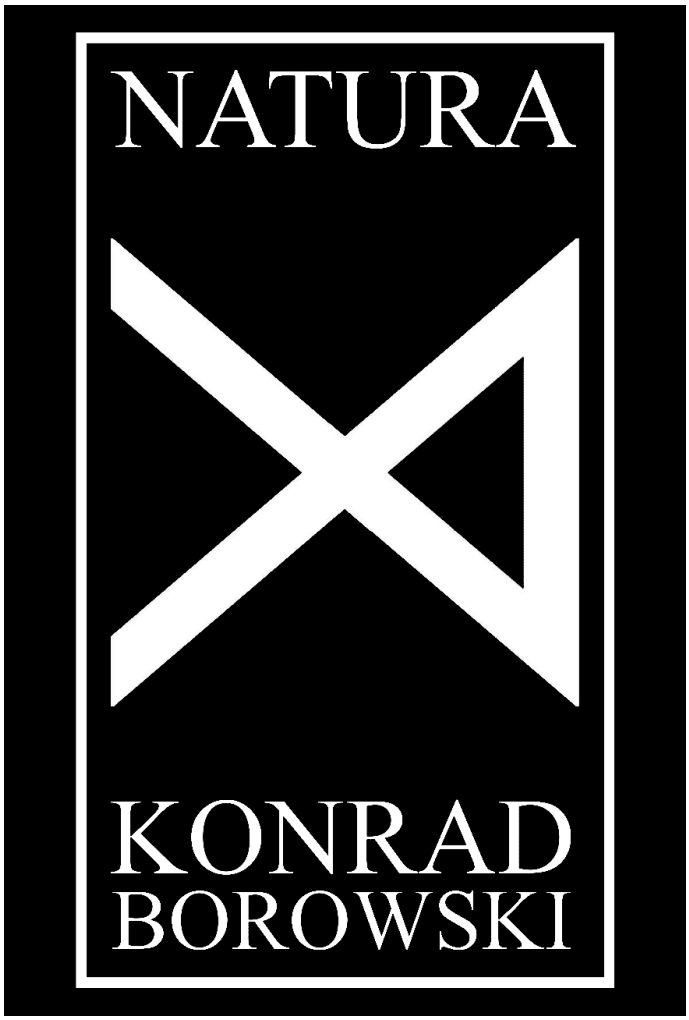
Never taking a backwards step, Cochrane reminded his men that hesitation would mean death. He ordered them to blacken their faces to add to their ferocity and led a raid. Emerging from the battery smoke, the uncountable black-faced pirates howling and screaming was too much for the Spanish to bear. Their captain was dead, their colours had been drawn down, and their ship was in tatters. In abjection, they surrendered. It was not supposed to be this way. Before the Spaniards could realise their huge numerical advantage, Cochrane's men whipped them into the hold and pointed two huge cannons down into the darkness, attended by men with lit fuses. El Gamo was his.

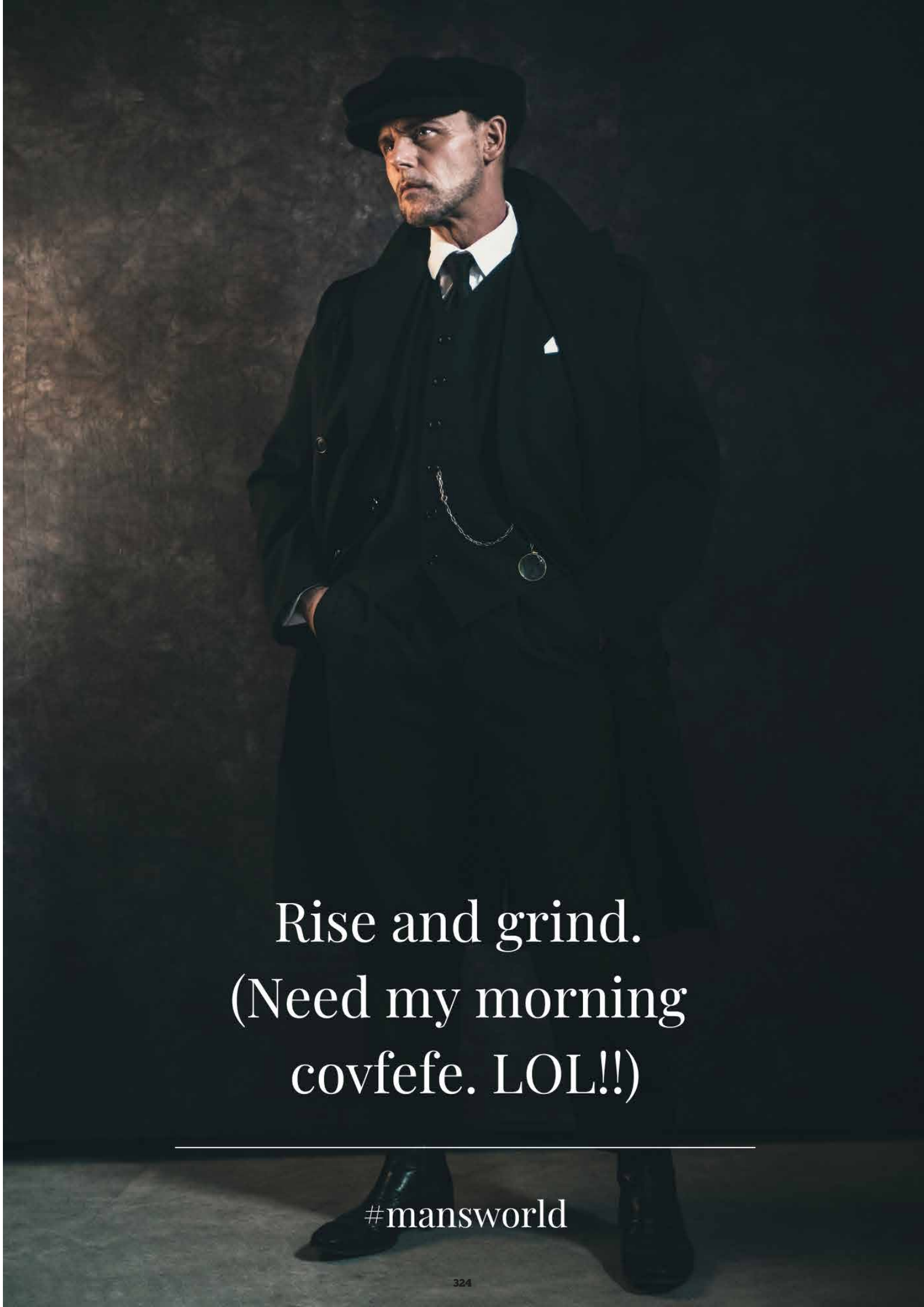
In the normal course of events, on reaching port El Gamo would have been absorbed into British service, Cochrane and his men taking a hefty fee for the capture of such a prize, and Cochrane would have been promoted to 'post-captain' almost immediately. His anti-establishment antics came back to bite him. Lord St Vincent overlooked his promotion, no doubt still sore about his earlier, personal criticisms. El Gamo was sold to a foreign ruler thus negating the prize money. Even Cochrane's trusted second-in-command had his career blocked, guilty by association. Enraged and disillusioned, Cochrane returned to The Speedy and what he did best – taking prizes.

In the summer of 1801, the little ship finally met her match. In his typical style, Cochrane was harassing Spanish ships off the coast of Alicante and set one ablaze. Overnight the flames attracted three giant French warships. The Speedy had no choice but to flee. Cochrane ordered guns and surplus weight jettisoned to increase speed, but it was to no avail. They dodged, weaved and sailed bravely for hours but were overhauled, and while none of his men were killed, The Speedy was shot to pieces. With his ship destroyed, Cochrane and his men were rowed aboard the French vessel. He was now a prisoner of war but treated with utmost honour and respect by his captors. They admired his bravery but were also relieved to have finally the great scourge of the Mediterranean out of commission.

Nothing could have been further from the truth. Cochrane's greatest triumphs and despairs were still to await him. The Sea Wolf was not finished yet.

*Part two will feature in the next issue of MAN'S WORLD.*




Rise and grind.
(Need my morning
covfefe. LOL!!)
#mansworld

# DIVERSITY FOR THEE

*politics*

by Anthony Bavaria

Diversity Is Our Strength (DIOS). Our era's true creed. It reigns supreme over all others and is heard from the mouths and in the mission statements of every oligarch and institution throughout Western Civilization. As we know well enough, the DIOS axiom originates from hijacked Western institutions and is applied only here. There are still some true believers of this hex, but I don't think too harshly of them, for everyone alive today has been subjected to this for their entire life, more or less. However, one needs to look no further than the messaging of the West's geopolitical competitors, manipulators, and near-peer threats to reaffirm what DIOS really is: a poison pill for the West, deliberately administered.

My personal favorite example is China's financial incursion into America's film industry since the dawn of this century. Exemplifying their lack of creativity and knack for reverse-engineering, the Han have read the playbook of Hollywood's legacy ruling class and have taken to incredibly obvious subversion practices. A simple internet search of Chinese production companies like Huahua Media or the Shanghai Film Group reveal their financed projects are as woke as every other organically written and financed multicultural piece of trash: they're simply throwing gas on the fire. The best example might be Baywatch (2017). Paid for with Yuan, the film projects an alliance of black and brown sassy characters belittling whites. The white protagonist, played by Zac Efron, is referred to as a "blue-eyed demon" and there's even a scene where the film's anchor, Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson, briefly allies with one of the film's minor antagonists against Efron's white character solely on the basis of their shared brown skin.

China's race-cultural relationship with the U.S. is beautifully described by Zero HP Lovecraft in "The Eternal Current Year". Writing on President Obama's oil portrait, he states,

"the picture, which was commissioned for the national portrait gallery, was made by a black artist who outsourced the work to a Chinese studio, and this is a perfect metaphor, more perfect than any I could invent: the Obama/Biden administration and the democratic party more broadly has sold out and capitulated to the will of Beijing, and now America is ruled by Beijing in blackface, Chinese oligarchs issuing edicts by proxy on behalf of colored Americans. The Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial in the National Mall was likewise made in China."

With these practices in mind, the relevance of China's massively homogenous racial and ethnic demographics should not be lost on anyone. Will Asia's largest country take a massive influx of Pakistanis or Sub-Saharan Africans because of their recent business in those regions? We all know the answer (it's no). Apparently, they're aware diversity is not a strength, and are encouraging it elsewhere. The worst part is, Washington is aware of this. Steve Sailer's excellent reporting on the subject in "The Unicultural Edge" highlights a 2013 Pentagon report that states,

"As lamentable as it is, Chinese racism helps to make the Chinese a formidable adversary. There are three critical consequences that result from this. The first is the sense of unity the Chinese possess. Second, it allows the Chinese to have a strong sense of identity, which in turn permits them to weather adversity, and to be focused and secure confidence that the rest of the nation is with them. Third, China is not plagued by self-doubt or guilt about its past."

Will the U.S. and its client states throughout the West adjust course, or is it diversity unto death? I think we know the answer to this question as well.

Though less homogenous than China, Russia has recently jumped on the bandwagon of racially and culturally demonizing the West. Though I personally consider Russia a Western nation based on centuries of culture, religion, language, and history, since 1917 they've been decidedly out of the club. Russia has actually made inquiries at rejoining the

Dr Louse Klobb, Expert

@insightoutlaw

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*My friends, I was once like you*; a wretched carnivore, who thought nothing of nourishing my body with a diet of meat and milk, with no regard for the devastating consequences on *The Climate!*
I was once like you; a man, all too human, with lustful desires of fornication with beautiful women! Yes my friends, I was indeed like you; a man saddled with an unwavering faith to God and the outdated traditions and values of my forefathers upon which my poisonous civilisation was built...

***And because I was once like you, I know that these misguided human urges can never bring you happiness!*** That is why I want to help you RESET your life!

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## See results in ▲ no time! ▲

Next, we will examine your diet - the meat, eggs and milk you once devoured with gluttonous abandon will be replaced with soy, GMO's, seed oils and insects - protect your body, protect the planet! Speaking of which, it is increasingly clear that the world is facing overpopulation and that is why *your reproductive system will be RESET to stop the unceasing growth of humanity* (use code KLOBB at our F.E.W. vasectomy clinics for a 20% discount)!

*only applicable to the Christian God

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West in a peaceful manner several times since its trashing by Bolsheviks. There were several opportunities to disarm their future resurgence by way of bringing them into the fold of NATO, something Russia attempted to do no less than twice. The first time, somewhat surprisingly, occurred as early as 1954, and there were additional opportunities after the Berlin Wall came down. Consider this piece of reporting on the subject:

"Some experts believe it could have been real if the West had taken Russia's membership prospects seriously back in 2000 or the 1990s when Mikhail Gorbachev, the last Soviet leader, and Russian Federation's first President Boris Yeltsin also lobbied for Moscow's entrance to the alliance. Had it happened, the current Russian onslaught on Ukraine could have been prevented. 'Because they thought that they had won the Cold War and could dictate all the terms as Russia was 'beaten'. They were high on the euphoria of a perceived victory rather than a massive opportunity for peace and security,' says Gregory Simons, an associate professor at the Institute for Russian and Eurasian Studies at Uppsala University."

Regardless, with war again raging in Europe, Moscow's current foreign minister Sergei Lavrov has recently made several anti-colonial comments aimed at the rest of Europe's imperial past. "Russia-Africa ties are based on the time-tested bonds of friendship and cooperation. Our country who has not stained itself with the bloody crimes of colonialism, has always sincerely supported Africans in their struggle for liberation from colonial oppression," he said during a recent tour of the dark continent. Putin himself has made similar remarks, starkly contrasted to his anti-woke comments merely one year earlier. Though it's obviously propaganda to justify recent actions in Ukraine and garner international support, the playbook is still the same: pander to non-Whites to punish Western whites. Though Russia is very much a multi-ethnic country and the Putin regime has made repeated DIOS affirmations in the past, their leadership are still well aware of its perils, and have less of a problem disadvantaging certain minority groups for the benefit of greater Russian geopolitical aims – all the while accusing other nations of doing exactly that.

And then there's Israel and its diaspora supporters, a people so mired in international double-think and -speak that I couldn't begin to unpack it all in anything short of a cinderblock-sized book. However, an excellent cultural case study can be found in Bari Weiss' hysterical appearance on Joe Rogan's podcast, where she rolls out endless "Israel has the right to defend itself" talking points, always buttressed with Godwin's Law-style cliches. According to Weiss, the Jewish state is allowed to have its own ethno-religious homogenous homeland, but the same isn't true for any Western nations that might want that too. She doesn't even attempt to explain why; she probably just knows that there's no expectation that she should, and that's enough.

DIOS is great for the West but not for Israel. Isaeli immigration policy supports this notion; the Wikipedia page on Israeli citizenship law bluntly shows how citizenship is overwhelmingly in favor of ethnic and religious Jews and mentions "a set of complex citizenship circumstances for the non-Jewish inhabitants of the region that continue unresolved." Bottom line: Israel is a homeland for a distinct group of people that perpetually marginalizes outsiders.

The West's geopolitical foes and frenemies are well aware, then, of the death cult that surrounds DIOS and are unabashed in promoting it here – and only here. Awareness of this is not new. French New Right thinker Guillaume Faye has been formulating this position for decades, and in his book *Archeofuturism*, states, "Those who envisage the future of humanity as one of widespread race-mixing are wrong: for Europe is the only place where this phenomenon is rife. The other continents - particularly Africa and Asia - are increasingly forming impermeable ethnic blocs, which export their surplus population without importing any from the outside." Ironically, as the West continues to push its ideas of diversity, multiculturalism, and internationalism on the rest of the world with limited success, the rest of the world does it right back.

Recently, Mohsin Hamid's *The Last White Man* has been making waves and winning all the expected plaudits in the literary community. In imagining the blissful disappearance of all Europeans from the face of the earth, Hamid is merely saying the quiet part out loud. The predictable exclamations – "Imagine if somebody wrote a book called The Last Black Man!" – simply miss the point, imagining that the author could be engaged in some good-faith discussion and educated on his prejudices. The truth is, faith has nothing to do with it. This is about power, plain and simple. ■

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MOBILE PHONES GIVE YOU EARLY-ONSET DEMENTIA

GLUTEN ENDS UP IN YOUR BRAIN AND BLOOD

GLYPHOSATE MAKES YOUR CHILDREN RETARDED

THE FDA IS TRYING TO KILL YOU AND YOUR FAMILY

SOY MAKES MONKEYS INTO PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE INCELS

# VOTE AS IF YOUR LIFE DEPENDED ON IT

# THE WHITE SWAN

FAISAL MARZIPAN

“Not controlling the light in your space makes you quickly realize that simply occupying space isn’t the same as mastering it.

When God first created the world, he exercised his mastery over it by declaring “Let there be light,” dividing the world into light and darkness.

So how can *you* master *your* space with light?”

WORDS: PETER PARADISE

# A LIGHT IN THE DARK

As Bronze Age Pervert points out, life is fundamentally a struggle for space, where a living thing seeks to master the surrounding space to the maximum extent possible. Space is owned when it's mastered and controlled, either by you or someone else.

But how does one truly master one's space? Is it enough to simply control territory physically in order to claim mastery of it? Unfortunately, that's not enough.

You can "own" a house, but if you are forced to have ugly "environmentally friendly" LED lighting in it, have you actually mastered it? How about when there are rolling blackouts? Or when your utility company caps the electricity for your house due to a "climate emergency?"

Not controlling the light in your space makes you quickly realize that simply occupying space isn't the same as mastering it.

When God first created the world, he exercised his mastery over it by declaring "Let there be light," dividing the world into light and darkness.

So how can *you* master *your* space with light?

Simple: You've got to be candlemaxxing.

What's candlemaxxing? Simply put, it's using candles as your primary light source. "But Peter," you cry out in soy, "it's the 21st century. Why would I ever pull a Barry Lyndon and light my house with candles?" Fair question. Think of candlemaxxing as a way to practice mastery not only psychologically, but through fostering resilience, and by creating beauty.

There is something pleasant about entering a space with lit candles. A shrine at church. A cozy restaurant at night. A rooftop lit by Moroccan lanterns. What makes such spaces so comforting? Yes, there's beauty. But there's also something psychological at play.

The candle is a sign that someone cares for the space. That candle was lit intentionally. It had an author. Someone thought let there be light and created the fire you see before you. You are in a space that is cherished.

When you candlemax at home, you are showing to visitors that you have mastered your space and are responsible for it.

Candlemaxing isn't just about psychologically mastering your own space. It's also a form of mastery through self-reliance in a world that could become, literally, darker.

You enter a room and turn on the overhead lighting. Somewhere some faceless utility company controls whether or not you can see at night. For most of our lives, it's been a cessation of responsibility we've gladly made. After all, when you flip that switch, there's never been a question of whether the lights will go on. Why sacrifice convenience for self-reliance? That logic made sense in the past, but will it in the future?

The West has transformed into a tyrannical place where you can have your bank account frozen for having the "wrong" opinion. You can be placed on a no-fly list for attending the wrong protest. Step outside of progressive orthodoxy, and they'll take away your ride sharing service, AirBnB, and PayPal account. Thousands upon thousands of Americans were fired for not taking an experimental vaccine. Children are kidnapped from parents who don't want their kids to be subjected to genital mutilation. If they'll take away your children, employment, and property from you for wanting to exit their suicide pact, what makes you think that your electricity is off limits from their repression?

They won't hesitate to cut your power. They'll celebrate it. They'll claim that the circumstances behind whatever moral panic they're creating are so exceptional that these "temporary" measures are needed. Then they'll become the standard operating procedure.

Even if you manage to evade their malice, the lights may still go off due to their incompetence. Across Europe, ineffective sanctions against Russia have torpedoed the energy market. Prices are exploding in Britain because it turns out wind-powered turbines stop providing energy when the wind stops blowing. Countries refuse to build new infrastructure or return to traditional energy sources in order to meet self-imposed climate

targets. In this managed collapse, there is no guarantee the lights will always turn on.

The stoics philosophers believed in practicing poverty as a way to form resilience.

Seneca suggested,

"Set aside a certain number of days, during which you shall be content with the scanties and cheapest fare, with course and rough dress, saying to yourself the while: 'Is this the condition I feared?'"

You don't want to be the last guy candlemaxxing when the blackout come your way. Stock up on candles. Get yourself a nice candelabra or some candlestick holders. And once a week, enjoy an evening by candlelight. When the blackouts come, and others are hysterical, you will be a beacon of strength to those around you.

Finally, it's important to remember that the creation of beauty is a form of mastery.

As BAP says: "Only physical beauty is the foundation for a true higher culture of the mind and spirit as well."

Compare the bugman's office to the candlelit dinner table in a family's kitchen.

In the office bright fluorescent light systematically lines the ceiling, equally spaced, drowning the gray rooms in a cold, blue light. Meanwhile at the kitchen table, the warm light from the candles' flickering flames illuminates the faces of friends and family, creating a cosy island of light.

What is the message each place is sending?

For the bugman's office, the message is one of utilitarian uniformity. You are a mere part of a one-size-fits-all solution. The lights are high above you, physically unreachable. Who turns them on and off? Not you. The light is something that you're subjected to. The fluorescent lights are bright, as their purpose is solely to illuminate the room at the cheapest ratio of money to lumens. The light is stagnant and consistent, creating a fake sky which casts no shadows on those who toil under it. The social nature of the space is destroyed, making people feel disoriented and unbounded.

Now let's look at the candlelit dinner table. You sit in a ring of light, inches away from the source of brilliance. The light is at eye level. The flame is alive and interacts with your presence, flickering when you talk. The light has a vitality to it, and its warm radiance brings out the beauty of all those who sit near it. Faces, hands, hair, dresses, the plates, the wood of the table – all are somehow made more alive by the glow of the light. Playful shadows bounce around the table as the flame dances. Something special has happened to that kitchen. The ordinary has turned into the extraordinary. An unspoken pact is made. For that moment, those who the light touches are your people.

Skyscrapers beam office lights out their windows ceaselessly throughout the night. Undying lighthouses that smother the stars. But the candle has a natural lifespan, eventually extinguishing itself in a solemn afterglow, allowing darkness its turn to reign.

The light of the office is only possible in an industrial society. But candlelight harkens back to an ancient tradition of humans enjoying each other's company around the campfire.

The office is an egalitarian environment, where everything is lit up equally. The candlelit dinner table is naturally hierarchical with boundaries between light and darkness. Only those who are close to the light can reflect its beauty.

The lighting system of the office is man trying to replace nature. The candlelit table is man working in harmony with nature.

It's pretty easy to candlemax. Your ancestors were doing it every night until the 20th century. Simply buy a lot of candles. I personally prefer taper candles (the long thin ones) and use either a candelabra or a few candlestick holders. These types of candles usually burn for 6-10 hours. The high position of the flame allows for better lighting, and you will be surprised by how well a candelabra illuminates an entire room. But the world of candles is expansive, and I encourage you to experiment and see what works best for you.

Perhaps you can't candlemax every night. Shoot for one night a week. Read a book to candlelight before retiring to bed. You will feel so relaxed and have an incredible night of sleep. When friends come over for drinks, why not share some drinks in a cozy room full of candlelight?

In a world where the promotion of ugliness is nearly universal and the love of beauty is so rare, be the light in the darkness. Candlemax.

*Peter Paradise tweets @bypeterparadise*

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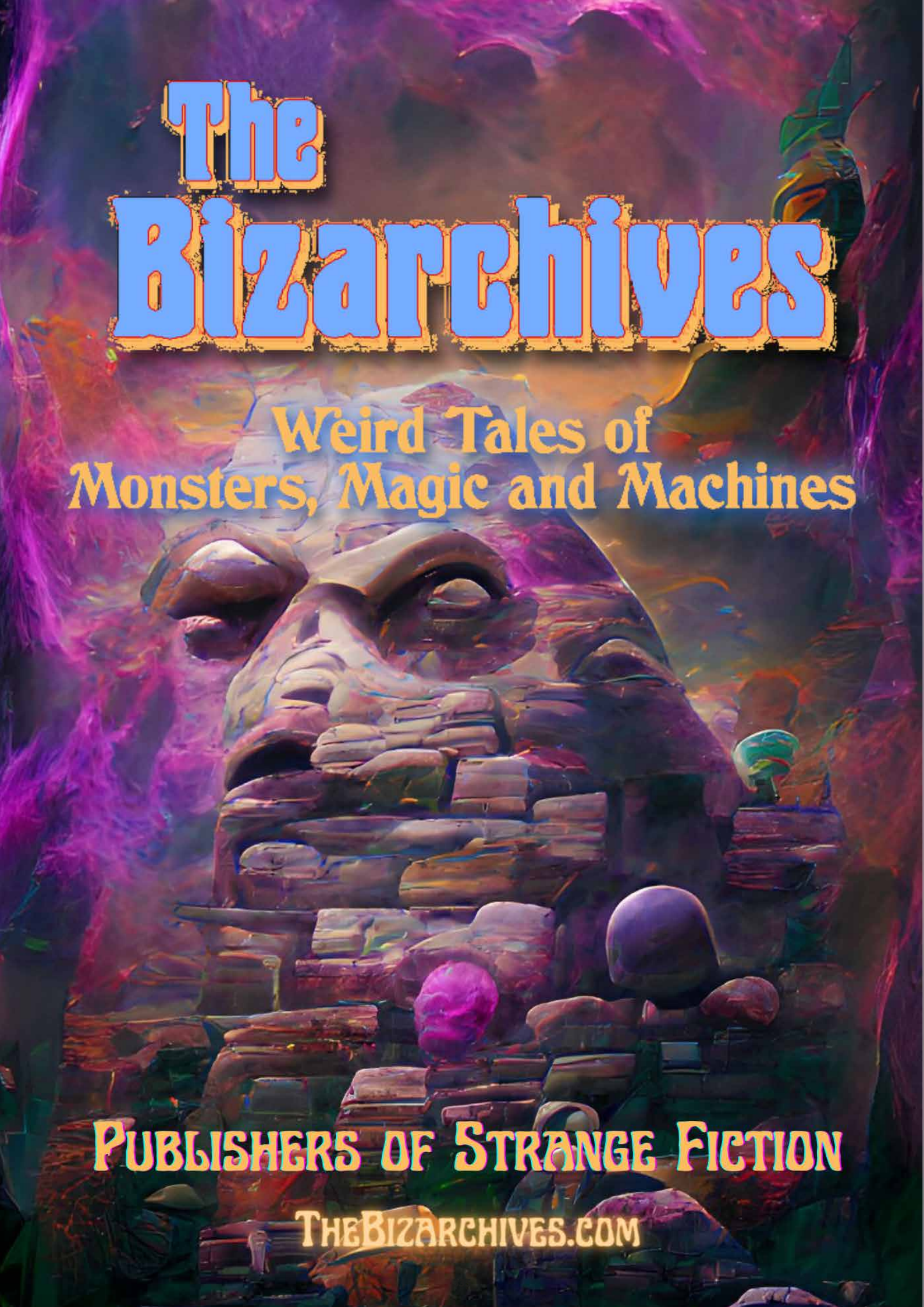
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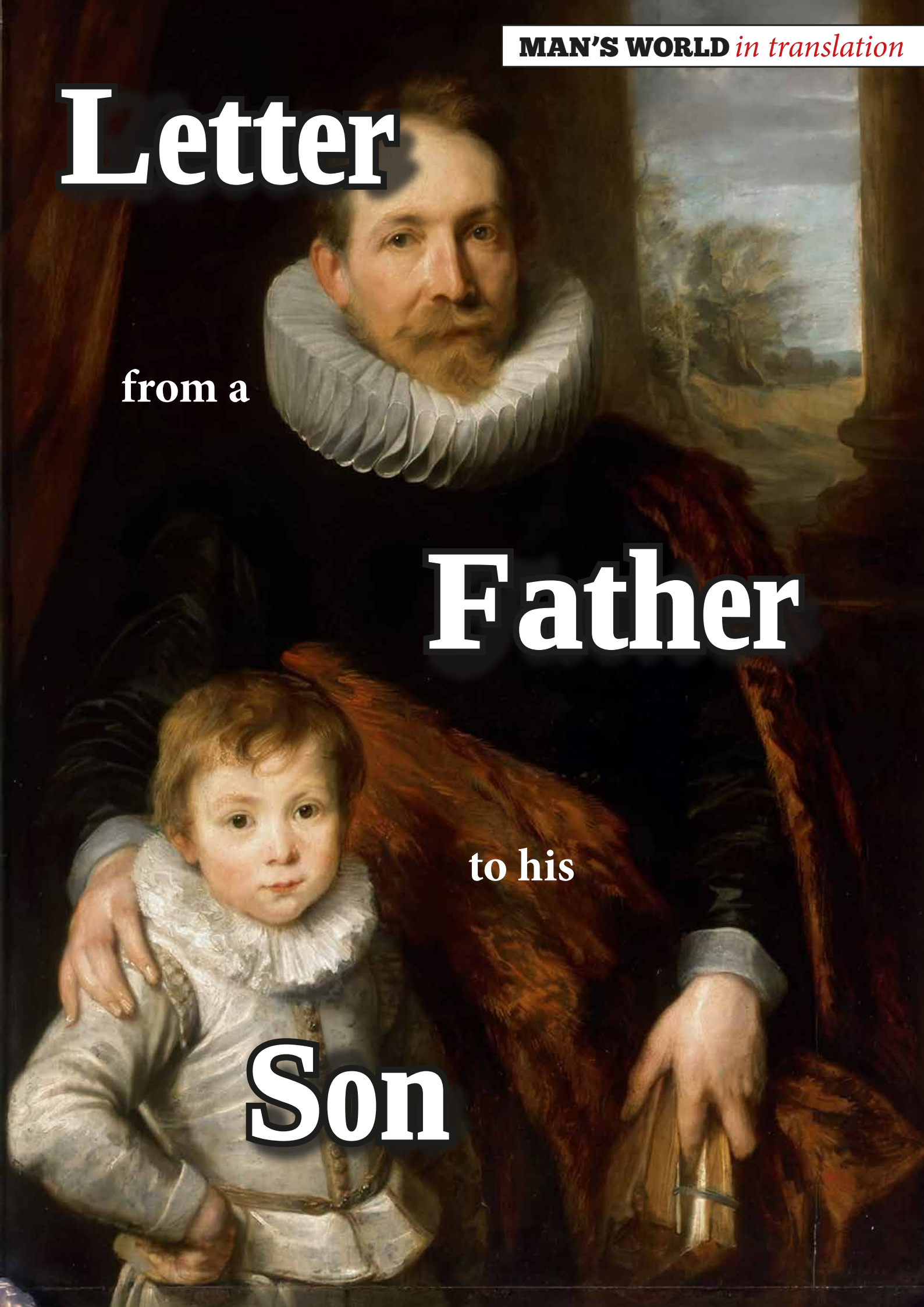
John "Borzoi" Chapman

# Cultured Grubs

Dispatches From America in Collapse

MAN'S WORLD *in translation*

# Letter from a Father to his Son



**Previous page: Anthony** Van Dyck, "Portrait of a Father with His Son" (c.1619); this page, from top, clockwise: Jacques-Émile Blanche, a portrait of Henry de Montherlant (1922); Montherlant as an older man; Montherlant as a boy with his mother, in 1900

*Meditation on manly virtues, and, indirectly, fatherhood. Contempt as foundation of all morality. Nobility of happiness. Manly virtue hated by the contemporary world, but necessary nonetheless.*

*In this translation by Braquemart (@braquemart1888), French writer Henry de Montherlant (1895-1972) provides a guide for his son and for himself and other men who wish to be a true model and inspire the younger generation. The piece was written in 1935.*

The virtues that you will cultivate above all are courage, public-spiritedness, pride, integrity, contempt, disinterestedness, politeness, gratitude, and, in general, all that is understood by the word generosity.

Moral courage, which has such good press, is an easy virtue chiefly for him who does not pay any consideration to opinion. If one does not have it, to acquire it is a matter of will, which is to say an easy matter. On the contrary, if one does not have physical courage, to acquire it is a matter of hygiene, which is outside the framework that I have laid out for myself here.

Public-spiritedness and patriotism are one and the same, if the patriotism is worthy of the name. You are from a country where there is patriotism in fits and starts, and public-spiritedness, never; or public-spiritedness is considered ridiculous. I say to you: "If you are a patriot, be so seriously", as I would say to you: "If you are a Catholic, be so seriously." I do not have great esteem for a man who in wartime valiantly defends the country that he has in peacetime enfeebled by a thousand pin-pricks. Do not require that your country be invaded for you to treat it well. Conduct yourself as decently in peace as in war, if you love the peace.

Vanity, which rules the world, is a ridiculous sentiment. Arrogance, well-founded, adds nothing to merit; when I hear talk of a "beautiful arrogance," I become pensive. Unfounded, it is ridiculous even to itself. The only superiority of arrogance to vanity is that vanity waits for everything, and arrogance waits for nothing; arrogance does not need to be nourished, it is passionately fond of sobriety. Halfway between vanity and arrogance, you will choose pride.

Integrity is this and that, and besides it is a good thing. It obtains all that cunning obtains, at less cost, at less risk, and with less time lost.

Disinterestedness has only the merit of extracting you from the vulgar, but it does so for certain. Every time that you, being able to take, do not take, you will give to yourself one hundred and one thousand times more than you would have given by taking. Out of all the opportunities from which you will not wish to benefit, you will construct for yourself a cathedral of diamond in the invisible world. Contemporary France has created a certain number of truly obscene words, among which is gate-crashing. Do not gate-crash, be it in the most humble domain, for that goes from the humble to the great.

Contempt is part of esteem. One is capable of contempt to the degree that one is capable of esteem. The excellent reasons that we have to despise. He who does not despise the bad, or the low, compromises with it. And of what worth is esteem that does not know how to despise? I have always thought that it is possible to found something on contempt; now I know what: morality. It is not arrogance that despises; it is virtue. Much will also be forgiven to him who will have despised much. And again I add this: that it is not necessary to not be despicable in order to despise.

There is no serious hatred that does not contain contempt. For example, I do not hate the Germans, because I do not despise them.

One of the signs of French decline is that she would no longer be capable of contempt.

Politeness, because its absence spoils everything. In the world of today, where politeness will very soon be even rarer than virtue, we will come to the point where some will end by judging that bad education equals bad action. You will always give politeness first, before knowing whether it will be given to you, and you will see to it chiefly with regard to the humble. If it is not given to you, you will break with those people, whatever the interests or the passions involved between you and them may be, and whatever their quality or their merit may be. And you will notice that extreme politeness is as necessary among friends as among strangers: the absence of politeness, with a friend, impairs and then destroys a friendship just as surely as a more dazzling mistake. Politeness will surround your eyes, for it requires a great nervous expenditure. But one cannot do without it.

As a general rule, you will remember to always caution the humble when they do not expect it and to remain reserved with the great. Kindness with

the humble, indulgence with the middling, vigilance with the great. Without forgetting that as much charity is necessary with respect to the great as with respect to the humble.

Gratitude is a feeling so contrary to nature that, if you do not take great care, this feeling very much risks escaping you. A person with something of vitality does not care at all whether or not others show him gratitude. But do not count on such vitality.

If you have these virtues, the rest is not as important. It matters little, for example, that you believe in God, or not. You can think however will seem good to you on this matter.

It matters little that you love or do not love your fellow-man. But do not seek after his love. First, because he who gives you his love takes away your liberty. Second, because to seek to please is the most slippery slope for heading straight to the lowest level. We must take from women, lest we limit ourselves in being too masculine, much of the instinct proper to their sex. But, by God! not that one.

It matters little that you yield or do not to sensual pleasure. You will hear it said that pleasure is incompatible with spirituality, charity, good health, etc. This is an illusion. A sufficiently full and balanced nature manages all that and is satisfied. These are passions that it is equal to guiding, that's all. "God knows that you cannot stop yourself from thinking about women."(Koran.) But it is in this domain above all that you must have deportment. Take care to tolerate nothing from women that would make you rear coming from a man. The happiness that a being gives you does not create for it rights over you. To maintain this idea is not always easy, and all the less because we must reconcile it with the great gratitude that whoever has given us pleasure merits.

Many of the actions that common morality takes for innocent condemn a man without recourse. But lying, murder, theft, the pillage of war do not necessarily condemn a man. He can commit them and retain the qualities of superiority. The life of many men is worth no more than the life of a gudgeon. Theft often has excuses. Lying often does less bad than the truth; contrary to common opinion, one can very well lie to those whom one loves the most: you have lied to me, I have lied to you, and I will lie to you yet. Obviously, on all that, you will not make me say what I do not say.

Here are many indifferent things. What is essential is loftiness. It will take the place of everything for you. In it I include detachment, for how can one maintain loftiness without detaching oneself? It will be fatherland enough for you, if you have no other. It will take the place of the fatherland for you, the day that the other fails you. One must be enamored with loftiness, for, in being so, one falls much and more. What will happen, then, if one is not so!

I return to the virtue of contempt, since, as I have told you, it is unknown to our compatriots. "Heliogabalus did not wish to have children, out of fear that that he would only receive ones of honest morals."(Lampride.) I am annoyed to feel myself in disagreement with a head of State, but, if anything had stopped me from having a son, it would have been, on the contrary, the fear that he would not have had honest morals. By "honest morals" I understand above all that quality of a being, by grace of which the bad disgusts him like a vulgarity. We see often enough boys of excellent environments, students of great schools or others, cornered in stories of narcotics, of prostitutes, of shady people and things. They lacked that quality, which would have made it so that they had only to see these people, and without the moral sense intervening, they would have known that with respect to them it would be possible to have only one rule of conduct: that of having nothing in common with them. They lacked repugnance; they lacked contempt. It was a baffling thing for me, and gravely sad, to see what sorts of people young French officers, in the colonies, allowed themselves to be surrounded by. I take officers as an example, because to shock under uniform is to shock doubly. These people were filthy; the first glance at them sufficed for me to lose my temper. For, not only did they not have that effect on young men that we take for that which is better in French society, but these young men took pleasure in their contact. We learn next the classic intrigue of the lieutenant and the spy, or the lieutenant who kills himself for a prostitute. None of such would have occurred if these boys, before these women, had had that sort of quivering that one calls contempt. When one of them gets himself into a filthy story, before even having thought of him: "He is a fool"—~~w~~which is always the case —~~I~~ think: "This is a boy who had no quality." If, on a jury, I heard a father answer the question: "Why did you kill your son?"—"Because he had become a loafer", it seems to me that I would vote for acquittal. But this disposition is not exactly that in which justice is dispensed today.

I was just brought carnations and roses that someone whom I do not like sent me. I remove their frames with care, as if I were removing a pin from the body of a butterfly. That rose, enamored of its long stem, how good it feels! Surely the angel Gabriel took it between his fingers. I breathe it, while holding

its corolla in both palms, as the heaviest of goblets, or as a bird that one would retain without squeezing. If there is a worm at the bottom, and which I have allowed to enter my nostrils, frankly, God help me! This evening she will have no more perfume; I will have completely inhaled all her perfume. I will sleep on it while holding it against my chest, with its long stem, like a king, in his tomb, his scepter. But it is chiefly in electric lighting that one must see it. Nothing equals the fire, the vigor, the brilliance, the all-powerful youth of the colors of carnations and roses when electricity abruptly illuminates them in the middle of the night. I will send you a third of this basket of flowers, while keeping the rest for myself.

I never understood that a man is to show his hearth, not his friends, not his manner of working, not his manner of praying —in a word, his life. Har'm, say the Muslims, and this expression collects also all that they love. However I would tell you less: "Be secretive", rather than: "Have the ability to be so." In moral life, that which is hidden is more intense, as, in clothing of poor quality, the fabric, under the reverse, conserves a more vivid color. A man who does not know how to guard a secret is judged. And remember that the difficulty is not to conceal from nine others, but to conceal it also from the tenth.

You will have a reasonable gentleness with respect to animals, for all the reasons that are usually given, but chiefly because you will often find among them more nobility and more justice than among men. Each time that you will have resisted needlessly killing an animal, or needlessly annoying it, you will have done well.

The same with regard to objects. Each time that you will have resisted plucking a flower, pissing in clear water, needlessly breaking a branch, etc., you will have done well. When there is no certain merit in it (and that is not certain), you will at least have avoided a vulgar gesture.

I caution you against fear of opinion. Woe to him who wishes not to be slandered! A man who knows what he is worth, when he sees himself disregarded, slandered, in good faith or not, has only one feeling: surprise. There are plenty of other things that give him disgust and hate. Contrive some periods of disrepute; alternate them with periods in which you are esteemed. When you will have perceived that they have exactly the same flavor, you will have taken a good step toward a sane view of things. And then, when people do not think well of you, it is then that there is merit in being virtuous. There is absolutely no merit in being so when we are showered with praise; they gradually take the virtues that they attribute to you.

On this matter you say to me: "How to reconcile the point of honor, which seems to imply the importance given to opinion, with this last disdain for opinion?" Oh, my dear, that is part of your gymnastic. You would not wish that I give you everything cut and dry.

I caution you against ambition. It is good that I do this ahead of time, for it is a passion that is part of the stupidity of the young. It was not before twenty-eight that I discovered that ambition was a bourgeois passion. Obviously, you can amuse yourself with this feeling, like with any other, in the manner of a pastime.

I caution you against excess callousness. I caution you against excess will. Take care! An immense part of the energy that men expend is expended for nothing. Give yourself only in earnest. And that will be easier for you, if you recall that a person like yourself is not too attached to what he does. He who says eagerness says plebeian (of the soul, obviously).

There is no suffering the sting of which you cannot blunt by imagining how it could be worse. Consciousness of vexations is rapidly eliminated in a man who has good circulation. I caution you nevertheless, as a reminder, against useless suffering (everything that I am going to say to you about this is said concerning moral suffering). Happiness is a considerably more noble and refined state than suffering: when humanity had a sane mind, the gods that she created she made happy. It is not in depths of pain that I have seen anything at all: there one is encircled by a wall of stupidity. It is from the summits of bliss that I have seen that which I had to see. That from that time men rarely win happiness: they are not worthy enough of it. Lacking it, they slander it. If nature wished anything, it would not be suffering that it would wish; it is only to see how people who suffer become mean, ugly, go to pieces, sometimes lose their judgement, etc. Every time that you will hear talk of the primacy of suffering, you will be able to wager that you are faced with a vulgar spirit: suffering is the small luxury of people of mediocre quality. It is for him who would wish to have others believe that he is the most unhappy and the most uneasy, like these young girls whom I heard conversing one day: "You know, I cry loudly."—"Me, I cry more loudly than you. If I cry, everyone can hear me from the street." Almost all people are so: they want to be heard from the street. The majority of moral sufferings are sufferings that they entirely create for themselves, without reason; not only are they unfounded, they are also useless. Ah! physical suffering is otherwise more respectable.

Take then just as much moral suffering as is necessary for the richness and diversity of your interior life, but be happy, in remaining proper; one must feel oneself at ease in nature. And, when you will be happy, know that you are so, and be not ashamed to acknowledge a state so worthy of esteem.

When you will have become this rare exemplary human, which alone will justify my having made you, then without doubt will the time have come for you to have yourself killed for the quarrels of a civilization to which you do not feel yourself bound.

If not for you, of the past and the future, it would still be the future which interested me the least. But in being born you created for me the future; you made me its prisoner. It is in the nature of things that one day of this future you will turn against me. In the age in which I will conclude my life, it will be obvious to you that I was overpraised, and that in reality I was an imbecile. It will be strangers who flower my grave, not you. Do not disquiet yourself too much on account of this sham "wretched feeling". I will not be too disquieted about it myself. It is deeply indifferent to me that you love me or not, and I would be ashamed to have the desire for it; your sympathy will be all that is necessary. I am much attached to you: I am content with this feeling. I love lemonade. I do not need lemonade to love me.

One day, then, you may say to me that the advice that I have given you is not suitable for a modern man. Certainly: the virtues that I ask of you are the most injurious to him who wishes "to succeed" (always these obscene words) in the modern world. But I did not make you so that you could be a modern man, but just a man.

To which you may say to me that it is not that which will give you bread, the day when you will have the misfortune of having to win your bread. ("the misfortune": for, as you know, I hate work. The religion of the Christians saw well, which made of it the great Punishment; which wished, in the Middle Ages, that the perfectly spiritual man live on alms rather than work.) To which I will reply that you will always find ways of winning your bread; it is not advice on that matter that you will lack, nor the examples: people have only that in their heads. But I, I will have given you the means of eating and drinking to the idea that you will have improved yourself. And that can take the place of part of your bread for you.

I am distracted from what I was going to write you by a charming greyhound that is passing in front of the garden. The fur of its rear tendons is entirely pink, and translucent. To think that it carries everywhere with him these two immarcescible gemstones!

One can hear streams, dogs, and bees. All that penetrates what I write to you. I express myself poorly: that cannot penetrate it, since they are one and the same.

One day, you may say to me that men are worthy of neither that kindness, nor these sacrifices, nor that generosity, nor even justice. That is possible. But it is not for them that you will have had these virtues, it is for you. You will say to me that there is no cause that could be worth dying for. That is quite likely. "What then! Is one to die, is one to suffer for a cause in which one believes only halfway?" But it is not for that cause that one suffers and one dies. It is for the idea that that suffering and that death give you of yourself. It is necessary to be irrational, my friend, but it is not necessary to be a dupe. No pity for dupes.

With all that, you will have your approbation and mine. It will suffice you. For, just as you do not expect your virtues to be useful for anything, in the same way, and even more powerfully, will you not expect that it take you into consideration. On the contrary, I will say to you what the Stoics said to the sage: you will be sacrificed to it totally. For each of your "good" deeds you will be automatically punished. He who is brave is killed, he who seeks justice is treated with indifference, he who marries as a point of honor ruins his life. Liberality impoverishes, mercy emboldens the mean, sincerity gives them arms, firmness of soul prevents others from taking your troubles seriously, self-mastery is taken for bloodlessness, reason for cowardice, modesty for incapacity, forgiveness for consent to their wrongs. And it is very difficult to wish to be bad to men on that account, when one sees that the unfailing return for being happy and esteemed is to systematically smother all the movements of one's conscience and heart. Of the diverse means that you have today of making yourself hated by your compatriots, the most sure is to have elevated sentiments. All that will put you in their favor they will return against you. They will not hate you, so much as they will attribute to your actions the only motives that make them act themselves, that is paltry motives; they will hate you as soon as they suspect other motives. They would prefer that you be their tormenter than their benefactor, provided that, as their tormenter, they would feel you to be at their level; you will find in the society that surrounds you a universal complacency, except with respect to that which is different. They will scoff at you and disparage you, and at this sign you will understand that you are on the right path. To the degree that you are advised to systematically slide

# Making lab-grown beef requires serum extracted from the blood of cow fetuses, which are often still alive at the time of extraction*

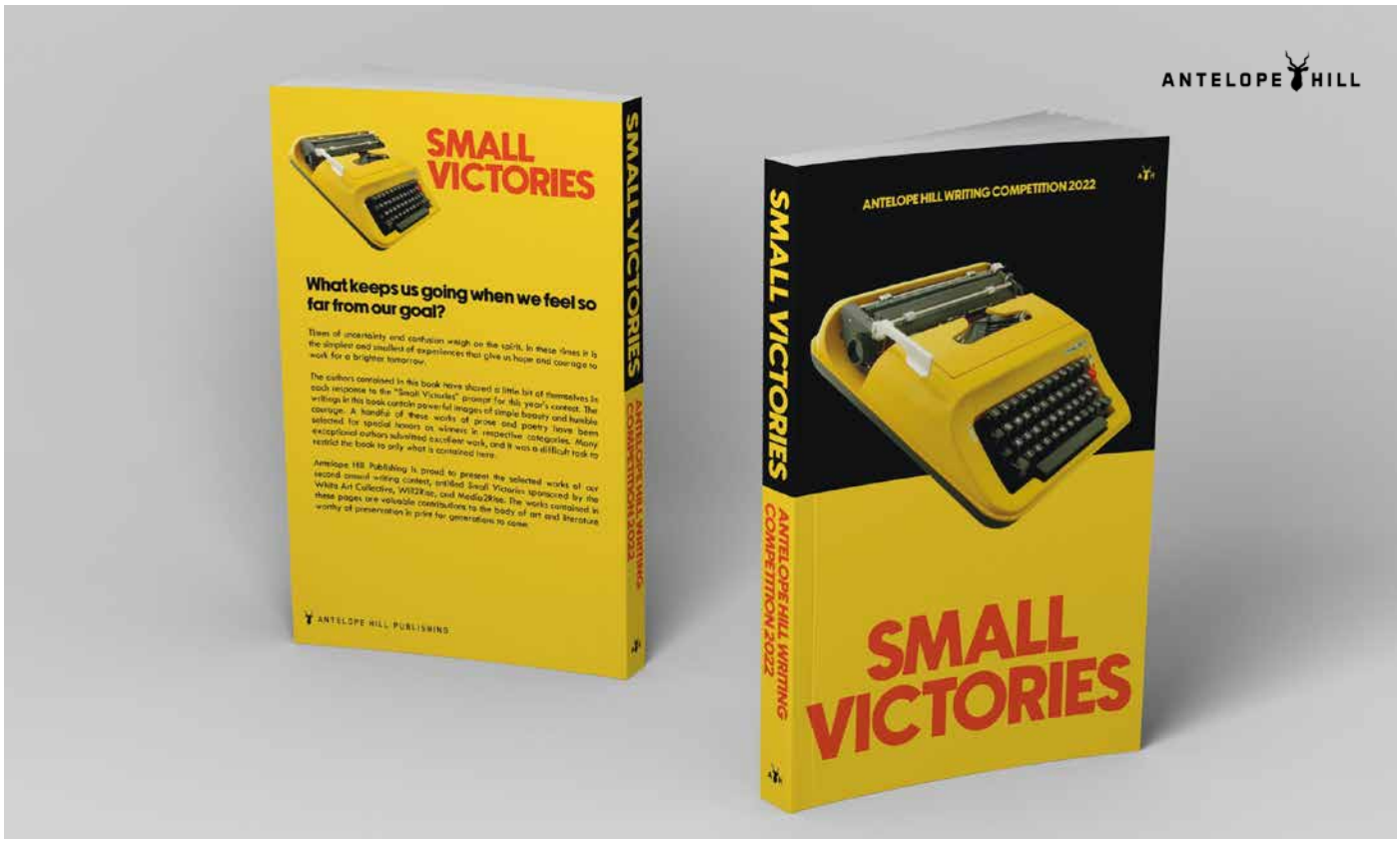
*doi.org/10.14573/altex.2101271

COMING SOON NETFILX
ELIZABETH
THE GIRL WHO WOULD BE QUEEN

from here to there, some thing that attracts jeering, in order to be really sure that they are scoffing at you, to such a degree is that sign certain. Moreover there is always the pleasure of supplying arms to one's enemies; to this you will quickly take a liking that you will soon no longer be able to do without. This is not to say that it is necessary to be hated. But, the world being as it is, how would an honest man not be proud to inspire that feeling in it?

Will you know how to maintain that state of inferiority in which I seek to place you in the social game? My poor child, you lack covetousness, you lack fury, you lack impudence: how will you make up for that? I seem to see the maliciousness of the world, as the birds do on their boughs, perching on you to make you yield. Your mildness gives me fear. For the sixteen years that you have been on this earth, you have been my wonder: I have never had anything to reproach you for that would have marked enough to leave a trace on me, —and the respect that I show you is worthy of that which you have shown me there. Such as you show yourself to me, I see you stripped of all harshness, all evasion, all affectation. One would say that a kind of isolating polish renders you insensitive, without effort on your part, to all that is vile. And the days go by, bringing reasons to corrupt you in handfuls, yet without corrupting you; and I view you as one views a well-born being, that is to say that which is rarest in the world, but also which suffices to justify it, and fearing unceasingly that the idea that I have of you will not crack gradually, because you will have taken a misstep. For all that, it happens that some strangers complain about you. Would you then help me? I have never sought to penetrate your feelings with respect to me; I told you that they matter little to me. But I would like to be sure that far from me you preserve enough rigor to resist, not only that which is bad, but also that which is not made for you. That honesty and that modesty that you carry with you, like the greyhound his two marvelous gemstones, will be more threatened than ever before. By the world, and by you yourself: for you are going to enter that "awkward age" of life, that runs from about the eighteenth to the twenty-eighth year, in which one must almost necessarily be a fool (and it is through foolishness, quite often, that one finds attraction to the vulgarities of the bad). You are in a canoe, that is your newness, on an ocean of excrement, that is the world; it will be a miracle if you do not capsize. And it would then be necessary for me to despise that to which I gave life! To become the equal of those unhappy unconscious ones who are the majority of fathers and mothers! My young boy! But I stop myself, for I sense that I trouble myself when I think too much of what you are for me. And I have better things to do with you, than to love you.

*Visit braquemart.substack.com for more exclusive translations of authors including de Montherlant.*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# BLOOD OF THE LEVANT

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"The Soldiers were all in their late teens or early twenties, some barely out of school uniform. They wore no helmets, no body armor, no heavy boots. They were not weighed down by layers of heavy weapons. Their uniforms were black running shoes, military green shorts, T-shirts and camouflaged sweat bands around their heads. Their exposed skin was tanned a deep brown by the African sun. Around their waists, food and ammunition to sustain them through the day. Each carried a Fabrique Nationale NATO issue 7.62 automatic assault rifle. Every fourth soldier carried a general-purpose machine gun. They were light, mobile, fearless – and they were unstoppable. They had only one thought: to close with and kill the murderous enemy who sought to take their country through force of arms."

from *Three Sips of Gin*, by Timothy Bax

The young soldiers described by Timothy Bax in the excerpt on the previous page were men who possessed exceptional martial prowess and a level of fortitude that is rarely seen in today's modern world. These men fought to accomplish the impossible in a tiring war that lasted 15 years. Their victories on the battlefield were many, but their supplies and training were few. Only a culture that strived for exceptionalism and valued virtuosity could have produced men capable of such feats. They were the fighting men of the Rhodesian Bush War, and this is their story.

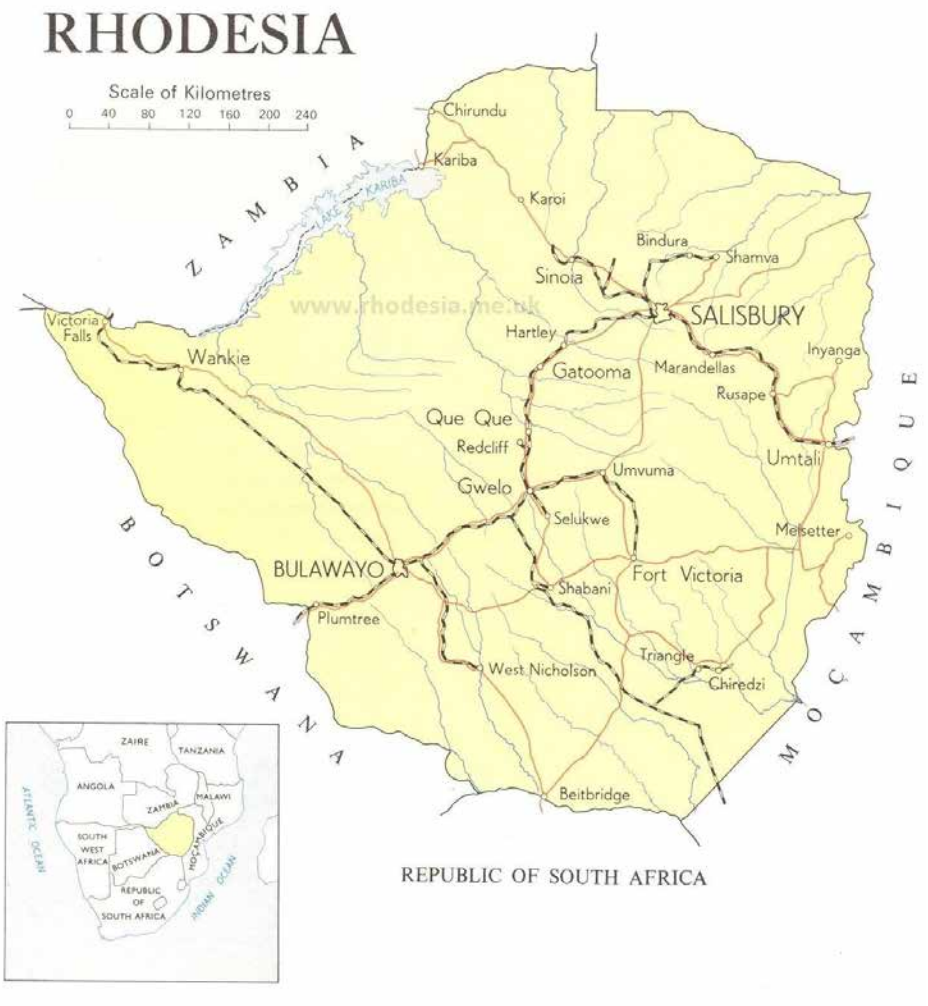
In 1890, a South African mining magnate and native Englishmen by the name of Cecil Rhodes decided that he was going to venture north of the Cape Colony, which is now South Africa, to expand his diamond monopoly. Rhodes sought consent from the British government not only to exploit the natural resources to the north, but to do so under a confederacy that was independent from Britain. With stipulations that he had to fund the whole expedition without using British funds, London granted Rhodes permission to proceed. Rhodes and the British South Africa Company (BSCA) put up recruiting posters to help them find volunteers that were willing to brave the harsh veldt of Africa's interior. Historically, these types of recruitment posters were meant to entice cut-throats, drifters, and anyone who was willing to risk life and limb to escape a sordid past; but Rhodes had larger aspirations than just conquering the indigenous population and exploiting their lands. Rhodes was a visionary who intended to establish a prosperous African state that would be governed by competent, Anglo settlers. The posters that went up called for volunteers that were educated in law, medicine, engineering, and valuable trades. Ambitious and well-qualified pioneers lined up by the hundreds and set out to secure a future for their progeny.

The boys that would eventually fight and die in the bloody Rhodesian Bush War were born in the 1940's and 50's, native sons to a prosperous and safe Southern Rhodesia. Cecil Rhode's vison had come true. Southern Rhodesia was a self-governing territory of the United Kingdom, and home to some 300,000 white citizens – approximately 8-percent of the total population. The children of Southern Rhodesia lived quintessential colonial lives, replete with boarding schools, black servants, and opulent drinking parties known as "sundowners". The white minority governed the country with a firm but fair hand, and, according to contemporaries of the time, had genial relationships with their black counterparts.

To many, the colonial lifestyle may have appeared lavish and soft, and they would be correct regarding the former, but the Anglo boys who grew up in this era were anything but soft. Their days were regimented and long. The majority of boys attended strict preparatory schools that expected more from the children in their charge than most universities expect out of adults today. Life was difficult, but the boys left school with a classical education and superior levels of discipline. In addition to receiving an exceptional education, the young Rhodesians had

Exclusive essay by JAX BALLISTA (@ballistajax)

**A Rhodesian Light Infantry "stick", consisting of four men who would be rapidly deployed into battle, usually by helicopter, after the enemy had been identified by advance parties of the Rhodesian Special Air Service**




**Above: Cecil Rhodes bestrides the African continent, from Egypt to South Africa, in a cartoon from the late Victorian period; Right: Rhodesia, as the independent Southern Rhodesia would be known**

**"The men of South Rhodesia enjoyed character-building upbringings, upbringings that many of them would later attribute to their success as warriors."**

extensive athletic pursuits, rugby being the sport of choice. And when the children were not at school learning Latin or facing corporal punishment, they enjoyed extended holidays with their families. These holidays would often include trips to the bush, where the young men would perfect their hunting and shooting skills on some of Africa's fiercest game. On special occasions, the Rhodesian families would venture to the South African coast where they would attend magnificent dinner parties centered around the British Navy and their "show of force" appearances in the colonial harbors. These events were meant to awe the native populace and demoralize any would-be rebels, but they also served to inspire a sense of pride and patriotism in the European attendees. All in all, the men of South Rhodesia enjoyed character-building upbringings, upbringings that many of them would later attribute to their success as warriors.

Colonialism may have brought prosperity and peace to much of Africa, but by 1964 the liberal agenda was in full swing throughout much of the West. Any political entity that valued self-reliance and tradition was now a target. Naturally, South Rhodesia became "public enemy No. 1." The message was clear: fall in line with the decolonization movement and hand your country over to a black majority government, or face the consequences. The leader of South Rhodesia, Ian Smith, responded with a resounding, "No!" And just like that, the stage was set: the West began to implement crippling sanctions; the communists took advantage of the country's isolation and started to arm likeminded rebels; Ian Smith declared independence from the foreign powers that sought his ruin, restructured his country, and fortified

Habitual use of mobile phones could cause early onset of puberty in children*
*eurekalert.org/news-releases/9642361

**Ian Smith, the first and last prime minister of independent Rhodesia. He preferred for the nation to "paddle its own canoe" than give in to the liberal decolonisation agenda**

his military.

Rhodesia, as the country was now known, took a page from Cecil Rhodes' book and started recruiting the best of the best. Ian Smith was looking for young Anglo men to fill the ranks of the Rhodesian Light Infantry, Special Air Squadron, and militarized police. Not surprisingly, the men of Rhodesia leapt at the opportunity to preserve what their forefathers had worked so hard to secure. Terrorist attacks against the white population and their black allies were increasing daily, and the Rhodesian government had to train their new recruits quickly and efficiently.

Conventional military training was conducted by already existing army personnel, many of whom were WW2 veterans, and bush skills were taught by the country's professional hunters and park rangers. The young recruits took to army life like ducks in water – they were educated, fit, and full of national pride. Preparations for war were going as smooth as could be expected, but the prospect of victory still looked extremely bleak. The white Rhodesians were outnumbered 10 to 1 and didn't know which black allies they could truly trust, they were poorly equipped, and there was little to no support being offered by the outside world. If the men of Rhodesia were going to save their country, they would have to think outside the box.

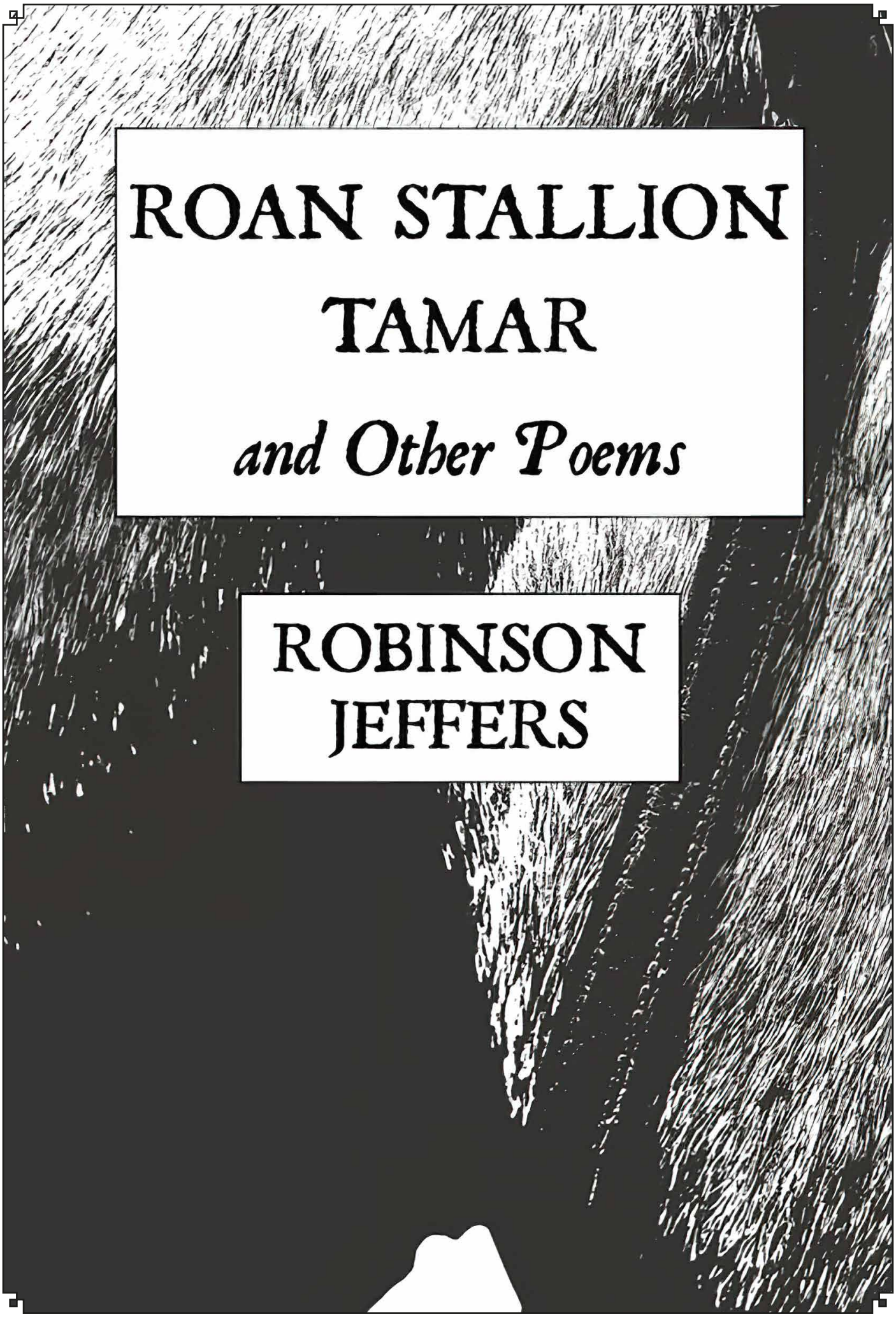
Men such as Ron Reid-Daly, who would eventually come to command the Selous Scouts (Rhodesia's premier special forces group), organized and implemented a strategy that led to their dominance of the African bush. The plan was not to rely on state-of-the art equipment and unlimited government funds, but on the superiority of their soldiers. In doing so, the Rhodesians would utilize a three-pronged approach. First, they would send out SAS troops that would conduct long range reconnaissance and gather intelligence on their enemy's strength and position. Once the enemy was located, the SAS operators would radio into the Rhodesian Light Infantry (RLI). The RLI operated in "sticks" which consisted of four-man teams. For the majority of operations, only three to four "sticks" were called for. All of this was accomplished with the use of helicopters. The helicopters were either used to insert troops deep in the bush, resupply them on long-range missions, or to provide aerial support during firefights. The combination of these three elements resulted in the destruction of countless terrorist forces and allowed the citizens of Rhodesia to live with a sense of normality and peace from 1965 to 1979.

Eventually, what little support Rhodesia had from its single ally, South Africa, was pulled due to an enormous amount of international pressure, and the Rhodesian military essentially ran out of bullets. With zero external support, the government of Rhodesia was forced to capitulate and turn the management of the country over to the terrorist organizations they had fought so hard to repel. No military expert had expected independent Rhodesia to last a year, let alone 15. But the experts only considered diplomatic relations and the size and power of Rhodesian armaments. They never stopped to think about what a group of men with a shared history and a common goal could accomplish. Did the government of Rhodesia fight and lose a war for their country? Of course. But the readers of Man's World and the Fighting Men of Rhodesia acknowledge that there are things much more precious to lose and a grander war to win.

# OUR DEBT TO ANTIQUITY

TADEUSZ STEFAN ZIELIŃSKI

BONFIRE BOOKS



# ROAN STALLION
# TAMAR
## *and Other Poems*

ROBINSON
JEFFERS

DONT
COME BACK,
MOMMY

TERROR WITH RICHARD POE

Like many wealthy New Yorkers, the Wheelocks spent their summers in Montauk, a little fishing village at the eastern tip of Long Island. Their six-year-old son Martin loved the beach. He loved to jump in the surf and feel the waves toss him end over end. When his father took him sailing, Martin would scream with joy as the sloop bobbed and careened over the swells. But Martin did not always enjoy the sea. Sometimes it frightened him. Sometimes the fog rolled in, clammy and cold. The wind would change, and the surf would pile up like mountains. The waves would crash, dirty and gray, upon the shore. On days like that, Martin could feel the hunger of the sea, and he would be afraid.

His fear tended to blossom in the dark hours of the night, when he lay alone in his bedroom. His parents often left the windows open. The briny smell of the ocean would fill his room, while shadows danced across his curtains in the moonlight. Martin would listen to the waves thundering outside in the dark. And, sometimes, when they crashed a bit louder than usual, he would sit bolt upright in bed, his eyes wide open, listening as a deer listens for the hunter.

At such times, Martin would imagine many strange sounds. He thought he could hear the click of lobster-like feet, the drag of tentacles through the sand, the slobbering of soft, gelatinous lips. Sometimes he imagined those sounds coming very close to the house, sliding along the wooden slats of the porch, and slapping against his windowpane.

On nights like that, Martin's heart would pound so loudly in his ears that he could barely hear. Then his eyes would wander to the window, and he would think to himself that perhaps it might be a good idea to take a peek, just one little peek. He would think of lifting just the tiniest corner of the curtain, just enough for one eyeball to peer out and scan the darkness. Just enough to satisfy himself that there really was nothing out there.

But Martin could never muster the courage to take that step. He could never bring himself to pull back the curtain and look out the window. He could not do it because there was always a chance — just a chance — that something wet and fishy might stare back at him from the other side. And so Martin cowered in his bed, hiding beneath the covers and waiting for dawn. That was why Martin had mixed feelings about Montauk. The nights were very dark there, and the sea very close to their cottage. All night long, the surf roared in his window. Martin feared that something dreadful would come out of the ocean one day. And, one day, something did.

* * *

The summer Martin turned six, his mother fell overboard and drowned. Martin saw it all. He saw her tumble into the water. He saw his father dive in after her. He watched his mother swallowed up by the waves. And he watched his father climb back into the sailboat, strangely calm and silent. Martin pleaded with his father to go back and try again. "Mommy's still out there!" he screamed. But his father just fixed him with a blank stare. "I can't go back," said his father. "Mommy's gone, Martin. She's gone."

By the time they reached the dock, Martin had finished crying. He would not say a word. The policewoman who questioned him found the boy's behavior a little odd. She remarked in her report that she thought Martin was hiding something. She thought he knew something about the accident that he was unwilling to say. But the father's story was plausible. There was no compelling reason to investigate further. And so the coroner ruled the mother's death accidental. The boy kept his silence and returned with his father to the city.

The Wheelock family had been spending their summers in Montauk since before Martin was born. Most of the townspeople knew the family. Sam Wheelock was a hedge fund manager in Manhattan, a financial wizard whose exploits were frequently covered in the *Wall Street Journal*. During the summers, he conducted much of his business from the beach, by cell phone. His wife Lydia had been an heiress of the Hempstead banking fortune. Martin was their only child.

Town gossips whispered about the accident. As is often the case, their gossip carried more than a grain of truth. Wheelock should not have taken his wife out sailing in those rough seas, they said. Everyone knew Lydia was a poor swimmer. And just

how hard did Wheelock try to save her, when she fell overboard? This was a favorite topic of speculation in the local fishermen's bars. It was common knowledge in Montauk that Sam Wheelock was a womanizer. He had an insatiable appetite for exotic supermodels. Perhaps Wheelock had finally decided to get rid of his wife. Of course it didn't hurt that his wife was even richer than he was. Her death had greatly enhanced Wheelock's net worth. Did Lydia Wheelock really fall overboard by accident, asked the town gossips? And did Wheelock really try to save her? Or did he just go through the motions, to make it look good? Did he give up without really trying? The boy knew. He was there and saw everything. But whatever he knew, he was keeping to himself. Young Martin wasn't talking.

Gossip intensified the next summer, when Sam Wheelock showed up in Montauk with a stunning Brazilian model named Esmeralda. Paparazzi had spotted the couple in a Manhattan night club nearly two years earlier, when Mrs. Wheelock was still alive. Rumors of an extramarital affair had begun circulating in the press several months before Mrs. Wheelock's death.

Now, one year after the accident, the Wheelock family was back. But Lydia was no longer with them. Esmeralda had taken her place. The Wheelocks kept to themselves that summer. They rarely appeared in town, preferring to stay in their cottage, a rambling frame house on a secluded stretch of beach.

* * *

Twice a week, Dimitra, the Greek housekeeper arrived to clean, do the laundry and generally set things in order. Often she cooked for the family as well. Dimitra was getting old for this sort of work. She was nearing her 80th birthday. But she still had to work. She had no choice. Fate had dealt her a series of cruel blows. First she lost her husband. Then she lost both sons. It all happened within a single year.

Dimitra blamed her mother-in-law Stavroula for these events. Stavroula had been the first to die. She perished after a long struggle with cancer. But Stavroula was not content to go to her grave alone. She insisted on bringing others with her. The Greeks believe that certain people, when they die, cannot bear to leave their loved ones behind. And so they come back from the grave, and take their loved ones with them.

Dimitra's husband Yanni was devastated by his mother's death. He became listless and irritable, turning to drink. One night he went to bed, and never rose again. Yanni had died of a stroke in his sleep. At the funeral, people whispered that the mother had taken the son. The old women exchanged knowing glances and crossed themselves solemnly. "Zoi se mas," they said. Life to us. It is an ancient charm against death, spoken at every Greek funeral, an expression charged with hidden meaning, among a people who view death itself as a contagion, a virulent force which can spread through a family, infecting one relative after another, like a plague.

Dimitra lost her two sons shortly after. They were driving down Route 27 one night, when a drunk driver hit them, head on. Both died instantly. Only nine months had passed since their grandmother died, and only six months since their father died. Now the boys were dead too. "Po-po-po-po," exclaimed the old women at the church. That is what Greek people say when words will not suffice.

It was whispered among the relatives that the dead mother had taken her son, then her grandsons as well. This was a greedy and selfish woman, they said, to take so many with her to the grave. The old women at the church crossed themselves and shook their heads.

Dimitra was not seen at church for many years after that. She cursed her mother-in-law Stavroula in her heart, and burned with anger toward God. But she kept her icon of the Blessed Virgin Mary hanging in her kitchen, and every day she prayed to it. "Oh Pah-nah-YEE-yah," Dimitra prayed, calling the Blessed Mother by her Greek name, Panagia, the All-Holy. "Oh Pah-nah-YEE-yah, why did you do this to me? Why did you let these things happen? Why do the dead come back to take the living? Why don't you stop them?" Every day for thirty years, Dimitra put this question to the icon, but Panagia never answered.

Dimitra's life was hard. By the time she came to work for the Wheelocks, she had labored many years at different jobs. But she never managed to save enough to retire. Now it was too late. Her Social Security check was meager. She did house work on the side, to make ends meet, but the physical labor was getting too much for her. Dimitra worried sometimes about her future. But she never worried long. Through the years, she had slowly put her bitterness behind her. She had made her peace with God, and her faith had grown strong.

Dimitra loved young Martin. She taught him to call her Yaya, which means Grandma in Greek. Her work with the Wheelocks brought her joy. But Sam Wheelock disliked her. He had harbored a grudge against Dimitra, ever since the day of the accident. The day Lydia drowned, Dimitra had pleaded with Mrs. Wheelock not to go sailing. She had read Lydia's

fortune in the leftover coffee grounds after breakfast. Young Martin was sitting at the table that morning, watching the ritual with wide-open eyes. "Don't go sailing today, Mrs. Wheelock," Dimitra had warned her, after studying the coffee grounds. "Something bad will happen." Lydia only laughed. As she got in the car, she told her husband what Dimitra had said.

"Now that was a hell of a thing to say in front of the boy," Sam Wheelock fumed, cocking his head toward the back seat, where Martin sat. "That woman is like something out of the dark ages. She's filling Martin's head with fears and superstitions. I'm going to have a talk with her when we get back. She's going to shape up or ship out."

"Please, Sam, don't be hard on her," said Lydia. "Dimitra doesn't mean any harm. And Martin loves her."

Sam Wheelock only grunted. They drove off to the marina. It was the last time they drove anywhere together. Lydia never returned from the sea that day. They never found her body. When Dimitra arrived at the police station, Sam Wheelock would not look her in the eyes. He had hated Dimitra ever since.

* * *

After Lydia's death, there was some speculation in the town as to whether Sam Wheelock might sell his cottage. Many wondered if he would ever return to Montauk. But he did return, right on schedule, at the end of June. The first night the Wheelocks arrived at their cottage, Martin stayed up as long as he could, retiring to bed only reluctantly when his father ordered him to go.

This was the first night Martin had slept alone in Montauk since his mother died. He had grown a lot in the last year, and was now seven years old. But the bedroom was filled with old memories and old feelings. He lay awake in the dark for a long time, listening to the surf. At last, he fell asleep. It was a strange sort of sleep, filled with bad dreams.

The wind was strong that night. It kept blowing the curtain away from the window. When the curtain blew, Martin could see the stars overhead. They appeared just for an instant, before the curtain fell back. Martin could see that the stars were bright and beautiful, brighter than any stars he had ever seen. It was then that Martin found the courage to do something he had never done before. He rolled over in his bed, pulled the curtain aside, and looked out the window, into the dark.

The moon was not yet full, but it shone bright. Martin could see all the way down to the beach. He could see the moonlight reflected on the water. But what was that? Martin was startled to see something moving down on the beach. He could barely make it out in the shadows, but it appeared to be a person. Yes, it was a person, for sure. Martin could see the figure only in silhouette, but he was certain it was a woman. She seemed to be pacing, walking back and forth, up and down the beach. Who would be out so late at night? Martin watched the woman pacing for a long time, until at last he fell asleep.

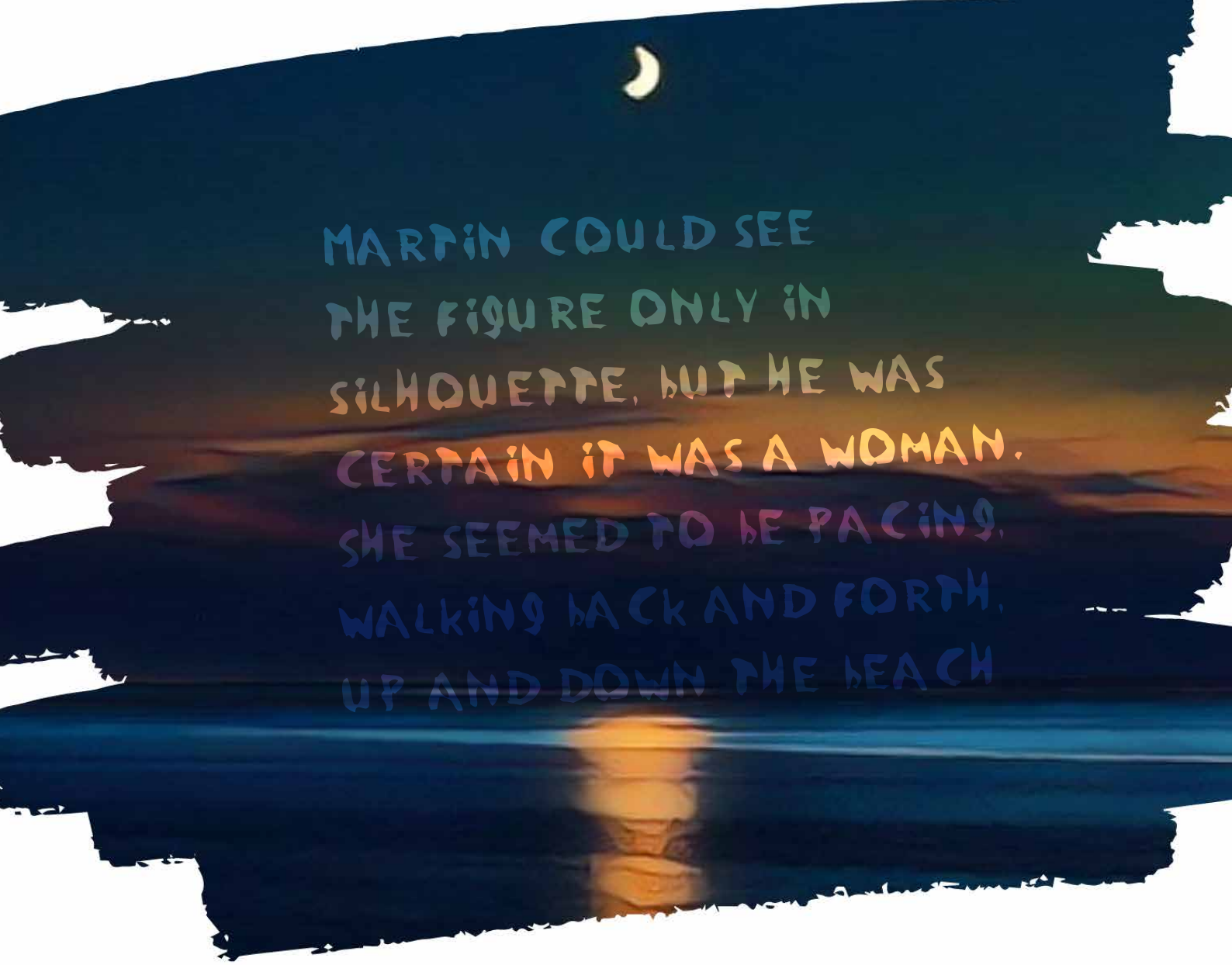
The next day, Martin went out to the beach early and found footprints in the sand, exactly where he had seen the woman walking. And so he knew it was not a dream. Martin wanted to show the footprints to his father and Esmeralda, but they stayed on the porch that morning, laughing and drinking mimosas. By the time they joined Martin on the beach, the tide had covered the footprints and washed them away.

The next night, the mysterious woman appeared again. At first, Martin was glad to see her, because it meant he was not alone in the dark. Whoever she was, she was a real person, a grownup, and, as long as there was a grownup around, Martin did not fear the dark. But, by the third night, Martin began to wonder about this woman. Who was she? And why did she pace the beach every night?

As he considered these questions, Martin pulled back the curtain, and looked out. There she was, the same woman, pacing the beach as she did every night. But the moon was growing full, and it shone brighter tonight than before. Tonight, Martin could see the woman more clearly. And what he saw made his blood run cold. "Mommy?" he whispered in the dark.

No, it couldn't be his mommy. She was dead. It must be a trick of the light. But Martin could not take his eyes off her. "Mommy?" he repeated. He had only whispered the word. Yet, down on the beach, the woman stopped. She stopped dead in her tracks. She had heard him. She turned and looked toward the cottage. She looked directly at Martin. How could she have heard him, so far away? Before Martin's horrified eyes, the woman turned toward the house and began walking.

Something was wrong with the way she walked. She did not limp exactly. But she seemed to walk with difficulty. Her steps were heavy and clumsy. One foot seemed to drag behind the other, so that she staggered and swayed. As he watched her, Martin suddenly felt sick, as if he were going to throw up. His nausea intensified as he realized that the woman was walking straight toward him. She was making a beeline for the cottage. She would be there soon. She was coming for him.


MARTIN COULD SEE
THE FIGURE ONLY IN
SILHOUETTE, BUT HE WAS
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WALKING BACK AND FORTH,
UP AND DOWN THE BEACH

Martin dived under his covers, shivering with fear. He did not know how long he stayed there, with the covers pulled up over his head. But, after a while, he fell asleep. At least he thought he fell asleep. He lay that way for a long time. Martin was no longer sure if the woman on the beach had been real or imaginary. Perhaps it had all been a dream. Then again, perhaps not. Martin grew curious after a while. He decided that he had better find out, one way or the other. He should check to see if the mysterious woman was still there.

Slowly, Martin drew the covers from his head. He turned and looked toward the window. The moonlight shone through the curtain. Martin saw a shadow, a silhouette in the moonlight. Yes, someone was standing there, just beyond his curtain, standing right at his window, looking in. It was the woman from the beach. Martin could tell it was her, by her shadow. And he was certain now that it was his mother. Martin could not move or speak. He could barely breathe. He wanted to run. He wanted to jump out of bed and flee to the other bedroom, where his father and Esmeralda lay. But he could not move a muscle.

And then a gust of wind rose, and the curtain fluttered away from the window. For just a brief moment, Martin could see everything. He could see what was on the other side. Then the curtain fell back, and, once more, he could see only the silhouette. Martin opened his mouth to scream, but no sound came out.

* * *

The next morning, Martin sat at the kitchen table watching Dimitra work. Suddenly, he said, "Yaya, will you please read the coffee grounds for me?"

Dimitra looked at the boy, puzzled. "Why do you want me to do that?" she asked. "What does a little boy know about coffee grounds?" "I saw you read them for Mommy that day," said the boy. "You told her not to go sailing."

Dimitra regarded the boy in silence. "You remember that?" she finally said. The boy nodded.

You're sliding into her DMs. I'm sliding into the crawlspace under her house. We are not the same.

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Dimitra returned to her work, chopping carrots with a knife.

"Your father wouldn't like it, if I read the coffee grounds for you," Dimitra muttered, as she worked.

"He's not here. He went into town with Esmeralda."

Dimitra said nothing for several seconds. "Okay," she finally said. Dimitra prepared a tiny cup of Greek coffee for the boy. "Just take a sip," she said. "It's very strong for a little boy. But you must drink from the cup, even if you drink just a little."

Martin took a small sip of the coffee and made a face. Dimitra poured the rest of it out in the sink. When she poured out the coffee, a thick mass of black grounds remained in the cup. Dimitra dumped these onto a saucer. Most of the grounds fell out of the cup, but some still clung to the inside, forming odd shapes and patterns. Dimitra peered into the cup, studying these patterns for some minutes, now and then poking at the grounds with her forefinger. At last, she put down the cup. She looked at Martin and sighed.

"What does it say?" asked the boy.

"The cup says you have a secret. It says you are hiding something from your Yaya."

Martin cast his eyes down toward the table. "Yaya," he said in a hushed voice. "I saw my mommy."

Dimitra frowned. "Saw your mommy? What do you mean? Did you see her in a dream?"

The boy shook his head, and looked down at the table. "It wasn't a dream. I really saw her. She comes at night. Every night." The boy pointed out the kitchen window, toward the beach. "She walks on the beach." "Pohhh-po-po-po-po-po!" Dimitra exclaimed softly.

"And Yaya…"

"Yes, darling?"

Tears began welling in the boy's eyes, the first tears Dimitra had seen him shed since his mother died. "Yaya…" he repeated, and suddenly the floodgates burst. He sobbed uncontrollably. Tears poured down his cheeks. Dimitra hugged him tightly while he wept, and stroked his hair. "What is it, *agapi mu*? What is it, my dear?"

The boy buried his face in Dimitra's bosom. "Yaya, she doesn't always stay on the beach," he said. "Sometimes she comes closer. She comes to my window. I saw her last night at my window."

"*Panagia mu*!" breathed Dimitra, crossing herself three times.

"I don't like her anymore," cried the boy. "She's not like my mommy anymore. She's bad."

Dimitra crossed and re-crossed herself, repeating the words, "*Panagia mu*" over and over again.

"I don't want her to come back," the boy sobbed. "She scares me."

"Sh, sh, sh," said Dimitra, stroking the boy's hair and hugging him tight. "Don't worry, *agapi mu*. Don't worry. Panagia will protect you. Panagia won't let your Mama take you."

"Who is Panagia?"

"Panagia is the mother of Jesus. She's your mother in heaven. Panagia will protect you. When you see these things in your window, pray to Panagia."

"Okay, Yaya. I will."

Dimitra held the boy by the shoulders, at arm's length, and studied him for a moment. "I'm going to give you something," she said. The old woman removed a gold chain from her neck. Suspended from the chain was a small pendant, sphere-shaped and painted like an eyeball, ringed with gold. "Wear this," she said, hanging the pendant around his neck. "This is a *mati*. It will protect you. Don't let your father see it. Wear the *mati* at night and pray to Panagia." Dimitra crossed herself in the Greek manner, forming the cross three times, right to left, and resting her hand on her heart. "When your Mama comes at night, pray to Panagia. Pray that Panagia will make your Mama go away."

"I will," said the boy. He looked up at her with wet eyes. "Yaya?" "Yes, my darling." "I love you," he said.

"I love you too, *agapi mu*. I love you too."

* * *

Martin lay in bed sleepless that night, as he had lain every night since returning to Montauk. Every muscle in his body was taut. His eyes were open wide. His ears strained to catch any sound from outside. So far, he heard only the surf crashing on the beach. He could smell salt and seaweed in the air, though his window was shut. The moon cast its pale light through the curtains.

And then it began. Martin felt it in the air, like static electricity. Pinpricks rippled over his skin. The crickets fell silent in the woods out back. The house grew very still.

Martin could not tell, at first, if he actually heard something outside or merely imagined it. Could he really hear feet dragging across the sand? Did he really hear something soft and wet lurching across the yard? Or was it only his imagination?

Then came the smell. A rancid, fishy reek filled his bedroom. This was not imaginary. The smell was real. Now Martin knew she was coming. His mother was close now, advancing toward the house. He heard the smack of wet flesh against the driveway. He heard the wooden steps of the porch groan under her feet.

His eyes moved involuntarily toward the curtain. Any moment now, he would see her silhouette against the moonlight. He reached out his hand for the curtain. *Just a peek*, he told himself. *Just a quick peek*. He would lift the curtain just enough for one eyeball to see through. Just so he could know for sure.

His fingers tightened on the bottom of the curtain. With a slow, careful movement, he lifted the curtain away from the windowsill, millimeter by millimeter. His heart beat against his ribs. With one little eyeball, he peered beneath the curtain, looking into the darkness beyond.

* * *

"Mommy?" he whispered. "Mommy?" He saw no sign of her. The moon shone white over the sea. The surf roared and thundered in the distance. Overhanging branches cast shadows across the porch. But his mother was not there. There was no one outside his window. Where was she, then? Martin knew she was close. He had heard her, smelled her. But where had she gone? And then he heard something else. A new sound. Something he had not heard before. THUMP-THUMP-THUMP. It came from the living room. A knock at the front door. Someone was standing on the porch outside, knocking at the front door of the house. A slow, steady knock. Three knocks at a time.

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP.

Martin hid beneath his blanket and buried his face in his pillow. "Go away, Mommy," he whispered. "Go away. Please go away."

But she just kept knocking. Three knocks. Then silence. Then three knocks again. Now the boy was crying. Through his tears, he kept repeating, "I don't want you, Mommy. Please go away. I don't want you anymore. You scare me, Mommy."

The light came on in the living room. Martin saw it beneath his door. He heard his father and Esmeralda speaking in low voices. They spoke for a long time, as if uncertain what to do. And, as they spoke, the knocks kept coming. "Who is it?" Sam Wheelock shouted. No one answered. The knocking continued. "Who is it, damn you?" Wheelock shouted again. But still no one answered.

Martin heard his father say, "Stand back from the door." He heard the double click of his father racking a round into his pump-action shotgun. And then Martin heard something that made him freeze with horror. He heard his father unlocking the door. *Don't do it,* Martin screamed silently in his head. *Don't do it, Daddy*. *Don't open the door*. First came the sound of the dead bolt springing open. Then he heard his father slide the chain bolt loose. And then he heard nothing.

Several seconds passed in silence. Martin strained to hear, but the sea drowned out every sound. A stench like rotted fish filled the house. The air grew cold and sodden. And Martin knew, in his heart, that his mother had entered the house.

Esmeralda screamed. Her scream lasted only a moment, replaced by a gurgling, choking sound. Then the shotgun fired. Once. Twice. Now Martin heard screaming again, but it was not Esmeralda this time. His father was screaming now. It was strange to hear his father scream. Martin wanted to stay in bed, cowering beneath the covers.

But he knew he couldn't. He had to see what was going on. He had to see with his own eyes. Martin crept to his bedroom door and opened it just a crack. The fishy stench was overpowering. There were sounds of violence and struggle. But Martin could not see what was going on. And so he opened the door wide, and crept to the corner of the hallway, where he could peer into the living room.

Esmeralda lay dead on the floor, in a pool of blood. Someone had ripped her head from her shoulders. Small fountains of blood pulsed from the stump of her neck, as her heart gave its last faint beats. Across the room, Martin saw Esmeralda's head wedged against the wall, where it had rolled. Her eyes stared blankly at the ceiling. As Martin's gaze moved slowly across the room, he saw the shotgun lying useless on the floor. And there was his mother, right there, in the living room, hardly fifteen feet away.

She had lifted his father clear off the floor. He writhed and squirmed, but could not escape. She held him easily under one arm. Sam Wheelock made desperate mumbling sounds, but he could not speak. His wife kept one bloated hand over his mouth. Martin realized that the struggle was over. She was leaving now. She was walking back toward the door, carrying his father with her, under one arm. She was taking Sam Wheelock away.

Martin stood shaking in his pajamas, a pool of his own urine widening on the floor around him. He hoped that his mother wouldn't see him. He hoped she would keep walking out the door. He hoped she would not notice him standing there. But she did.

His mother stopped and turned. She looked right at him. Martin saw that she was naked. Dripping green strands of seaweed dangled from her hair, and trailed from every limb. Her body was blotched and swollen, her skin oozing and ghastly pale. Where her eyes should have been, Martin saw only black, empty sockets. Her blond hair writhed with tiny

Roger Corman: "Eerie, Engrossing"

# PERFECT FEAR

## FOUR TALES OF TERROR

*New York Times* Bestselling Author

# RICHARD POE

crabs, snails and other squirming things. In many places, her skin had split wide, from the ripening of her flesh, and her bloated tissues gaped, exposing white bone and masses of wriggling sea worms. His mother was awash in Esmeralda's blood. It dripped, bright red, from his mother's hair, and ran in streams down her body, dribbling from the torn sacks of skin that used to be her breasts. Martin took it all in, his mind whirling in sick, giddy wonder. The cavernous black pits of his mother's eye sockets held the boy transfixed. He could not look away. For long seconds, mother and son regarded one another across the room. And then she spoke.

"Martin," she said. "Martin." But it was not his mother's voice. It was like the croaking of a frog. Oily black fluid spilled from her mouth and dripped from her chin. "It's Mommy," she said. "Come to Mommy."

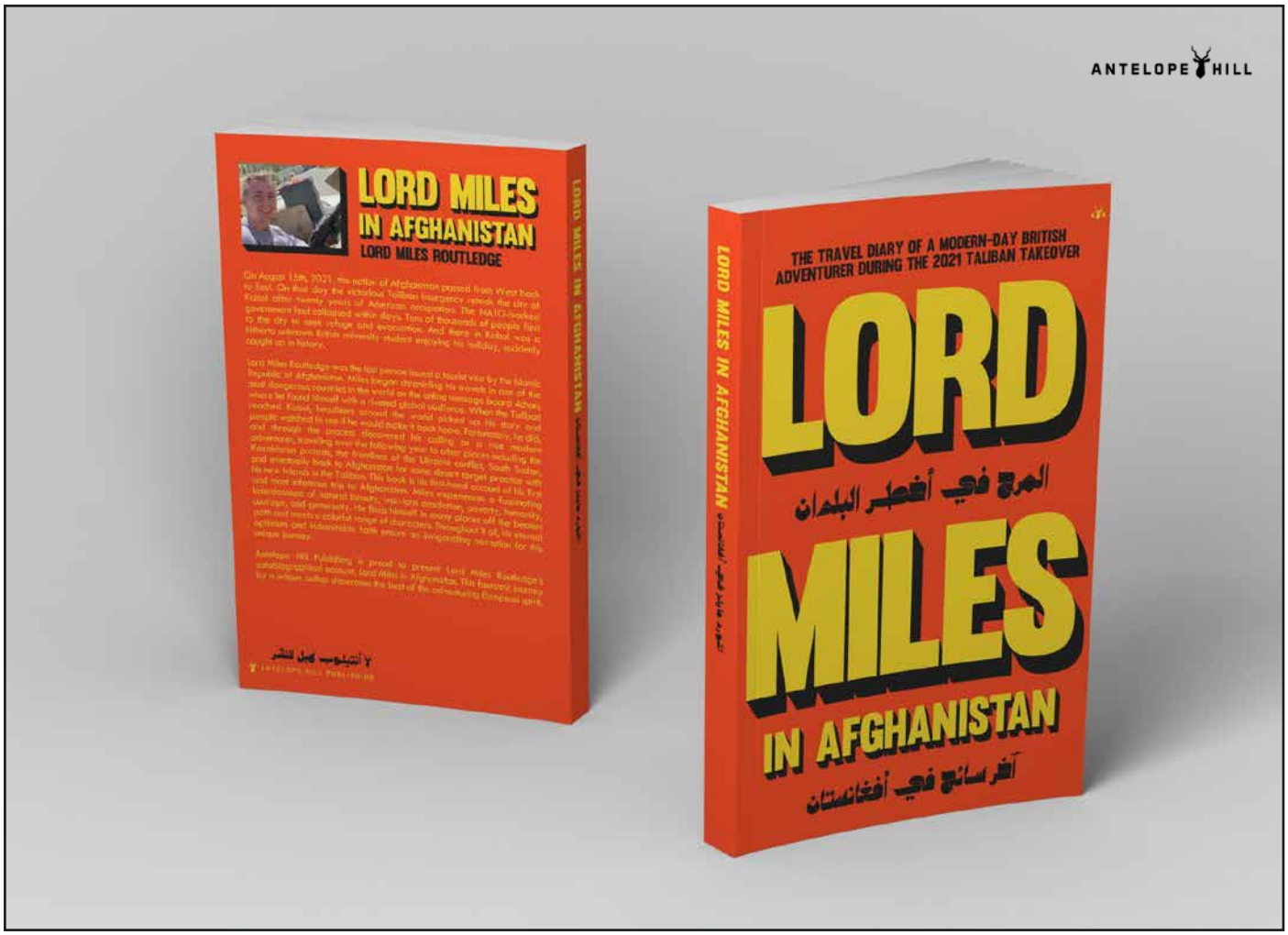
Only then did Martin remember the *mati* hanging around his neck. He reached beneath his pajamas and gripped the *mati* in his fist. And he remembered what Dimitra had told him to do.

*Pah-nah-YEE-yah, please save me*, Martin prayed, moving his lips silently. *Please save me, Panagia. She's not my mommy anymore. You're my mommy now. You're my only mommy, Panagia. Please save me. Make her go away.*"

Somehow, Martin found the strength to speak. He shouted aloud at his mother. "Go away!" he cried. "You're not my mommy anymore! Go away and don't come back! I don't want you anymore. You're dead!"

Mrs. Wheelock stared at him for a long time with her empty eye sockets. A small sea worm stirred in one socket, and tumbled to the floor. Then, at last, she turned away. Her husband squirmed beneath her arm, as she carried him out the door. Martin could hear her lumbering down the porch steps. He could hear his father's muffled voice straining to scream, beneath his wife's fish-eaten hand clamped over his mouth. She was taking him down to the beach now. Martin could tell by the sound. She was taking his father out to sea. The sounds grew fainter and fainter, until at last they were gone, and Martin could hear nothing but the surf and the song of a thousand crickets in the woods who had suddenly found their voice again. ■

Perfect Fear, *Richard's book of short stories from which this story is taken, is available now, including from Amazon. Visit Richardpoe.com for his writings. He tweets @realrichardpoe.*



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# NOOR BIN LADIN
## *In conversation with*
## DARREN BEATTIE

**The MAN'S WORLD Interview:**

*For those of you who follow American politics closely, Darren J. Beattie needs no introduction. As one of the bravest journalists out there, Darren – along with his team at Revolver News – has single-handedly inflicted more damage to the Regime than anyone else by exposing their sinister plots to subdue the US population. If you are already a Revolver News reader, you'll be more informed than most about Deep State tactics, be it color revolutions, speech control methods and, of course, the Fedsurrection. At this critical juncture, we owe Darren a tremendous debt for his history-making reporting on January 6, as the unraveling of this specific narrative marks a unique opportunity for the American people at large to grasp the extent of the rot in their nation's institutions.*

*In addition to his many achievements, Darren is the master at trolling members of these nefarious organizations/Regime satellite groups, and his sophisticated, wry commentary makes him one of the most interesting follows on Twitter. Who can forget his (legitimate) calls for Jonathan Greenblatt to wash his feet?*

*While I've had the honor of collaborating with Darren on several occasions writing for Revolver and recording our conversations on my podcast (his succinct yet comprehensive breakdowns of Jan 6 on our calls are a must listen, if you haven't done so yet), I'm thrilled to interview him for this issue of MAN'S WORLD. Hopefully, you'll get a greater insight into one of our generation's boldest fighters in the following pages, as well as a taste of his humor (we'll have to release the recordings for those voice impressions one day!)*

Noor Bin Ladin

**Darren, first and foremost, happy new year! You and Revolver News started 2023 with a bang, having just released your highly awaited interview with President Trump. How did you find his spirits? What are your thoughts on the campaign so far, and how do you envision DJT's road back to the White House?**

Well, thanks very much for having me and for doing this interview. Yes, the Trump interview happened, and it went great. It's getting tremendous feedback. It's already over a million views on Rumble and will probably be around 1.5 million I'd imagine by the time this is published. So it's getting a tremendous amount of feedback, a lot of people are saying it's the best conversation they've heard with Trump. I think maybe part of the reason for that is because it's by far the most extensive conversation that Trump has ever had on the topic of the intelligence community's abuses, on the Fedsurrection; he goes on extensively about Ray Epps. We go on to the JFK files that he originally pushed very hard to release, and we get into the pushback from Pompeo on that issue. We also discuss Fauci… We have a great time impugning various trash individuals like Frank Luntz, who, as I've said in another context, really is the personification of the swamp. A disgusting guy in every respect and he's got some things in his closet, we can be sure of that. So we get into a wide-ranging discussion.

As to how his spirits were, I think his spirits are great. I think he's ready for the fight. He understands what the situation is and you know, just to put it very simply, understands there's unfinished business. So, I have every hope that he'll make it and be back in the White House in 2024.

**I think Trump's spirits are great. I think he's ready for the fight**

**I'm still on the Trump train, as I'll always appreciate the role President Trump played in awakening the world to the ills of globalism, and to the depravity of its proponents in America's ruling class. This is why I've supported him since he announced he was running in 2015. As the only non-tenured academic in the whole country who publicly endorsed then-candidate Trump, what appealed to you most in his message?**

It is true, I was the only non-tenured full-time academic in the country to support Trump and to enthusiastically endorse him. I was also the only faculty member at Duke to correctly predict the outcome of the election, which, in some ways, scandalized my colleagues even more than my support for Trump (laughs). You know, this seems like ancient history at this point, and it's important to reflect this is a long time ago. It's kind of like how, you know, boomer Republicans talk about Reagan. It's getting to this point where even for 2016, it feels so antiquated in a way. But at the time, it was so fresh and so novel. At the time I was teaching a class (which I had originally taught in Germany) that I had designed specifically to reflect the case that the coalition, and the packaging of various political positions that comprise the Republican party platform, no longer reflected the contemporary post-Cold War circumstances, and that there was a natural reconfiguration that had to take place both on the left and the right. So it was quite amazing to see this happen in real time on both sides to some degree. There was a Trump phenomenon, which was historic, but then there was also at least a little bit of a… I would say more than a whimper, if not historic it was something substantial, coming from the Bernie side that seemed to reflect some inconsistencies or a lack of congruence in certain ways on the left as well.

And so from the intellectual side, that's where the support came from… from a theoretical understanding that there was a real place for Trump's message at that particular time. But far more so, I was entranced and enchanted by his courage, and the honest signals that he was sending that he was truly willing to defy the Regime. I don't think I'm unique in this. I think it was quite something to hear that announcement speech coming down the escalator and you know, making the famous comments about immigration and such, even though that didn't really clinch it. What clinched it is the expected response to that. The full weight of the coordinated opposition of every powerful institution in the country weighing down on him, and when he refused to apologize for that, that's when it seemed like, "okay, there's something real here". And I don't know if in public life we've ever seen a single individual face such coordinated opposition and stand so defiantly in

the face of that opposition, as we saw in the 2016 campaign of Donald Trump. I think it's probably unique in American political history and even though, as I said, it almost feels like I'm a boomer talking about Reagan here as it was so long ago, I think it was such a significant thing that we're still feeling the reverberations from it.

And Trump is still very much a viable figure, and that's why the same enemies and the same opposition continue to this day trying to shut him down and shut him up and all of his supporters for good.

**Indeed, so much has come to light since he came down that escalator almost eight years ago. By merely running, he showed us just how American institutions are intertwined and work against US citizens like Trump himself (as exemplified by all the witch hunts he's had to endure), from the Mainstream Media, Big Tech platforms, the DOJ and the entire national security apparatus. Sadly, this targeting of those who pose a threat or dare question the Regime's legitimacy has only intensified since, culminating with the Fedsurrection and the arrest of January 6 political prisoners. Which brings us to your time serving as a speechwriter for President Trump after you left academia, and to Revolver News, which you founded in 2020. What led you to start a news outlet in the first place?**

Well, the founding of Revolver was something very interesting and in some ways unexpected. I guess in a sense there's the origin story of being the punished figure who had been subjected to unfair media attacks. Now, as a speech writer in the Trump White House, all of a sudden I got the "pain box" treatment, something we'll talk about a little bit later, but I felt a little bit of the pain box in the form of a coordinated hit piece of, you know, every headline that you can imagine using all the buzzwords against me, white nationalist and this and that.

And I felt very acutely the power of the media, and how unfair the media was, but also the media's capacity to create reality. It's just a very interesting proposition and I thought maybe, you know, being able to do that for good, but reflect reality rather than manufacture an artificial reality, and to talk about things that no one else is talking about.

But originally I thought it could be a suitable replacement for the Drudge Report and was mainly focused on aggregation. It only developed in some kind of organic and unexpected way into this investigative powerhouse that it has become and is probably best known for now. And I think that really just speaks to the need for investigative work, for actually uncovering stories. I think there's such an over-saturation of mid-wit opinion pieces. Like, how many more times do you need to, you know, read an op-ed from some 110 IQ person who overwrote something that's been written a million times already. Anyway, it's just boring. There's no need for it, but actually uncovering new information and not just new information, but shaping narratives in a very deep way. The Fedsurrection is a great example. Nobody was talking about the Fedsurrection before we broke this story. It's a completely new world, a new realm of inquiry and a new dimension of conversation that's been charted by means of investigative reporting.

**I think there's such an over-saturation of mid-wit opinion pieces**

And so I think it's just such a powerful mechanism, not just to uncover the truth in some narrow sense, but to really shape the conversation more broadly. It's a very powerful way to grab people's minds and attentions and to focus them on things that they otherwise wouldn't focus on or understand.

And another thing is, the combination of the theoretical with the concrete. This gets back to say, our coverage of color revolution reporting for example. You know, you can theoretically describe something like a color revolution, a specific regime-change methodology. But it's so much more powerful when you encapsulate that thesis in a specific human being, a specific person, and you attach that person to the thesis, and that person is a kind of villain representing what you're talking about. In the case of the color revolution, it was Norm Eisen. And I think that concretely representing these sort of theoretical problems, the biggest and the most broad formulation being the weaponization of the national security state against the American people, is something we've been able to do through our reporting in a kind of a different way than we could have just writing typical think pieces.

**Revolver has been at the forefront in exposing the mechanics of the Regime's information and intelligence war against the American people, and no journalistic outlet has done more to expose the government's role in the Fedsurrection than you. The importance of the investigations you've conducted cannot be overstated. This is perhaps the first time that a Government's entrapment operation has been unraveled in more or less real time, meaning that their official narrative didn't have time to congeal before being debunked. When did you realize pursuing this story had the potential of causing great damage to the Regime?**

Well, it was very clear that the Regime was extremely invested in some kind of false narrative on January 6th from the very beginning, and we saw that with the repeated desperate attempts to make the death of Brian Sicknick, a kind of MAGA blood libel, as I called it. You know, originally they were saying, "oh, this officer was bludgeoned to death by the MAGA mob, by the frothing MAGA mob, with a fire extinguisher." "He just grabbed a fire extinguisher and smashed him over the head and beat him to death." And of course that was provably false. Revolver News ran a major piece on this. It's actually our first big January 6th-related piece and we called it MAGA Blood Libel. And it took off and it went wild. And then the New York Times changed its position. They said, "well, maybe he wasn't beaten by a fire extinguisher after all… but he did die as a complication from bear spray, bear spray from the MAGA mob". Well, Revolver News did a subsequent report, one of our sort of Hallmark investigative pieces where we did a very detailed sort of image analysis when you looked at the heat maps and things like this, and it didn't look like Sicknick was even sprayed at all by the person that the New York Times was suggesting sprayed him. Didn't look like it happened at all. And sure enough, New York Times comes up with another correction and say, "okay, well after all, he died of natural causes", but by then the damage had been done. It's already stuck in people's minds. So already this notion of the deadly mob, the deadly MAGA mob had taken hold in the media's collective imagination. But it was important to get in and refute these early, before the narrative could really ossify more broadly into the general public. Because that's what they rely on. They want these narratives to become sacred before they can be challenged. And you see the "sacred before challenge" thing with, you know, 9/11 and certain other issues that are much harder to talk about. But that's the story there.

And again, it's an interesting story in its own right about January 6th, but the telling of the story of January 6th through investigative reporting, there's so much more than that – it's a vehicle not only to, you know, tell the story and push back against the weaponization of the national security state to de-legitimize the regime, but also to give people on the conservative side, on the right wing side who may not fully appreciate the history of these things, give them a broader sense of what kind of country they actually live in, because this stuff goes back a long time.

**The Regime was extremely invested in some kind of false narrative on January 6th from the very beginning**

There could be some innocent people reading this say, "that's just not who we are". Or maybe since evidence is so compelling in this case, that this is just an unfortunate deviation, with a rogue intelligence agency gone mad from, you know, the threat of Trump. And you know, that's just not true. This stuff goes back a long way and in many cases, relative to some other operations, January 6th is kind of child's play.

You know, Merrick Garland, who's now the head of the Department of Justice, this is not his first rodeo. His portfolio goes all the way back to the nineties where he ran the domestic terrorism operation under Clinton, and he was one of the key mop up men to cover up the Oklahoma City issue. So again, this goes way back and there are a lot darker things than January 6th. And so they got the band together to a certain degree. Eric Holder incidentally, is another mop up man for Oklahoma City, but that's, that's a story for another time.

**You've stated on Tucker Carlson:"After seeing all of this you have to ask yourself: Does the national security apparatus do anything but conspire against the American people?" When did you first come to this conclusion?**

Yes, I think that's a great line. I count it as a great line because it stuck, people remember it. It's not that I'm

saying it's my personal favorite, but people remember it. People remember there's a national security state, or the FBI, do they do anything but conspire against the American people? And you know, if you look at the pattern, you go from Russiagate, now to the Twitter files where it's clear that the censorship problem, as I'd been saying for a long time, was in large degree, an intel problem. It wasn't just your handful of physically hideous, woke women, and men even more disgustingly in a way, in middle management in these big tech companies. I mean, there is that, but the story's much bigger. And the story is this kind of collusion, this weird insidious relationship between agencies like the Department of Homeland Security and the FBI, and in many cases the Biden White House, and Twitter and other tech companies. So we've seen the Intel role in censorship and then of course with the Fedsurrection, we see an intel role there... The Whitmer case and all this. And it really seems like there the term "national security" itself suggests that these bureaucracies exist chiefly to provide security for the American people, but seems like all they do is to provide security for the illegitimate crooks that control the country. And they provide anything but security for most Americans. Certainly not for half of the American population that is effectively deemed national security threats and domestic terrorists. So, that's really the issue here. National security has nothing to do with the security of actual Americans. It has to do with the security, the positions of power, and the ill-begotten loot for the disgusting, illegitimate trash that run this joke country.

**National security has nothing to do with the security of actual Americans**

**Continuing with your quote from that same appearance on Tucker: "Everything in our politics will be fake and performative until we bring the National Security State, including the FBI, to heel." What actions should be taken to reverse these gross rights' violations against the American people, and dismantle the Regime's apparatus? What can be done when the uni-party in place systematically perpetuates and strengthens the system that feeds them?**

As to what we can do to bring the national security state to heel, I mean anybody who hasn't been living under a rock, has seen the heroic efforts of Matt Gaetz and others to kind of force the issue in the House. And the end result of that, at least to my understanding, has been a promise of a Church-style committee hearkening back to Senator Church's Committee that explored intel abuses in the seventies and such. A Church-style committee that looks like it'll be run by Thomas Massie, and Thomas Massie's probably the best person to run something like that. And so this is the most promising mechanism I think for at least getting a start to what we would need to do to bring the national security state to heel. I'm currently working on a lot of writing to kind of look back to the example of the Church Committee, and what lessons we can learn from it. To what extent is our own situation different? You know, so much of this has to do with public pressure. Public pressures are leveraged because none of these politicians want to do anything. If they could sit around and you know, point to the latest fake scandal about AOC's new dress, you know, just continue in the worthless pantomime, they would do that forever and keep collecting their paychecks. The only way they'll do anything is if they're bullied to do so by public pressure. Then it's the question, where does public pressure come from?

Where does it come from? It comes from reporting like what we've done at Revolver News. It comes from citizens who act on the basis of that reporting, who put pressure on their representatives, but ultimately it has to come from the media as well. The broader media. And that's the disadvantage here, because the Church Committee was riding a wave of the Watergate scandal, you know, big bad Nixon, big, bad, you know, FBI that was harassing Martin Luther King Jr. and such. And so, because a lot of these intel abuses were, to simplify it, against the Left or Left institutions and such. It was a different dynamic because you had the media on your side to create the public pressure, and unfortunately we don't have that advantage. The situation now is far more asymmetrical in terms of the distribution of power than it was back in the seventies when the Church Committee took place.

**Yes, the stranglehold of the press, media and online platforms today is quasi-total. Project Mockingbird was never shut down, but was instead**

TRUMP
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FOX NEWS
7:17 CT
AMERICA CLEARLY HAS AN FBI PRO
TUCKER CARLSON TONIGHT

Clockwise from top left: the Jan. 6th "Fedsurrection"; Drexel graduate Lex Fridman; Jordan B. Peterson; Darren on Tonight with Tucker Carlson

**expanded to the point where the information industry and the government are one and the same. An interesting aspect is how leading figures are allowed to rise to fame, gain credibility status, and who then effectively act as gatekeepers. Lex Fridman comes to mind, having read your equally stimulating and amusing Twitter feed recently. Tell us more about how you view these characters and their function in the "conversation".**

Ah yes the great question about Lex Fridman. "Lex Fridman". I just watched about five of his videos earlier. I think, despite my early support for Elon - you know, Elon was reading Revolver, and we came out with a piece before it was even public that he was deciding to acquire Twitter about what would happen, sort of gaming out the Regime's response to it and so forth. And he did read it. It came out in court, in some kind of discovery process. And it turns out he was texting an unnamed individual about this Revolver piece. But you know, it's funny, Twitter under Elon now, he removed the Covid misinformation unit and so many things seem to be getting better and yet I noticed I'm still shadow-banned to some degree, certainly throttled, and I'm thinking this is the ultimate irony of ironies. I managed to survive Twitter under the old FBI, you know, Paraaaag Agrawaaal and Veee-jaya (laughs), and the ultimate irony is, I'm gonna get banned from Twitter for mocking Lex Fridman (laughs).

**The ultimate irony is, I'm gonna get banned from Twitter for mocking Lex Fridman**

Like Lex Fridman is the new third rail in social-media speech restriction. And it's such a funny thing, it's like people think I have some vendetta against him, and people won't be able to hear my intonation, so they won't be able to get what are the honest signals from the voice. But I honestly have nothing against him; like, as far as I know he could be a bad person, or he could be a good person. I don't know. It's not about who he is as a person, it's about sort of symbolically the fact that our discourse is entirely fucking fake, and it's increasingly conditioned by these algorithms that shove shitty-ass content in your fucking face all the time. And I'm tired of it and it offends me because, you know, there used to be an internet based on quality of content. And now that's totally shifted and anybody can relate to me - they're thinking, if you watch any remotely right wing content on YouTube, to the extent that it exists at, or even if you're watching a cooking video, I say you can't watch anything on YouTube without it shuffling over to shove Lex Friedman down your throat. Why? And you know, it's the same kind of mechanism with people like Ben Shapiro and Jordan Peterson. But at least with Jordan Peterson, there's some degree of discernible talent. He knows the performance role he needs to play and he plays it. And you know, not everybody could do that, frankly, so there's something there at least. But with Lex Fridman, it's like the ultimate test of the algorithm because there's literally nothing there. First of all, he markets himself as this MIT professor. He has very little to do with MIT. Like I would have almost as much, I almost joke, I should literally go into MIT - we have Revolver fans at MIT and Darren Beattie fans at MIT, several actually, and just have one of them say, "okay, I'm gonna let you walk in the classroom. We'll make sure, maybe it's an interesting class, maybe it's complex analysis, or maybe it's even, you know, honors analysis over the real numbers. Or maybe we can get into something really, really sexy, such as, I don't know, differential topology or something like that". Just make sure there are a lot of real arcane symbols on the blackboard, and I'll go there, I'll take my picture in front of the blackboard and I'll give my spiel about Ray Epps to an empty room, and then I'll change my profile to "MIT lecturer". I lectured at MIT, I'm an MIT guy (laughs) and every single tweet I send after that, I'm gonna say, "here's a word from MIT. Here's a word from MIT". I don't even live in Cambridge, no: "Here's a word from MIT". That's more or less what Lex has done, more or less.

Okay. There's this rapper who gave a lecture at MIT and it was so funny (laughs) it was the same blackboard, with the same like, "Ooh, these are arcane math symbols. He's a math guy! He's a math guy!" Rogan brain, fucking idiots. Like... I don't want to say about Elon because there's a complicated relationship. I like him. Sometimes he's so cringe, but I do give him credit for being the man in the arena. I do respect that genuinely. But God, how Rogan- brained do you have to be to like, "Oh, Lex, he's an AI researcher!" "Oh, he, he does AI?!" "He codes?! He learned to code?!" Well, where did he learn? He learned at Drexel. He's not involved with

MIT, his real involvement is with Drexel, and there's nothing wrong with that. There's nothing wrong with extremely low-ranked universities. I want to be on the record as saying that there's nothing wrong with being associated with extremely low-ranked universities like Drexel, and there's nothing wrong with getting into those low-rank universities because your father happens to teach there, which looks like that was the case with Lex. But at least own it! Don't run from it. Don't run Lex! Don't run Lexi! And that's what he is doing. He's running away from his own pedigree in order to market this idea for people who are so Reddit-brained and dumb: they see the more dry and boring this guy is the smarter he has to be. He perfectly conforms to a mid-wit idiot's idea of what a smart person should look like, and maybe that's the secret sauce of his success, I don't know. So maybe there is something there that would actually be more comforting than I think what the real issue is, that he's totally driven by the algorithm. The algorithm loves him. This new sort of completely mechanized society where the algorithm just shoves slop down your face. The algorithm is all, all powerful.

I mean, people have seen these clips of the Boston Dynamics robots. I'm saying they're designing those to punish people who refuse to watch their daily allowance of Lex Fridman videos. You're not gonna get your Neurolink dopamine hit if you don't watch the latest Lex interview (laughs) with Ben Shapiro, talking about how great it is to be able to talk!

That's the future. So uninspiring. Such utter brain death and so bad for discourse, so bad for humanity, and that's really what it is about Lex. It's not personal, it's just symbolically it's such a stark and bleak reminder of how controlled it all really is. So controlled. So that's all I have to say about the Lex issue.

**An important aspect of robust, free speech environment is the right to remain anonymous online, which Revolver has vigorously defended as a necessary feature of a free society. Figures of the IDW and Elon Musk, most notably, have openly advocated against online anonymity, which in my view is inconsistent with what they pretend to promote. Is this another gate keeper tactic?**

Yes, I've defended the principle of online anonymity very strongly. Revolver has done several articles defending this principle from a variety of perspectives. The attack on anonymity gets into precisely some of the stuff we were just talking about with the sort of the Lex Fridman/Jordan Peterson thing. It's part of this broader constellation of arguments against anyone having real opinions. This time, they call it civility, and by civility they basically mean you do what the algorithm tells you to do.

And in this case it's sort of the Jordan Peterson/Intellectual Dark Web two-step. And that is, you know, the situation is so ridiculous out there with all the drag queen nonsense and transsexual nonsense, and that's a subject in its own right. But the problem is so many people are so desperate for anyone to speak out against this, that it creates this sort of cheap-date scenario where you have these people like Jordan Peterson go up and they'll say, "you know what? I think, I think the whole pronoun thing has gone too far blah, blah, blah. I am willing to say it, I'm willing to say it: boys have penises, girls have vaginas. I'm willing to say it." And then based on this profound observation and this brave commentary that boys have penises and girls have vaginas, they earn trust from well-meaning, but ultimately, simple-minded people. They earn trust, and so when they go on the next thing, like Jordan Peterson at the height of the Kavanaugh controversy, he says, "You know what? I think we should cave. We should give in. It's not worth the fight". And people say, "Whoa. What? What do you mean? What do you mean? Is this guy...? No, no, this guy's on our side! He said boys have penises girls have vaginas. This guy's on our side! Hey, hey Steve! This guy's on our side, he said he was against drag queens. So I guess we gotta trust him when he says we need to cave on Kavanaugh. He's on our side!" That's the mechanism of the cattle mind. Similarly, I mean, I don't even know this for a fact, but I'm willing to bet Peterson was pro-vaccine, and more or less in line with the establishment on the whole Covid thing more broadly, but definitely on the vaccines. But you've seen many cases of this, like Ben Shapiro, for instance. "Ben Shapiro's said boys have penises, girls have vaginas", so when he says "take the vaccine", "Oh, we can trust him. We can trust Shapiro". It's so simple. It's so sad that people are

**The attack on anonymity is part of this broader constellation of arguments against anyone having real opinions**

stupid enough to fall for this, but basically the game is they earn trust by offering little crumbs when it comes to trans stuff, and then they've got your trust to promote the establishment line on basically everything else in critical moments.

And so one example of this is Jordan Peterson in the name of civility, civil discourse, which means never say anything brave or interesting. Civil discourse would be better served if there were no online anonymity. Well, you know, there are multiple problems with that. You know, America has a tradition of pseudonymous speech going back to the Federalists and so forth. But I mean, it's just the nature of the Regime we live in. You can't, you know, very, very few people, very few people, can survive speaking in their own name. Still fewer people can make a living speaking out against the Regime in their own name. That's like the ultimate category, and that's where I am. And it's very difficult to be here. I will be honest, it's very difficult to do that, but very few people can pull that off or are in a position to do that. And so you're left with the necessity of online pseudonymity. And that's of course the thing that Jordan Peterson's attacking. So, no, it's absolutely necessary to any kind of real discourse.

That said, like what I just gave you, that's sort of the expected answer. That answer's been around for a long time. So just, just to make it fun, I will have an addendum that's not opposed to that, but I think it's a little bit less expected, but it needs to be said. And that is, I think that the quality of online pseudonymous discourse has diminished considerably since 2015/2016. There are a lot of reasons for that. I think a lot of the best posters have, you know, basically aged out. They've had families and they're out of the game. A lot of them have been just banned from social media and I know some have come back, but still the mass bannings have their effect in multiple ways. That's another explanation. But there's a third aspect which is kind of interesting. In a certain way, I think you could say one factor contributing to the decline in quality of anons has been the celebration of anons, and the fact that anons can now sort of make careers out of things and, you know, you can have your own brand and people in big shows are featuring anons and, there's some really great ones still. I think the Raw Egg Nationalist is great and there are really important ones still doing great stuff. But then there's also this phenomenon, where the example of these success stories contribute to this idea that if you play it a certain way, you're gonna get put on, the system will put you on. You'll go on Fox, this or that. And this new sort of incentive structure has been great for a lot of great people, but I think it's also dampened the edge, it's reduced the edge a little bit to the online anon sphere. And like I said, you know, my Twitter's out there for people to see. My public thing is out there for people to see, and I'm edgier than, like, 90% of the anons at this point, which should not be the case. I shouldn't be out there more than a lot of these anons. And so there are people who are anons by virtue of having a pseudonym, but then there's a sense of being kind of the spiritual anon. And I think that's been lost, and it's been lost for a lot of reasons. But one less addressed reason for that is that anons now are more celebrated and appreciated than ever, which is great because there's a lot of great material, including this magazine, and everything that's going on with this magazine. But the downside to that is there's now this implicit sense of auditioning for something, and this kind of self-awareness leads to self-censorship. It leads to sort of mimetic behavior where you're just becoming like everyone else. And I think it undermines that pure spirit of the online anon, as originally understood. So I'll throw that in there and I'm sure people will interpret that the wrong way, but there is an essential truth in that and I think it's worth reflecting upon.

**One the more personal side and as mentioned at the outset of this interview, you started as an academic, having studied mathematics and philosophy, before being catapulted into the arena of politics. Do you miss that period of your life?**

It is true, for a lot of my life, my early life, so to speak, I wanted to be a mathematician. I had several mathematicians in my family. My uncle used to be the chairman of Department of Mathematics at Berkeley. My late grandfather worked at the Courant Institute in New York with a lot of very celebrated figures. And I was very good at math and I loved doing it. That was my overriding obsession for a long time. And that turned to philosophy. Ultimately I found the right sort of synthesis and ended up writing a dissertation illuminating the structure of modernity from the standpoint of Martin Heidegger's conception of mathematics. And I still think that's the best thing that I've ever done. Although, you know, when all is said and done, people are gonna say, you know, probably "Darren Beattie the guy who coined Globalist American Empire" or something like that (laughs), but I am also very proud of coining Globalist American Empire, and it shows you can't really predict what's

going to work and what isn't. You have to just submit it to the public sphere and the public sphere decides what works or what doesn't. That's, I mean at least for the mimetic content, not necessarily the case for philosophical content, but certainly for mimetic content I'm very proud that Globalist American Empire, along with its convenient acronym, has kind of taken off even to the point that people are using it without even knowing where it came from, which I think is a great sign of its success.

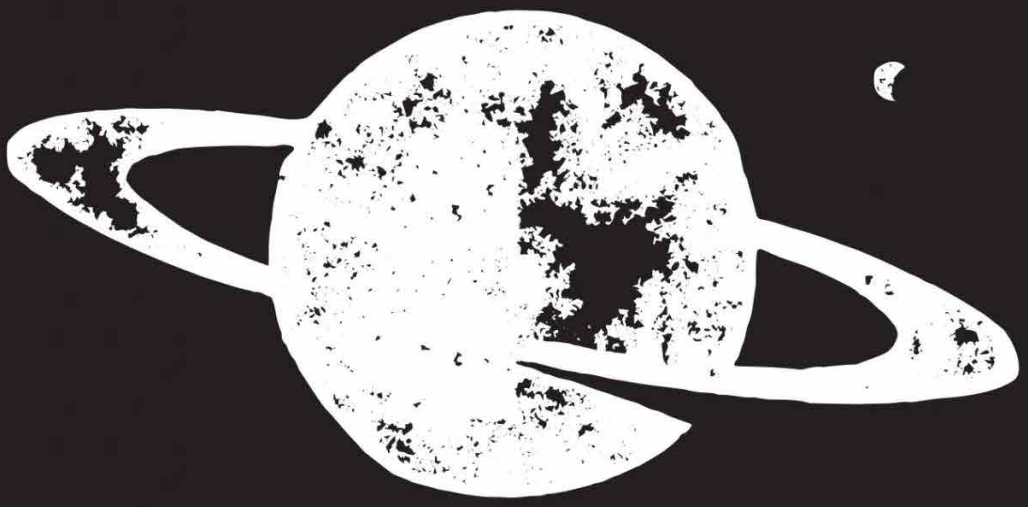
But yeah, to the philosophy thing, I spent a long time just extremely dedicated to mastering philosophy, to reading deeply. Now I look back on it extremely fondly because I don't know when I'll ever have a chance to do this again but, you know, there were many nights where I was just there in my apartment, I was in grad school. I smoked a lot. Some nights I would smoke three packs a night, and I'm a pacer. I'm one of these people when I'm thinking I pace, and I pace back and forth and back and forth, cigarette after another, after another. Just for a very small passage of Rousseau, just to get to the bottom of a very small passage, and the amount of mental energy I put into that small fucking passage, given what age I was. Like, there's a part of me that wants to go back and say, "Stop this. You can do this when you're 60. You should be raising money from a bunch of dumb VCs who don't know what the hell to do with their money and build the next glorified food delivery app, because that's what society actually rewards. You know, found a doodle-oodle or whatever stupid name that these people give to the food delivery apps. Get a Gooble! (laughs) – found a company called Gooble, raise a couple hundred million for it and make sure that you deliver junk food to people more efficiently and, you know, you could scale it" (laughs). Something like that. Cause that's the kind of dumb shit that, you know, then you'd have the money to do what you want.

But no, I look back on it very fondly, just pacing back and forth to master this one piece of Rousseau, and I really do think that it's enriched my life tremendously. And also it does give perspective because I do think all this stuff, this political world is very important. I enjoy it. I kind of like being in the mud, if you haven't noticed (laughs). I like the combative aspect. I like the aspect of making fun of the FBI and making fun of these just pathetic journalist types who have arrogated to themselves this sense of power and sensoriousness. I do like that, but I think that once you've imbibed and really digested philosophy down to your bones and it becomes part of you, it does change you a lot and it gives you a perspective. And a certain type of, I don't want to say arrogance, but it is a kind of arrogance because it, you know, by contrast, you understand on a deep level how trivial everything else is, and you understand what real quality means. So it can ultimately be a recipe for perpetual disappointment. But one of the things that's kind of sad is that the news business in particular, like having to follow the constant fantasmagoria of the news cycle and the vicissitudes of things, being on top of, you know, whatever the latest thing in the news is, it really does degrade your mind. I think I've lost a lot of IQ points, just being involved in the political world and it's sad. I don't think I would even be capable of focusing in the way that I did when I was really absorbed with philosophy. Maybe I could get it back again. Making money unfortunately is important... but being able to make money while making a difference is a great thing and it's a great privilege. Like I said, the system is not designed, first of all, for people to be able to challenge the Regime and get away with it. But what it's really not designed for is for people to be able to challenge the Regime and make a living off of it. And I'm one of the few people in the country who's in a privileged position to do that. I'm very grateful for it and very lucky, and I'm just getting started. I'm not about to retire. I'm very jacked up on this. I'm just getting started. But yes, there is a part of me that's been lost and to the extent possible, I would like to revisit some of the philosophy, see if I can do it in a way that seems authentic and not in this kind of Twitter way, I guess you could say. To do it in a way that I feel comfortable that it's not degrading it.

**Coming back to the concept of the "pain box", as you've termed it. The times call for people to oppose the very system designed to silence and force us into compliance. To develop the capacity and the means to extricate one's self from the social pressures that are designed to make it difficult not to comply with the Regime's rules. How do you recommend people acquire these mind and skill sets?**

The pain box question which we've been discussing is an interesting concept. I had a kind of viral audio clip that circulated around, asking whether Elon Musk had what it takes to step into the pain box. The pain box is really what everyone wants to avoid. There's a tremendous appetite for sort of anti-establishment material for challenging the regime. And so the jackpot from the typical sort of political actor or even

# SPECTRES OF SATURN



PATRICK KILGORE

commentator's point of view is something that bears the simulacra of subversiveness, but really avoids the pain box. It looks like you're doing something but you're really not. And that's because the pain box is very difficult, and people have experienced it to varying degrees. But that's basically why I thought Donald Trump was the real deal, when I saw that he could endure the pain box like no other, literally the coordinated opposition of every single institution in the country, if not the world, which was against him. And he withstood it, kept his composure and it didn't phase him. In fact, he pushed harder.

People don't appreciate just how hard that is. Human beings did not evolve for the pain box. And you know, there's a reason they say – while it's cliché and I think it bears qualification – that people are more terrified of standing in front of a crowd than death. That's because social disapproval makes people extremely uncomfortable and the mechanism of the internet and social media has enabled a kind of social disapproval, a mechanism on steroids that also has professional repercussions, potentially legal, all sorts of things, and very, very, few human beings are constituted in a way that they can withstand that. Including a lot of wealthy human beings, in fact, especially a lot of wealthy human beings. That's why I do have to give Elon credit because so many really wealthy people, even people in the tech side and others, they're just risk-averse. They have so much money, but they never do anything bold with it. And while we could criticize Elon here and there, he is in the arena more than I would've expected. So I give him major credit. He's someone who has money who actually did something bold with it. And hopefully that'll encourage others to do so, but there's a lot of weakness out there. Even people with money who should know better or who should have higher aspirations, who should be a little bit more ambitious - but the pain box is the reason people avoid it. And the more you have, the more the pain box can do to you. So it's understandable.

And this gets to the question of masculinity you and I talked about. I'm not one of these guys going to the gym all the time. Maybe I should. I used to be quite fit. I like to play tennis a lot, and I've gotten more fit, but I also just I like to eat. I love Dr. Pepper, and an occasional Negroni. And I just hate the gym, I'll be honest. I think it's so boring. I can't get into it. I guess my health pays the price. I think the core of masculinity though, if I have to address it, is not about that. The core of masculinity is really having the characteristics that you need to withstand the pain box. And you know, you could be, you could be as ripped as possible. You can be in great shape, which, you know, that's good for just life generally. A lot of guys in great shape. The second they get a little hint of the paint box, they snap in. They don't have what it takes. Which is a kind of spiritual strength. A lot of people don't have it. So what's the point in building up your strength or any kind of equivalent of strength, building up wealth, building up anything if you ultimately don't have what it takes to be truly independent, sovereign, and to withstand social pressures? Because there's nothing more feminine than caving into social pressure. I mean, what more iconic demonstration is there of this than the frothing Megan Kelly trying to do her corporate-ladder-climbing takedown of Donald Trump with an audience full of bought and paid-for shills? For Jeb Bush and others just waiting for the debate to go over, for Donald Trump to be defeated so they can go back to their steakhouse and talk about how they want more immigration. And they thought they had the kill shot, they thought they had Trump "Oh, what about all these bad things you said about women?!"

What about these bad things you said about women? and Trump just said, "Well, only Rosie O'Donnell." That to me, that's masculinity. That's calm under pressure. It's withstanding social pressure, and it's the rarest thing in the world, and you just don't see it very much at all. And I'd say that's the core of masculinity. If you don't have that, you're not getting anywhere. If we don't have people who exhibit those traits, we're not getting anywhere. And so that more than any other attribute, more than muscles, more than money, more than, you know, more than Bugattis (laughs), being able to withstand the pain box, to withstand the social pressure and to hold frame is the most important and manly thing you could possibly do. And a lot of women, do it very well. And so I have to give credit for the women who do that. I think Kari Lake does it amazingly, but she does it in a feminine way, which is very impressive. She's a very impressive, very impressive person. So it's not unique to men, but I think ultimately that ability to withstand the pain box is masculine trait, and we need more of it, and so we've got encourage it as much as we can.

And on that note, we'll end the interview. It's been great. Thank you so much, and thank you to the Raw Egg Nationalist and to Man's World – great publication. I really appreciate it and I think we can do a lot of great things in the future. Thank you.